

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND[★]

September

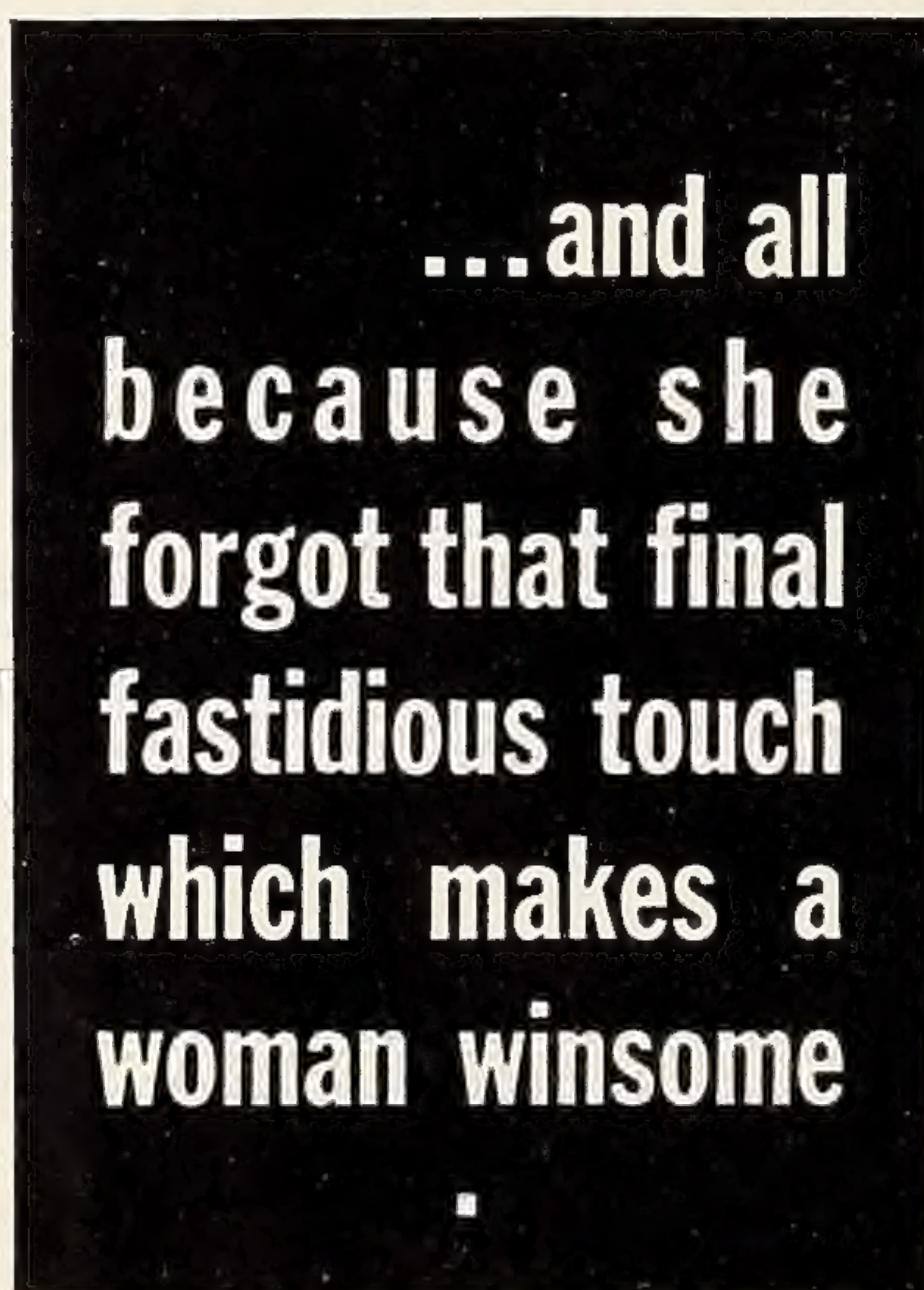
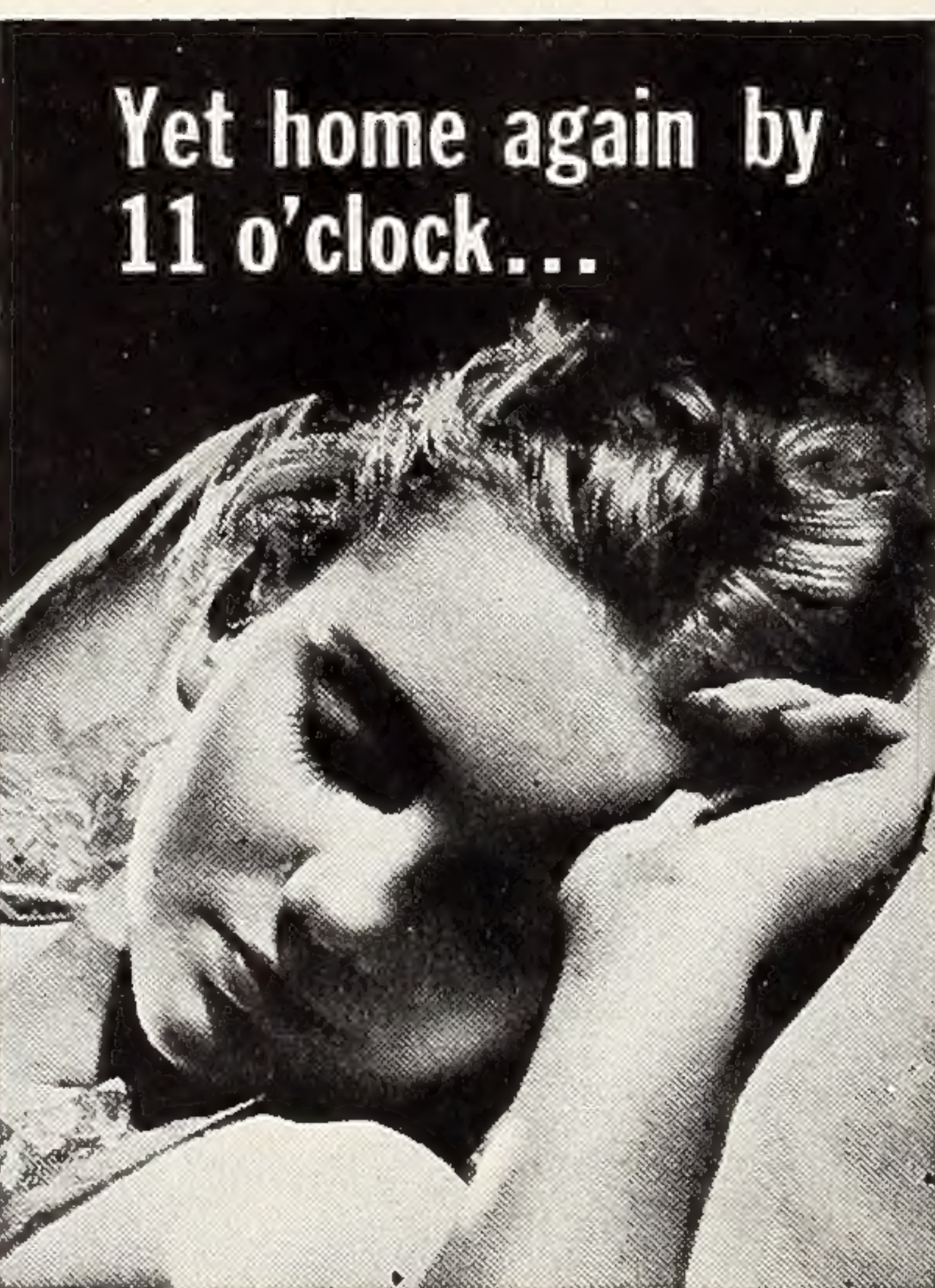
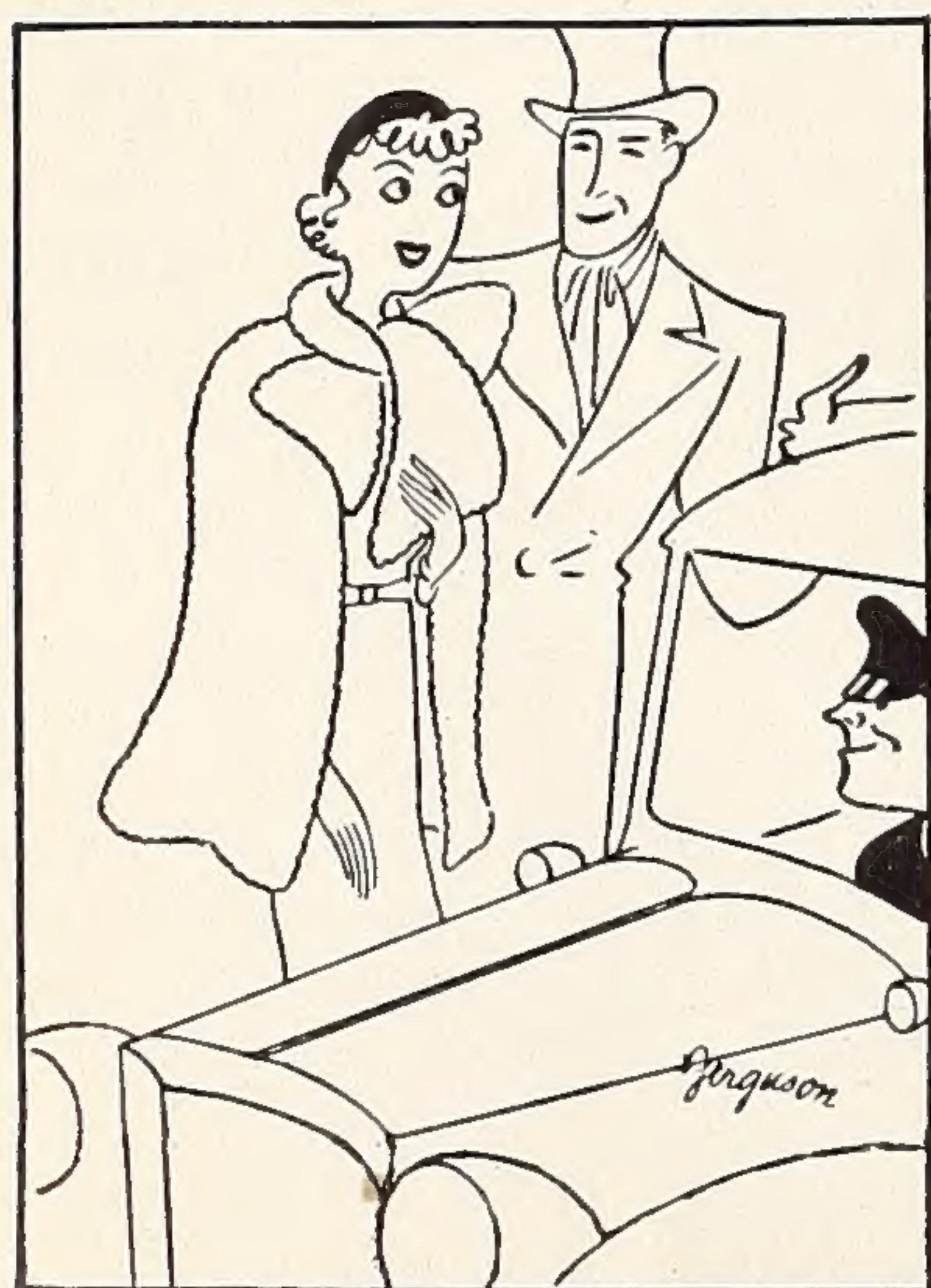
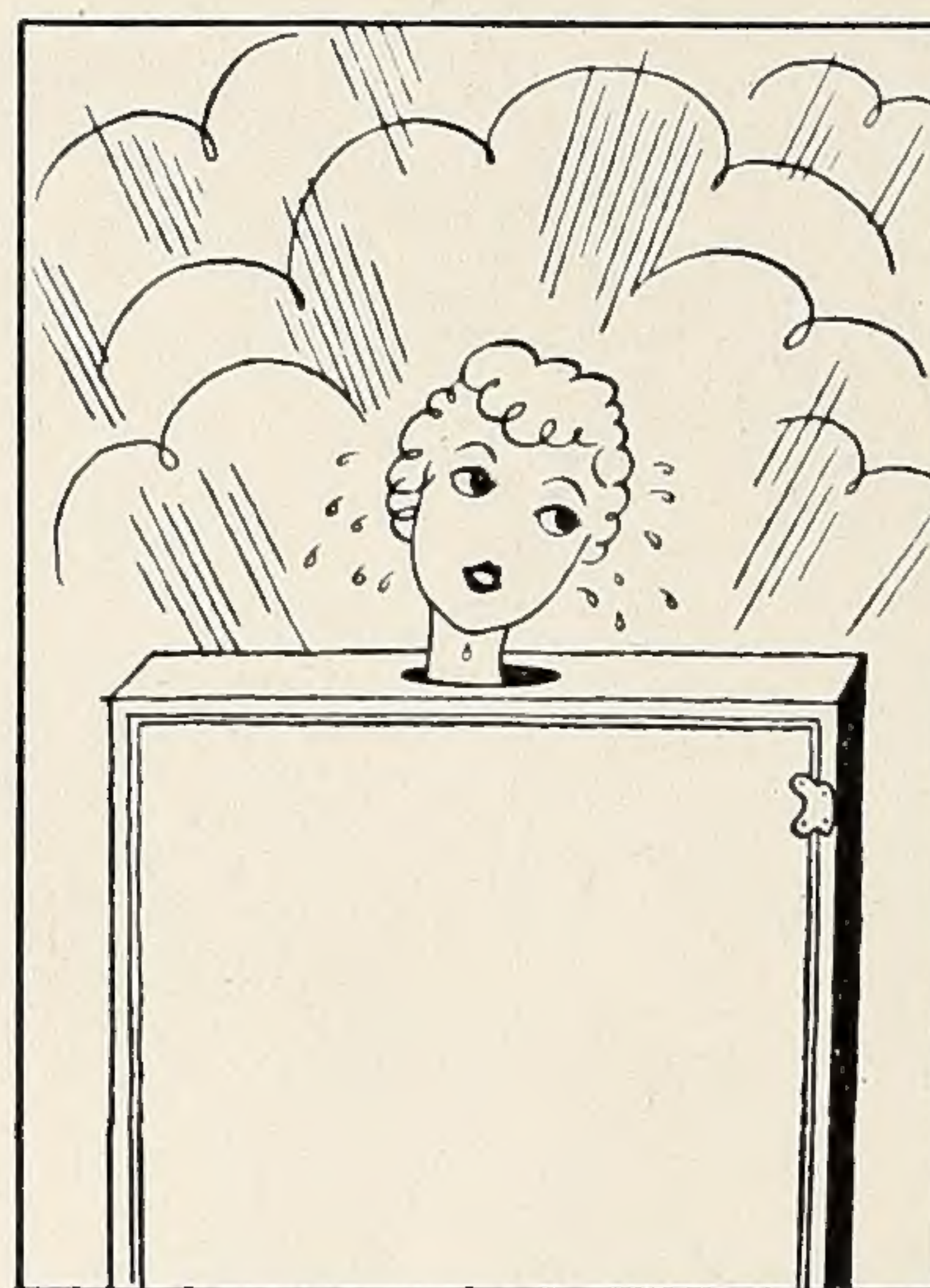
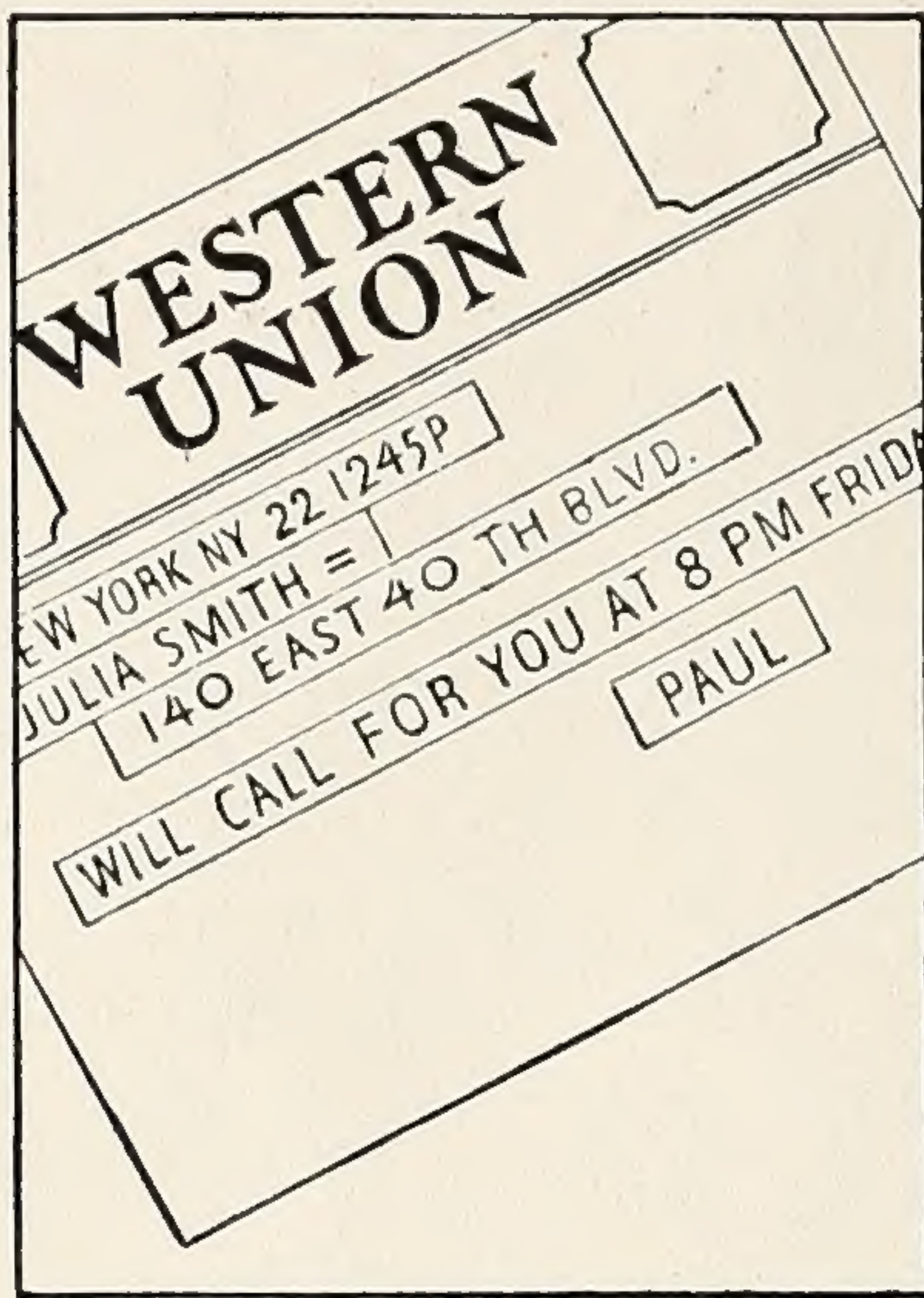
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in Canada

Charles Sheeler

SHIRLEY TEMPLE Invites You to Enter Her Contest!
Beginning a Great New Novel of Hollywood Life and Love
by Thyra Samter Winslow

WOULDN'T YOU THINK SHE'D KNOW BETTER?



Yet home again by
11 o'clock...

...and all
because she
forgot that final
fastidious touch
which makes a
woman winsome

Use **LISTERINE** before
social engagements to
check halitosis [BAD
BREATH]
Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

PRINCESS CHARMING (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups
... dingy teeth and tender gums
destroy her charm.

A WOMAN smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor.

(Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.)

Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes.

(Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.)

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A WARNING

The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our

modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Dental science says you must massage the gums as well as brush the teeth. So rub a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged into the gums, helps restore healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For, with healthy gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles

—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

If you like, send for the trial tube. But why not begin today—now—to secure the full benefit of Ipana from the full-size tube? It gives you a month of scientific dental care... 100 brushings... and a quick, decisive start toward healthy gums and brighter teeth.



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept O-95.
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.



Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

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September, 1935

Vol. XXXI. No. 5

SURPRISE FEATURE!

NEXT MONTH—THE
INTERVIEW THE WORLD'S
BEEN WAITING FOR

This IS a surprise! Indeed, it's such a surprise, that we are terribly tempted to carry SCREENLAND's extraordinary News Beat to the very ultimate, the peak, the top in other words, of its surprising capacity to surprise you.

Thus succumbing to temptation, we're asking you not to demand that we divulge at this time the name of the subject of The Interview the World's Been Waiting For. Instead we are asking that you exercise some of the very flattering loyalty you readers of SCREENLAND have exhibited time and time again, and accept our word for it that the next issue of your favorite magazine will bring you a word picture, a penetrating portrait, so delightfully written, and above all so thoroughly authentic, that you will feel you have enjoyed a personal tête-à-tête, a handshake, a smile, a confidential revelation of the innermost thoughts and feelings of a star whose personal side the whole world, in the absence of a story like this one, has had merely to guess at and conjecture about.

The issue containing this Surprise Feature will be on sale August 23. WATCH FOR IT!

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SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Team Work! Fredric March and Merle Oberon. Tamed! Margaret Sullavan. Très Chic Colbert. Yesterday and Today. Ann Harding, Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, Charles Boyer. The Two Bills! Will Rogers, W. C. Fields. Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. Play's the Thing in Hollywood. The Call of the Sea! Warren William. Ruby Keeler Joins the Navy! Very Clever, These Englishmen. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

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Cover Portrait of Shirley Temple by Charles Sheldon



**until death
do us part**

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in DuMaurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.



As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Virginia Bruce is not only a beautiful blonde, but a beautiful hostess! Visit her Toluca Lake home with us

By Betty Boone



The smile of welcome from Virginia warms the visitor's heart at the start! She is wearing her favorite hostess gown of white satin to receive you.

Virginia supervises every detail of her guests' entertainment and refreshment. Right, below, she is giving that last-minute glance to a tempting table.

(now Mrs. Merian Cooper)—very seldom all at the same time because we are all so busy.

"Giving a bridge tea in Hollywood is different from one that you'd give anywhere else, because picture girls are nearly always on a diet or else they are afraid to eat at all for fear they'll put on an extra pound, so providing food isn't easy. No matter how tempting it looks, you're pretty sure your guests will only sigh and say: 'Oh dear, take that away, you wretch—don't you know I weigh a ton already?'"

Virginia pirouetted across the blue broadloom carpet of her white-walled living room and turned on her new radio-phonograph.

"Look, I just got this! It will play for two hours, changing its own records, isn't that marvelous? I have all of Bing's records. Mother doesn't like his singing but I do—it *does* something to you! But we were talking about bridge teas . . .

"It's hard on Bee, my cook, to have to fix things for girls on diets, so we try to have some people who don't belong to pictures. Bee is simply sweet. We love her to death. She's been with me for a year, but before she came to me she was with a Southern family for twenty-five years and they felt the same way. When they lost their money and had to let her go—which was my good luck—they could hardly bear it. They call her up every day now just to hear her voice. She's the real thing.

"Naturally, being a real old Southern cook, she loves

VIRGINIA BRUCE lives in Toluca Lake, around the corner from Bing Crosby, in a shining white "early American" house, with a white picket fence before it. Old-fashioned flowers make her garden gay and a walnut tree casts a spreading shade.

Virginia on the screen is pretty enough to stop traffic, but Virginia off the screen is almost *too* beautiful! In a peach-colored satin hostess gown with pale blue sandals she is so lovely that you wonder how her girl-friends bear it.

"I don't go in very much for entertaining at home," confided the blonde angel. "I'm a single girl again, and as such I'm invited to all my friends' parties. If I were married, I'd give dinners in return; but as it is, I usually take the girls to lunch at the Vendome, or invite the current boy-friend to dinner here. So a bridge tea, very occasionally, is about my speed at present!

"Even these aren't very elaborate. We use Mother's new inlaid card table, the pride of her heart. We bought it for her last birthday. She wouldn't tell us what she wanted so we took her to our best shop and told her she had half an hour to choose something. She chose this." Virginia exhibited the table, gaily.

"The girls who come are Dolores Del Rio, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Betty Furness, Margaret DeMille, (now Mrs. B. P. Fineman), and Dorothy Jordan,



to fix appetizing food. I don't know a thing about cooking but if Bee makes anything it's ten times better than the things other cooks make. She has the most marvelous recipe for chocolate brownies! We sometimes serve them for tea."

Chocolate Brownies

2 cups sugar
2 eggs unbeaten
1 cup flour
1 cup melted butter
2 squares melted chocolate
1 cup walnuts
Vanilla

Bake in a slow oven for 30 minutes.
Cut in squares like fudge.

"If you don't have to consider diets, you can serve a special dainty, like heavenly hash or peach syllabub or wild rose mousse—don't you adore the names? Otherwise it's best to stick to tiny fancy sandwiches and little cakes."

She stood against the white brick fireplace, a sylphlike figure. Above her a water-color sketch of her baby Susan looked down at her; across the room on the antiqued white piano a large framed picture of Jack Gilbert, the baby's father, had a prominent place.

"Bee's sweet—she won't mind if you have her recipes."

Bee didn't—and here they are:

Heavenly Hash

Mix $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups peeled and diced oranges, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced bananas, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced marshmallows, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cocoanut and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped red cherries. Set in ice box for an hour and serve in glass dishes lined with split lady fingers.

Peach Syllabub

Mix 2 cups canned diced peaches with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons grated orange rind; add stiffly beaten whites 3 eggs and beat well; fold in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups whipped cream, fill six tall glasses with the mixture, sprinkle with grated cocoanut, garnish with a whole cherry and set in icebox for an hour.

Wild Rose Mousse

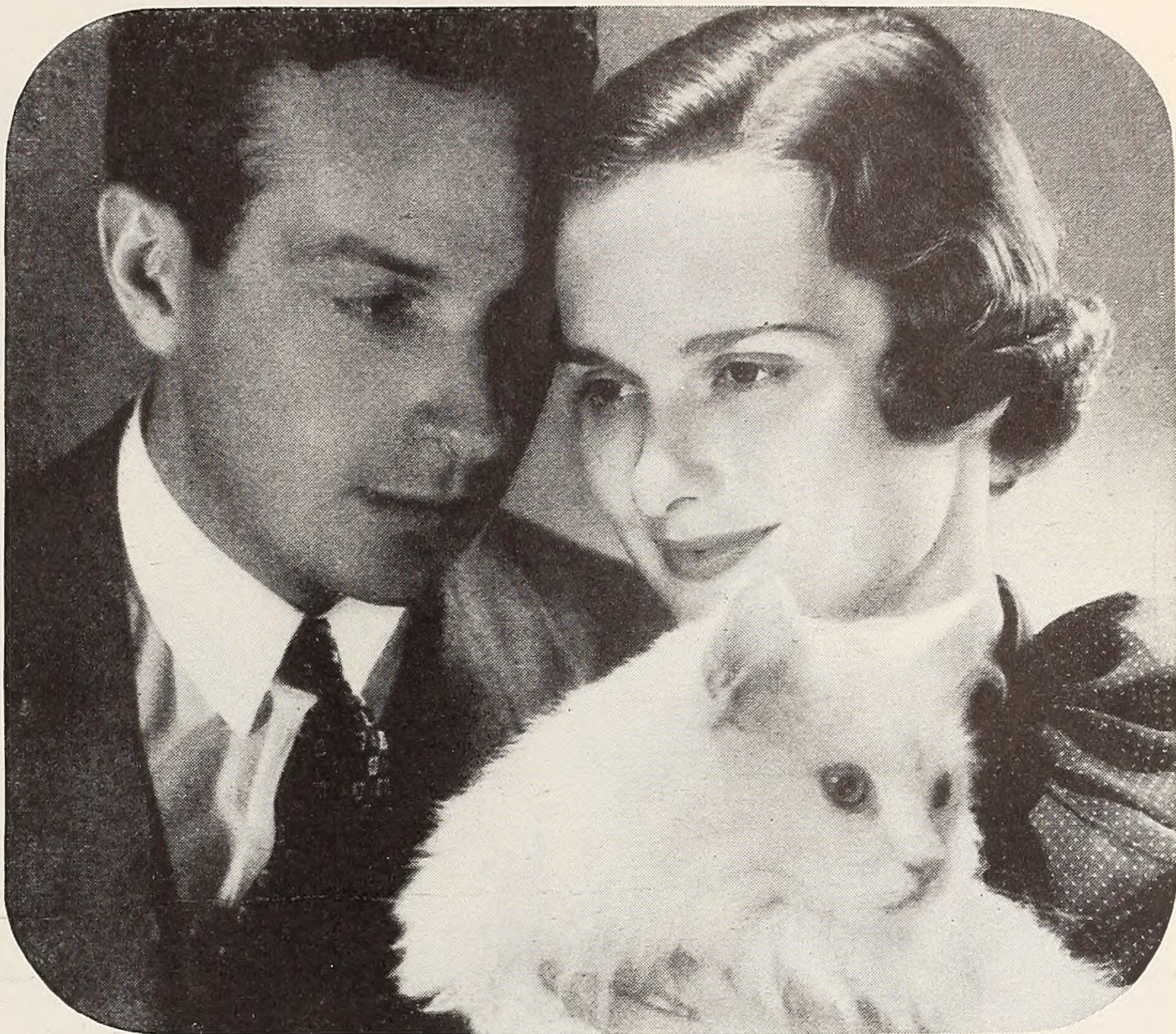
Mix 2 cups pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar. Color a delicate pink. Half fill refrigerator trays with this mixture. Beat until stiff $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups heavy cream, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, sweeten to taste with powdered sugar and pour over the juice and freeze. Chopped walnuts can be added if desired.

"Bee makes the prettiest checkerboard sandwiches. Get her to tell you how she makes them," Virginia urged me, as she
(Continued on page 95)



Virginia Bruce and Bee, her cook, watch the progress of a special baked dainty.

DOES YOUR *hair* WIN HIM IN A *Close-up?*



Watch your "close-ups"! OILY, stringy hair, or DRY, lusterless wisps, are no "beau-catchers"! Use a shampoo made for YOUR OWN TYPE of hair to guard its beauty

Special shampoo for DRY HAIR

If permanents, harsh shampoos, outdoor swimming, or summer's sun have left your hair too dry, begin now to give yourself Packer's Olive Oil shampoos. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. In addition to nourishing olive oil, it contains glycerine to soothe and soften your hair until it shines like silk.

Packer has specialized in the care of the hair for over 60 years. Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe.

Individual shampoo for OILY HAIR

Do you know that over-oily hair means that the oil glands in your scalp are relaxed—flabby? They spill over . . . flood your hair with oil.

Tighten them up! Wash your hair frequently with Packer's tonic Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is gently astringent—made especially for oily hair. It gives a rich snowy lather, too, that takes up all the excess oil and rinses cleanly. Just see how your hair fluffs and gleams!

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

OLIVE
OIL
for DRY hair



PINE
TAR
for OILY hair

Chicago beauty says of Listerine Tooth Paste:

"I like the sheen and lustre it gives my teeth"



M*odels are careful* about what products they use. They have to be; on their good looks their livelihood depends. Once they approve a product, particularly a tooth paste, you may be sure it is first rate.

Like so many other professional beauties, Miss Catherine Weary, former Chicago society girl, is enthusiastic over Listerine Tooth Paste.

"A real beauty aid," says Miss Weary, "and so refreshing to the mouth. I like the quick, thorough way it attacks discolorations and cleans teeth. I like the wonderful sheen and lustre it seems to give my teeth. It is such a comfort, too, to know that it cannot injure

delicate enamel."

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. More than three million people have discovered the advantages of this modern dentifrice. In two sizes: Regular large, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LARGE SIZE **25¢**

DOUBLE SIZE **40¢**

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER • 2½ oz. 25¢



This lovely blonde is hereby assured of a hearty welcome when she returns to Hollywood.

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Madeleine Carroll

DEAR MISS CARROLL: Come back—all is forgiven. I've just seen your latest picture, "The 39 Steps," with Robert Donat, and I wish you'd take one more step, this time in the right direction of Hollywood. Not that you went home mad before—not you. You were the perfect picture of lovely blonde British poise when I said goodbye to you in New York about a year ago on your way back "home" to England. You raved about Hollywood and the climate and the studios and Marion Davies' hospitality and newspaper and magazine writers—in fact, you were so delighted with us all and so charming about it, I would have suspected you of putting on an "act" if you hadn't been such a sweetly sincere person. You added: "About time I'm leaving, too. All that fuss they make over one out there—and that holiday spirit—I need discipline!"

Like all the English you had personal framed photographs standing about even though you were on the wing between train and ship. One of your husband, the impressive Captain Philip Astley. Another of yourself, in Court costume, complete with plumes. Oh, yes, you'd been "presented." And you'd met your husband at a party to which you had been escorted by one of the British Princes. But wild horses wouldn't drag any details from you. And when my reporting instinct reared its horrible head and I asked if I might borrow that picture to use in SCREENLAND, you looked horrified, shocked, startled, and incredulous all at once. "Oh, no—I couldn't, really!" you



Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in the most amusing scene from "The 39 Steps," by far the best modern British picture ever made.

said. And I liked you for that, too. (And I didn't steal the picture, either, did I?)

Now that your ponderous American movie, "The World Changes," has proved its right to the title by fading right out of recollection and your new comedy melodrama, "The 39 Steps," has come along to more than make up for it, can't you, Miss Carroll, persuade your husband to let you come over to make a modern picture for us, to show you're not just a dreamy old-fashioned beauty, but a warm, live, real, and humorous young person, a sort of blonde and British Claudette Colbert?

And—ahem—I was just wondering. Now that I have, I hope, assured you of our affection and esteem, I have a little suggestion to make. Just a side issue, of course—for you'll be welcome all by yourself. But while you're about it, why not bring Robert Donat along? Not that I care, you understand; but there are a couple of thousand girls over here who keep writing to ask me when their "Count of Monte Cristo" is coming back. And I have to tell them something to keep them quiet.

Well, we'll be seeing you!

Delight Evans

P.S. Regards to R. D.

It's Not Always Their "Dear" Public

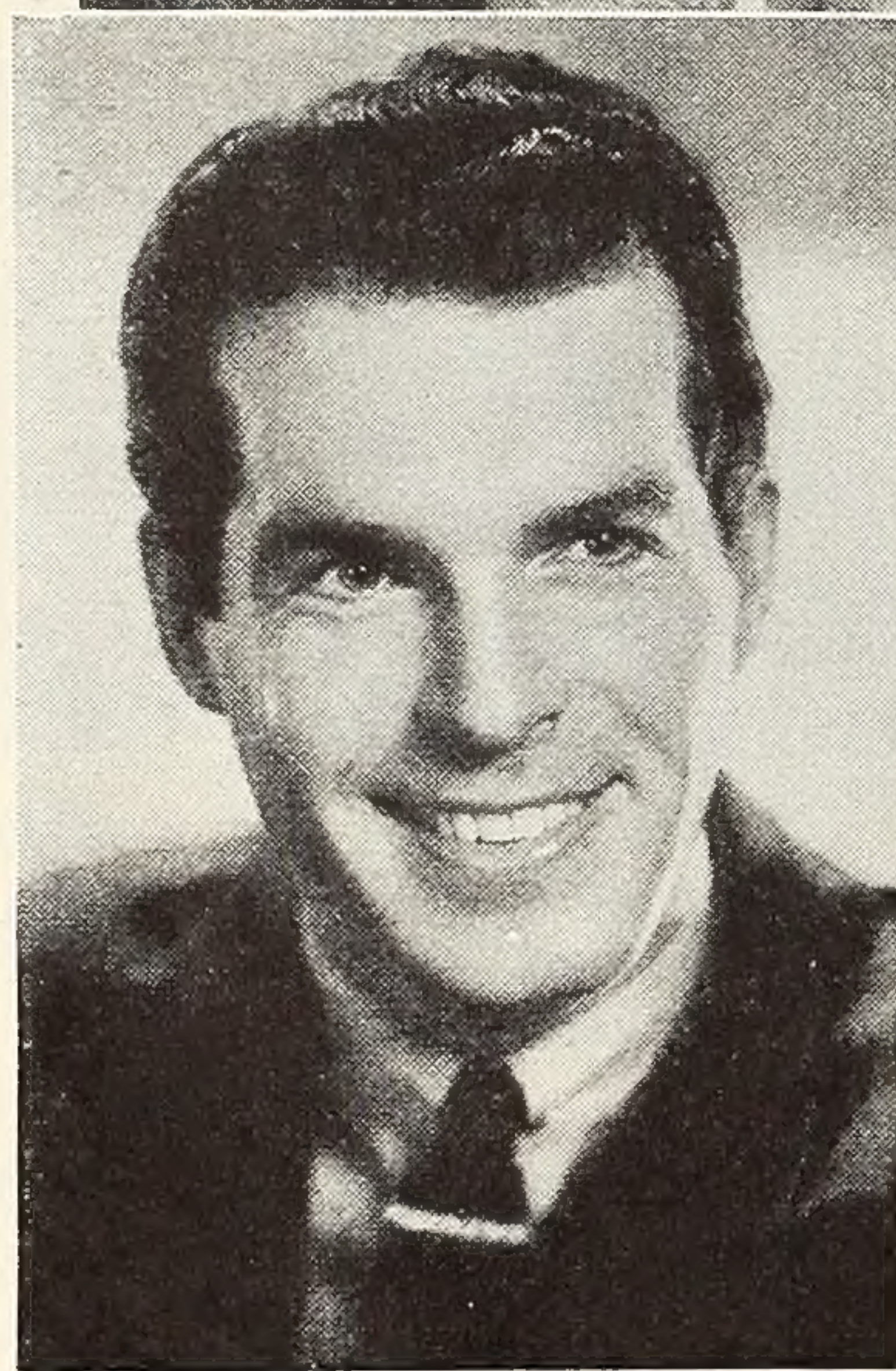
UNTIL Gene Raymond told me about The Red-Headed Woman At The Charity Tea, I'd always looked upon a Hollywood Star's "public" in flashes of those kids who hang around the various Brown Derbies, albums in hand, waiting for their idols to come out so they could tell them how much they loved them in a couple of pictures they'd never made.

And "movie fans" have always meant to me the cheering throngs who line railroad stations, airports, or the sidewalks of theatres hours ahead of the advertised arrivals or departures of the cinema great.

I'm pretty sure it was this sort of public Pola Negri referred to when she once told me: "My public are my dear *subjects*!"

So, as I say, it wasn't until I caught up with Mr. Raymond over a luncheon table at the Vendome, and heard from his own lips the saga of The Red-Headed Woman, that I ever even suspected the dear public could be as flattening as it was flattering, and that it is a pretty poor crowd of "admirers" that hasn't one good heckler!

Gene was saying: "Various actors have been severely criticized for fleeing crowds, refusing to sign autographs and dodging amateur snapshot artists whenever they can. It is looked upon as ungracious and ungrateful to the 'people who made us what we are'—isn't that the popular



Crowds meant little in Fred MacMurray's life until his first public appearance after he won screen fame. Then—but see what Fred says about it.



Kay Francis says that the most terrifying thing in the world is to be cornered by a crowd. But, above, Kay is behaving graciously, as most stars will if you'll give them a fighting chance!

phrase? Believe me when I say that a fleeing actor is not always an ungrateful one. He probably is just a scared one! For while the majority of people who swarm about actors are sincerely interested and flattering in their attentions, there are still those persistent few who make our contacts with the public the most terrifying and embarrassing moments of our lives!"

Some of the most embarrassing moments in movie stars' lives have been spent among their "admirers." Read all about it here

By
Dorothy
Manners

causes when one or more Hollywood actors happen to be vacationing away from home. In this case the spot was Florida, and in the name of good old charity Gene, and Norma Talmadge and Georgie Jessel, and Thomas Meighan had put in appearances to help the good cause along. They had booths from which they busily signed autographs, kissed young babies on the cheek, answered questions about fellow Hollywood players they weren't acquainted with—the usual sort of thing was in progress.

When The Red-Head sidled up, autograph book in hand, a charmingly flattering and interested expression on her face, Gene smiled politely in response, grabbed the book and his fountain pen, and bent over to scrawl his signature. But he never got his John Hancock or even a good X on that book!

For the "lady" had grabbed hold of his blond hair and was pulling it practically from its roots with all the strength in her two hands, and she was no weakling! She pulled and she shook, and then just as suddenly and unexpectedly as she started the attack, she let

go and stood smiling naïvely at the pain-wracked actor.

"I've always wanted to know if your hair was real," she explained politely. "Now I'm sure it is!" And with one of those I've-always-admired-you-so-much expressions on her face she passed down the line.

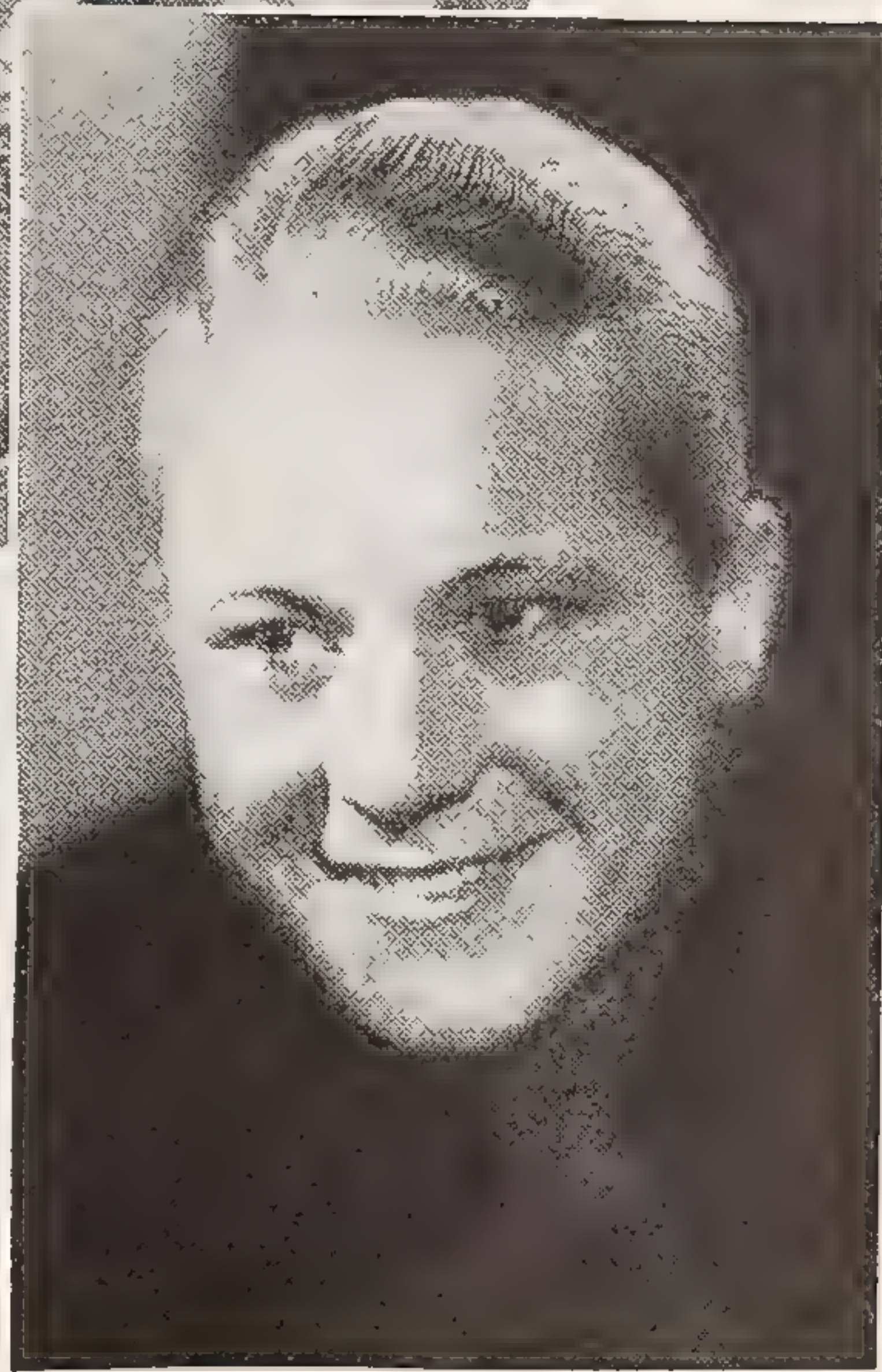
"What did I *do*?" repeated Gene. "I don't know what I did or how I looked, really. I know what I wanted to do—I wanted to get out of there as fast as my feet would carry me. But I stayed on and (*Continued on page 71*)



Madge Evans is always gay, always agreeable when surrounded by her fans. She has been known to autograph albums until she contracted writer's cramp. Her slogan is "Smile, smile, smile."

It was then he told me about The Red-Headed Woman—a tale to tell if I ever heard one, and a record all-time low in the conduct of the dear public when it decided to be not so dear.

The occasion was a charity tea, one of those "estate open to the public—come and meet your favorite movie star" events that are frequently pulled off for worthy



Until you have read, in this amusing story, the episode of Gene Raymond and the hair-pulling fan, you really know nothing about hero-worship!

Peering into the private life of the new idol, Charles Boyer, and his romantic union with Pat Paterson

By
Leonard
Hall

But yes! Monsieur Boyer is boss, and Pat Patterson is Madame Boyer and loves it! Left, the Boyers upon arrival in New York from Hollywood, on their way to Europe.

Papa is Head Man!

WITH some help from twenty journalists, cameramen, press-agents and your hawk-eyed reporter, Monsieur Charles Boyer, dream man of the hour, sailed for France the other day on the fabulous new ferry-boat, the "Normandie."

He was accompanied by a heap of assorted luggage, many good wishes, and his pretty little English spouse, Miss Pat Paterson.

This Boyer! *Quel homme*, or what a man! After wandering unhappily in and out of Hollywood for nearly five years, he suddenly set us afire in two good rôles. Again he is what he was for years in his own *la belle* Frawnce—a popular, pursued, and even pestered figure. "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts" set the maids a'twitter. Now Boyer Charm is one with Temple Cuteness and Dietrich Stems.

Oh, yes! Here in the picture, just to the left of that stout girl with the overhanging teeth, is the slender figure and sweet countenance of Miss Paterson.



Just after they were married. Pat's French husband wasn't famous in films then. But just look at him now!

Boyer's love scenes have attracted more attention than any screen lover's since Valentino. Left, with Loretta Young in "Shanghai."

Remember those tender interludes in "Private Worlds," in which Charles Boyer scored opposite the charming Claudette Colbert?

What does a wife think about when her husband becomes a great matinee idol? Pat Paterson, below, seems to be smiling through.



Do you remember the dream-book romance that tied these two a year and a half ago? It was fast, furious, and curiously touching. They were lonely strangers in a new and nutty world. Boyer, having been a dramatic star on the Paris stage, was set to work as a fiddling gypsy in a misbegotten musical dido called "Caravan." That's Hollywood logic. Paterson, a shy young British blonde, was serving a timorous apprenticeship on the same lot.

They first faced each other across the dinner table of Mr. Bob Kane, an associate producer at Fox, and legend says that by the time they were pecking daintily at the avocado salad they were up to the floating ribs in LOVE. So closely were they drawn by their spiritual solitude, so frantic was the chemical action of the so-called Tender Passion that in three weeks' time they had chugged off to Yuma, Hollywood's sand-swept Gretna Green, and were made one by the local judge, Cupid's busy stooge for the movie actors.

On the prosaic calender, the date was Feb. 14, 1934. To the newly-wed Slaves of Love, it was St. Valentine's Day, and if there are any birdies in Yuma, they sure sang.

Well, the starry-eyed darlings floated back to Hollywood, preceded by a wire announcing the union, and found a gala celebration in full cry. It was fomented and led by that Ex-Dream Man, M. Chevalier, who roared "Terrifique! Charles, *mon-vieux*—you old son-from-a-gun!" and opened another bottle of bubbly.

The marriage was no front-pager. Both the contracting parties were obscure, from the Hollywood viewpoint. The next day the bride packed her tin dinner-bucket and went back to work on Stage 2, while the groom put on his gypsy trimmings and went out on the back lot to pretend that it was heigho, for the Romany road again.

Now, it is a peculiarity of Hollywood life that a run-of-the-mill movie mime may pointedly ignore his spouse, or even cuff her about a bit, with no more than a mere sniff on the gossip pages. The moment, however, the chap becomes a Dream Man, his domestic affairs go at once under the microscope. The wide-eyed world wants to know, instant, how a love-match stands up under

the burning glass of incessant publicity and the prying of importunate people. In this case, how was the Moonstruck Madness of Charlie and Pat after eighteen months?

It was with this thought in mind that I attached myself, like a burr, to the Boyers the moment they arrived in New York for the jump abroad. I met them at the train at nine in the morning, and put the trusty

stethoscope on them as they stepped from the rattler, with flashlight bulbs exploding in their sleepy-eyed faces, and reporters asking how the coffee was before they'd had any. I haunted the royal suite at the ritzy Ritz-Carlton, and I said *bon voyage* and toodle-oo as the "Normandie" was about to poke her thin, aristocratic nose across the surging sea.

I made, in short, extensive researches into the domestic life of the Boyers, for the use of future historians and this magazine at the usual rates. And I found precisely what, I may say, I expected—namely, that this sizzling romance has settled down into a marriage built on the soundest European chassis, with the dominant male furnishing the motive power and the female the Fisher body and upholstery.

That is to say, there is no vulgar pushing and shoving for the choicest place in the spotlight, as so often appears in the modern American-plan alliance. There are no velvety digs in public between the parties, as might be expected from nervous, high-strung thespians.

Ah, *non*, my little cabbages! Very quietly, very gallantly, with his stupendous Gallic charm at full speed ahead, M. Boyer has become the undisputed lord and master of the menage. Both these dear people are shy, as any press-agent, with a sob in his voice, will tell you. But Madame is the shy.

I was fiendishly keen. I suggested that I should like to commune with the Boyers *en masse*, over a steaming dish of Lipton's best. Monsieur, with a graceful shrug, was very sorry, but did not think Madame would honor us. "*Quel dommage!*" (A damn shame!) I murmured. "Ah!" Monsieur murmured. "Ah!" I murmured back. But, *domage* or no *domage*, there was no Madame.

Papa, as is the divine right (Continued on page 94)



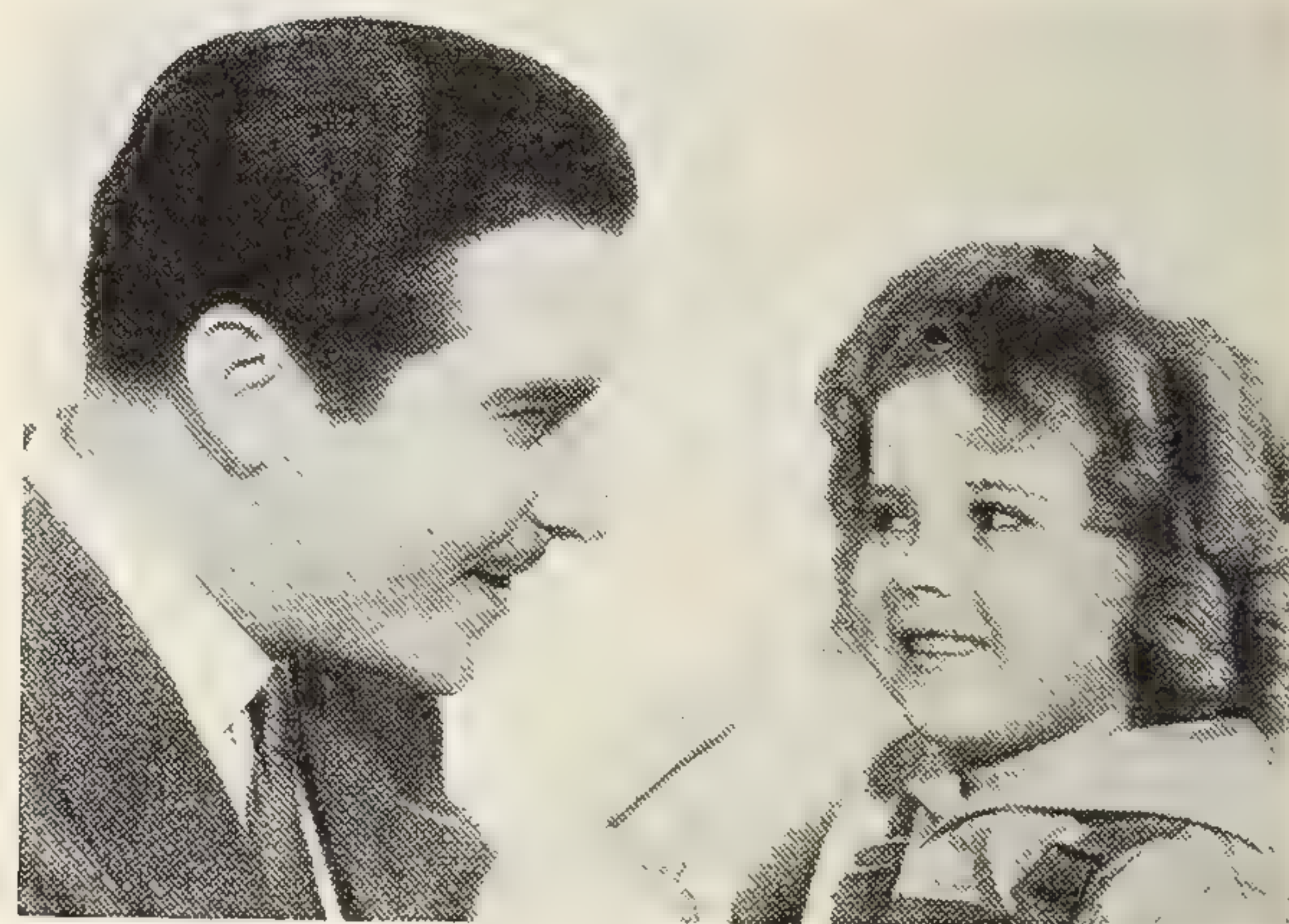
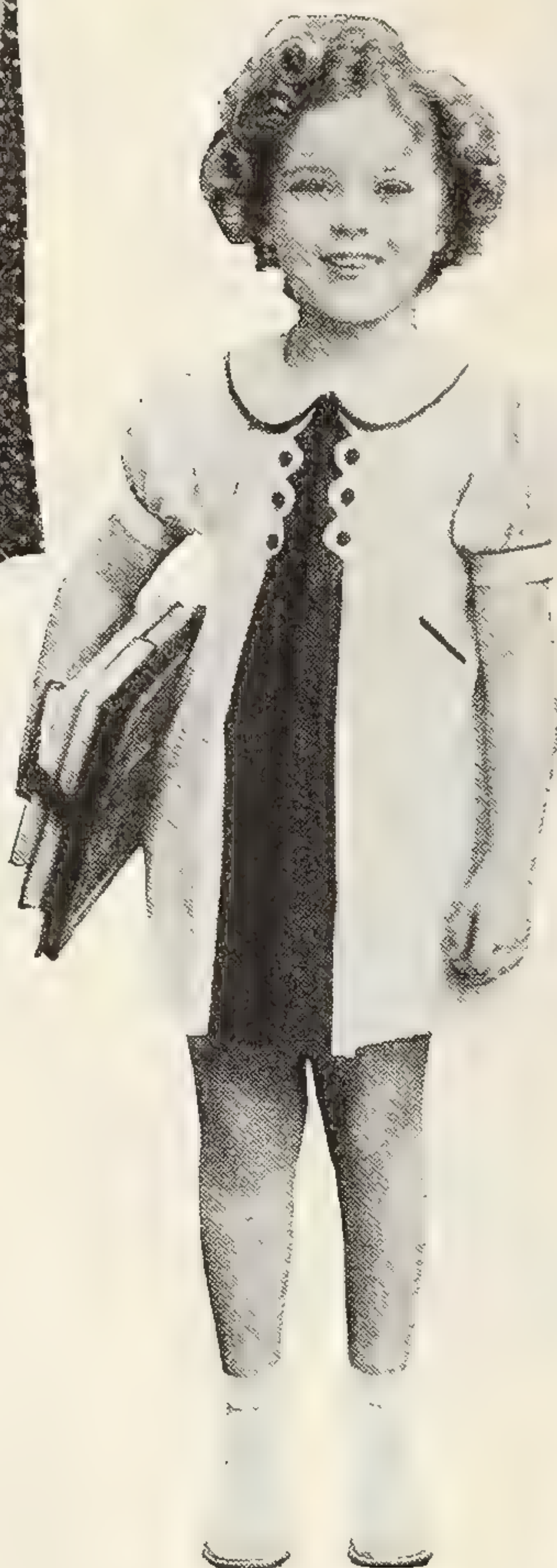
Shirley Temple hats are prizes worth winning. Above, Shirley wears one most becomingly.

Any little girl wearing a Shirley hair ribbon looks prettier! Dozens of ribbons offered as prizes.



Shirley proudly poses with her big doll, left—it looks just like "Our Little Girl"! A doll like this will go to the third prize winner.

The little star, at right and below, models two of the lovely little Shirley Temple dresses which are offered as prizes in our contest.



John Boles and Shirley—what a grand team!—are enacting a scene for "Curly Top," above.

Shirley Invites You To Enter Her Contest!

For young, old, everybody—
for all who love Shirley—and don't
we all?—SCREENLAND dedicates
the very first Shirley Temple Contest!

IT'S easy! All you have to do to compete is to tell why you love the little wonder-girl of the movies. There are so many reasons for loving Shirley, surely you will find it simple to answer our question. In not more than 100 words, tell why you love Shirley, or like her, admire her, or find her amusing. Your letter may be only 20 words; it will be just as eligible as if it is 100 words; it may be in the form of a letter, a verse, an essay, or just a plain statement of fact. Not difficult; not involved; simply a forthright, sincere answer to the question: "Why Do You Love Shirley Temple?"

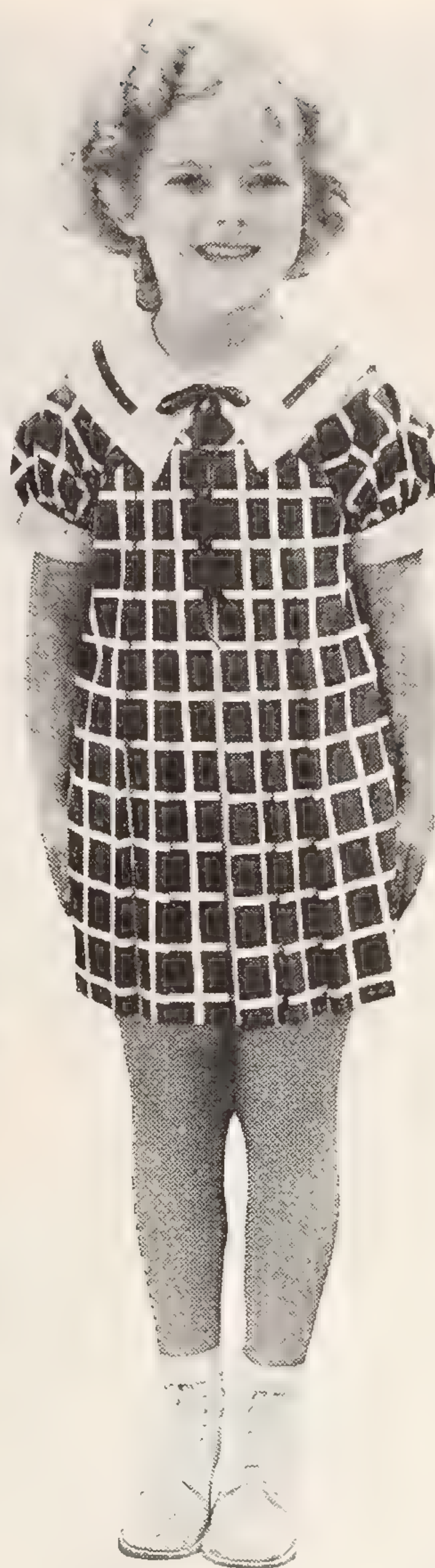
Now for the prizes! 535 prizes in all, ranging from

the Grand First Prize of a Shirley Temple outfit consisting of coat, dress, hat and hair ribbons; through substantial cash prizes, beautiful Shirley Temple dolls, attractive Shirley dresses, more cash, hats, berets, etc., to 500 Shirley Temple photographs! Prizes well worth winning. Read the rules carefully, fill out the coupon, answer the question. Get your family and your friends interested. Every child will want a Shirley Temple prize. Every adult will find it profitable to enter what with the cash prizes, to say nothing of the mothers who would love to present to *their* little Shirleys a genuine Shirley Temple gift dress or hat or doll or hair ribbons!



First prize is a complete Shirley Temple outfit of hat, coat, dress and hair ribbons. Left, Shirley shows you how she looks all dressed up!

Below, the lovely little frock which is included in the grand first prize in the Shirley-SCREENLAND contest. Right, another prize dress.



More prizes! Above, the dashing Shirley beret, typically Temple as to style. Isn't it gay?

Shirley, below, shows you another style hair ribbon, many of which are offered as prizes.



PRIZES:

GRAND FIRST PRIZE: Shirley Temple Outfit: Coat, Dress, Hat, Dozen Hair Ribbons.

SECOND PRIZE: \$50.00 in Cash.

THIRD PRIZE: Shirley Temple Big Doll (22 inches tall).

FOURTH PRIZE: \$25.00 in Cash.

5 FIFTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Dolls (13½ inches tall).

SIXTH PRIZE: Shirley Temple Party Dress and Dozen Hair Ribbons, Assorted Colors.

SEVENTH PRIZE: \$10.00 in Cash.

4 EIGHTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Dresses.

4 NINTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Hats.

5 TENTH PRIZES: Dozen Hair Ribbons each, Assorted Colors.

4 ELEVENTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Beret & Scarf Sets.

4 TWELFTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Berets.

3 THIRTEENTH PRIZES: \$5.00 each.

500 FOURTEENTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Color Photographs.

535 PRIZES IN ALL!

SCREENLAND wishes to express appreciation to the following manufacturers, for their co-operation in our Shirley Temple Contest:

Shirley Temple Dolls, Courtesy Ideal Novelty and Toy Co.

Shirley Temple Dresses, Courtesy Rosenau Bros.

Shirley Temple Coats, Courtesy H. & J. Block.

Shirley Temple Hats, Berets, and Beret and Scarf Sets, L. Lewis & Son.

Shirley Temple Hair Ribbons, Courtesy The Ribbon Mills Corporation.

RULES OF THE CONTEST:

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a letter of not more than 100 words on the subject, "Why I Love (or Like) Shirley Temple."
3. This contest will close at midnight, August 22, 1935.
4. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
5. Enclose coupon with your letter and mail to Shirley Temple Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Shirley Temple Contest, with my letter enclosed.

Name

Street Address

City..... State.....



At the "party to end all parties" which Carole Lombard gave at the Fun House: Marlene Dietrich and Claudette try the slide.

The Best Hollywood

WHEN I think of the difficult time my poor long-suffering colored nurse (I was the Jane Withers of my day) used to have trying to tie a bit of pink fluff on my straggly hair and a sash about my middle and coaxing me to play drop the handkerchief and make pretty talk to the nice little girls—I am convinced, but definitely, that the worm turns. Especially a ringworm. Now it would take all the Nanans in Harlem, and a couple of hootnans besides, to keep me away from parties.

Why, I love parties! I'm a perfect push-over for parties. And Miss Wilson, unlike Miss Otis, never regrets. No matter whether it's scrambled words at the Stuart Walkers, or a little tantalizing tango at the Trocadero, or a bit of fudge-making at Zasu Pitts'—(and Zasu always drops in a few shells and says, "Oh, my!")—I'm the type who enters into the spirit of things with the enthusiasm and *joie de vivre* of a Peter Pan. Just call it a party and you've got me. Yes, things were getting so bad there for awhile that Miss Lombard used to have her secretary phone me and say, "See here, now, we're having a party tonight, and if you're passing by,

Next best fun to going to the star parties is to read about them here!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Our very special party reporter

thank you." But I was looking for parties, not thanks.

My party career began in Hollywood one night about four years ago when suddenly to my great amazement as I turned into Sunset Boulevard I discovered that there was something on my running board. It turned out to be Tallulah Bankhead. Tallulah, it seems, was in a mood and would not leave the Colony Club with Gregory Ratoff, as any lady should, or should she? and had picked my running board as a smart conveyance. There was nothing to do about it but to take her to Sulka Viertel's—who speaks only to Garbo who speaks to nobody—and there I found Ernst Lubitsch devouring a cold snack, Kay Francis burning a hole in the Viertel couch, and Adrian making puns. It was my first Hollywood party and it was all so gay and mad and utterly irresponsible that I completely lost my pink-ribbon-pretty-talk complex about parties, and the only thing today that keeps me from being a Countess di Frasso, *the* party girl of Hollywood, is about a million smackers.

Yes, I may say that in my four years of partying in Hollywood I have snagged some pets, and inasmuch as I feel reminiscences coming on again, I think you're in for hearing about them, so just be polite about it and remember that pretty is as pretty does and at best I'm pretty bad.

My favorite party-thrower is Carole Lombard. Carole never just opens up a case of something, puts on an evening gown, and invites her friends to drop in. Carole's parties always have a definite idea back of them, and always an unusual setting. There was the hospital party where she met you at the door in a stiffly starched nurse's cap and dress and ushered you into the consultation room; and there was the Roman party where the Lombard drawing-room suddenly becoming a sunken garden with togas and grape-juice all over the place. But my pet party was the "party to end all parties" which Lombard threw a couple of weeks ago and which has had Hollywood on crutches ever since. It seems that when Carole visited New York last winter William Rhinelanders Stewart, one of the Social Register Rhinelanders, and A. C. Blumenthal, the nearest we have to a King Midas, entertained Carole in the grand manner; so when they dropped in on Hollywood this summer of course Carole felt that she must reciprocate. Everybody else in town, I mean the socially-minded, had dragged Bill and

The "best Hollywood parties" include a bit of fudge-making at Zasu Pitts'—and Zasu always drops in a few nut shells and says, "Oh my!"

Countess Frasso—at right, below—is "The" party girl of Hollywood. Dietrich, at left, below, also in costume, is a favorite guest.

International



Joan Blondell gave a party for her sister Gloria. Below, left to right: Joan's father, mother, sister, Joan herself, and husband George Barnes.



The hostess, Carole Lombard, and two of her guests at the Fun House party: Elizabeth Wilson, our star party reporter, center, and Claudette Colbert.

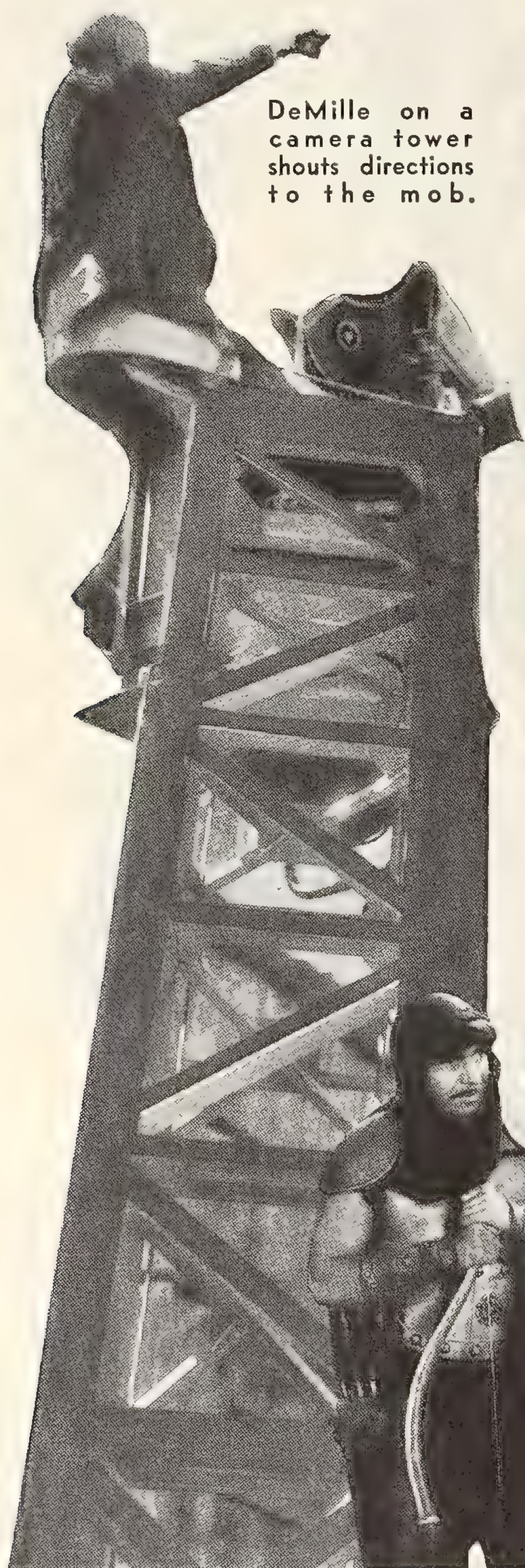


Parties

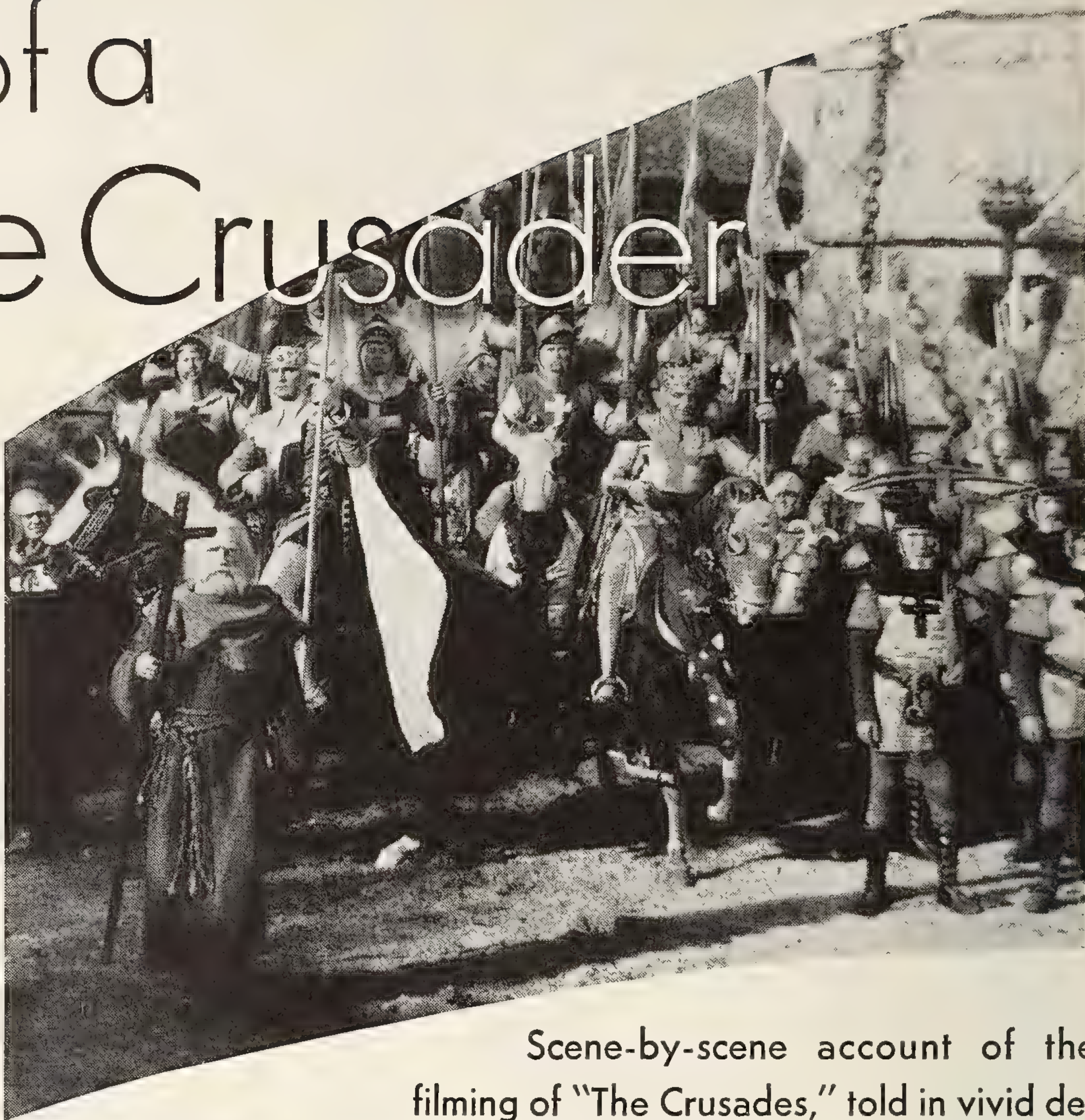
Blumy to the Troc and the Clover Club and the Lido and all the ritzy places and put on their longest false eyelashes and their real emerald necklaces, and it was all quite stiff and elegant and slightly boring; so when it came Carole's time to entertain for the boys, she said nuts to this chi chi, and took them down to the House of Fun in Venice—Venice, of course, being one of our local California Coney Islands.

Carole rented the House of Fun for the evening so no one could get in but the somebodies invited—and Ella, you should have seen those mo'om (Continued on page 80)

Diary of a DeMille Crusader



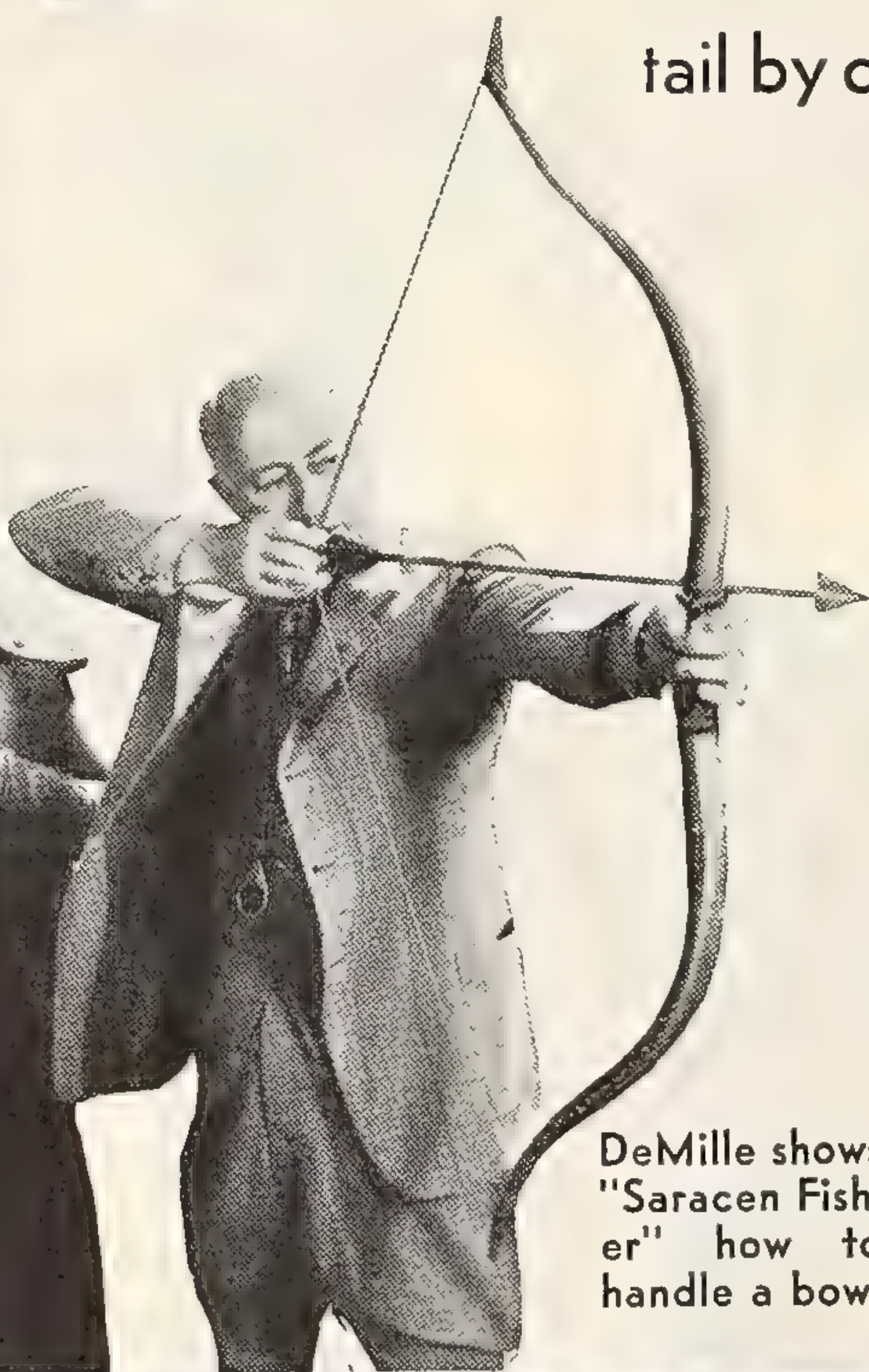
DeMille on a camera tower shouts directions to the mob.



Scene-by-scene account of the filming of "The Crusades," told in vivid detail by one of its actors. Close-ups of stars at work

I'M NO longer myself—and it's no longer 1935. The year is 1190, the country is England, and Richard the Lion Heart is King. We're about to leave on Crusade to redeem Jerusalem from the powerful grip of Saladin, the Infidel.

Cecil B. DeMille is going to see to it that we get to the Holy Land, on the Paramount lot. It's his show—"The Crusades." It is not the story of some stinky and negligible reform movement. It is a stirring, brave tale in which this great director will recreate for you an era that has never been equalled for romance and spiritual ecstasy. A time when war meant a towering combat between mighty individuals. When men were strong enough in body to wear fifty pounds of chain mail and still swing a mighty four-foot sword with



DeMille shows "Saracen Fisher" how to handle a bow.



Loretta Young as BERENGARIA and Henry Wilcoxon, center, in a dramatic scene.



Katherine DeMille, as ALICE, defies RICHARD. Alan Hale, right, as BLONDEL.



Lumsden Hare, as LEICESTER, pleads with BERENGARIA, a rôle Loretta Young "lived."



Spectacular mob scenes like those at left, and above, abound in the film. Above, the siege of Acre—read about it as seen by an extra.

Right, Henry Wilcoxon, as RICHARD THE LION HEART and Director DeMille go over details of the battle—extras earned their pay in that scene!



deadly results. When they possessed a spiritual strength that gave them the courage to renounce home and security in order to venture into an unknown, hostile land to fight for an ideal.

Saturday, February 2.

At seven this morning I stepped into the tights, leather jerkin, peaked hat and pointed shoes of a twelfth century peasant. Then to the sunny courtyard of Windsor Castle where *The Hermit* (C. Aubrey Smith), mounted on a pedestal, is already rehearsing an eloquent discourse, designed to fire young and old with the crusading spirit. We, his audience of peasants, belted yeomen, women in bright gowns, crossbowmen, crowd eagerly about to hear his message. Further back are mounted knights in chain mail and surcoats of strange design. The tips of their tall lances bear fluttering pennons. We all murmur or shout approval according to the desire of director De Mille, who swings dizzily overhead on the camera boom lining up the scene about to be recorded on film.

In a squat-arched, massive doorway stands *King Richard*, (Henry Wilcoxon), surrounded by a group of courtiers and visiting royalty. *King Philip of France*, (C. Henry Gordon), is there with his sister, *Princess Alice*, (Katherine DeMille), and the villainous *Conrad of Montferrat*, (Joseph Schildkraut).

Suddenly *Richard* moves forward to take the Cross. Thus can he escape marriage with *Princess Alice*. The pledge to undertake the Crusade voids all other earthly vows.

Knowing nothing of court intrigue, we cheer our King. An excited peasant, forgetting time and place, shouts "God bless King George!" DeMille, who misses nothing, groans: "Just about eight hundred years ahead of our story—let's take it again—and please remember that you are now in the *twelfth century*!"

When the sun is so low as to make further shooting impossible we are dismissed with the curt instruction: "Report seven Monday morning, (*Continued on page 67*)



RICHARD tests his strength on the jaw of his skeptical blacksmith, (Montagu Love).



RICHARD and BERENGARIA told of Henry's usurpation by PHILIP, (C. Henry Gordon).



The kings of Europe are defied by RICHARD and BERENGARIA, a tensely dramatic scene.

DO YOU BITE

Or chew pencil tops? Or grit your teeth?

Well, your favorite stars do!

His hand crept automatically—it evidently was an old, familiar gesture—to the lobe of his right ear. He pulled it gently, meditatively.

"No," he repeated, "there isn't a thing I do like that." "Well, look!" I protested. "What are you doing now?" "What?"

"Pulling the lobe of your ear!"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know that I did that!" Then he laughed. "But I don't think it's half as bad as what you are doing."

Panic-stricken with a sudden self-consciousness, I caught myself in suspended animation, and discovered that I had been beating a tremendous tattoo with my pencil on the desk. What other nervous trick I had been indulging in, I don't know, for I dropped everything and dashed out to discover things about the stars that they don't know themselves.

Fay Wray thought for a moment before she could remember anything she does automatically. As she thought, she

Stop that, Jean Harlow! But Jean goes right on nibbling the polish off her beautifully manicured nails.



Pat O'Brien, below, doesn't bite his nails; but he does smoke no less than fourteen big black cigars a day.



Norma Shearer, right, has all sorts of endearing idiosyncrasies, even as you and I. You know that giggle?



Cary Grant says: "I haven't any nervous habits that I know of"—and then proceeds to tweak his ears.

DO YOU know why Sylvia Sidney breaks matches into tiny bits? Do you know why Joe E. Brown drums his fingers while he talks?

Do you know what makes Jean Harlow nibble the polish off her beautifully manicured fingernails, even if she is intensely interested in a book or in people to whom she is talking?

Why Norma Shearer always has two bowls of water on the set so that she may wash her hands innumerable times all day long?

Why William Powell blinks his eyes?

Why Pat O'Brien smokes fourteen big, black cigars a day?

Why James Cagney wiggles his lower jaw back and forth when he is confronted with a strange or new situation?

Do you know why *you* bite pencil tops? Swing your foot? Grit your teeth? Twist your handkerchief?

Oh! So you think you haven't any nervous habits! Well, just ask your best friend to tell you—or see yourself on the screen.

It is almost an invariable law that every human being has one or more habitual motor reflexes of which he is completely unaware.

Consideration of the whole remarkable matter of why people behave in the ways they do started when Cary Grant said, "I haven't any nervous habits I can think of."

He was clicking a thumb nail against a front tooth as he spoke. I stared in fascination.

"No," he continued, "I haven't a single nervous mannerism, though lots of people I know have."

YOUR NAILS?

By Winifred Aydelotte

ran her hands through the rippling masses of her lovely hair, once, twice, three times. Then a smile spread across her face.

"I do that all the time!" she said, surprised at the discovery.

"Why?"

"I don't know. I just do! Of course, my hair is the kind that can stand it, but it drives the poor hairdresser wild. With one fell swoop of the hand I can demolish any wave."

Victor Jory blithely admitted that he probably has the biggest collection of nervous habits in Hollywood.

"I do everything!" he said. "Break matches, draw circles and squares, tap on the table, swing my feet, drum my fingers, clear my throat—and I'll tell you *why* I do it. In some way, I feel that my vocabulary is not equal to expressing an idea I am trying to put into words. So I wave my hands, walk around while I am talking, or make any gesture that occurs



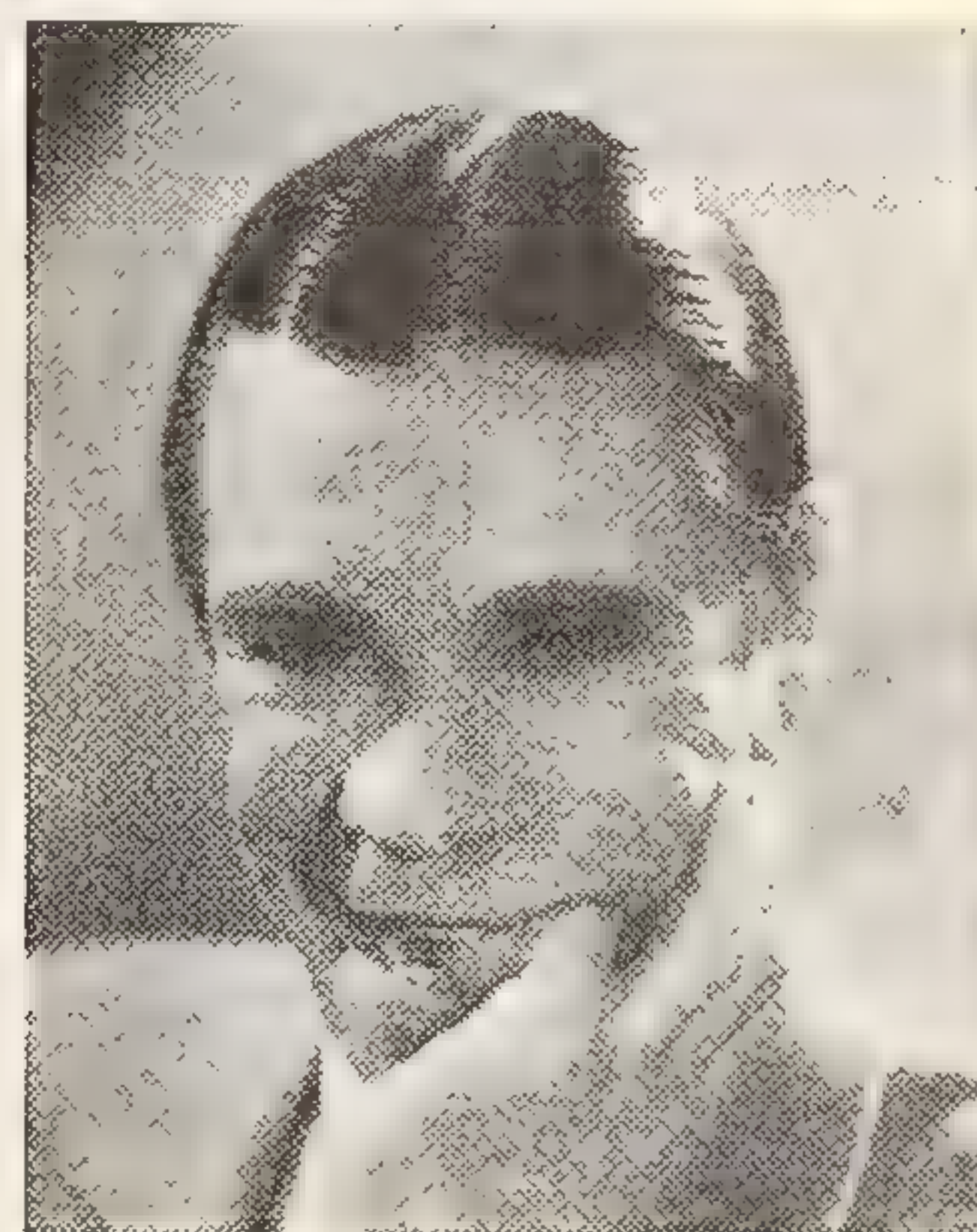
Can you imagine Fay Wray mussing that lovely, smooth coiffure right after the hairdresser does her best?



Victor Jory, below, wears comfortable sports shirts most of the time; but his neck-stretching urge persists.



Why does William Powell blink his left eye? Why does he blink his right eye? Why blink at all, Bill?



Joe E. Brown not only is a champion finger-chewer, but he drums his fingers while he talks, as well. Oh, well!

to me to emphasize what I am saying."

He was wearing a polo shirt, open at the neck, and as he spoke he stretched his neck as if he were trying to ease the constriction of a tight collar.

"Why do you do that?" I asked.

His answer shed a new light on why people do things of which they are unconscious. It seems that he cannot tolerate tight collars. Quite frequently, for the screen, he is required to wear shirts fitting tighter than those he buys for his ordinary use. That is how the habit started. Now it has become an unconscious thing. Jory finds himself moving his neck to relieve the strain of a tight

collar even when he is wearing an open-necked shirt!

May Robson sews furiously every moment she is not before the camera. "Some people smoke," she said with her inimitable twinkle. "Some chew gum. I sew. Takes the same place!"

There are a number of stars who seem to find some activity with their hands a nervous necessity. Helen Hayes knits almost constantly. Never do you see her when she is not doing something with her beautiful, expressive hands, and no one meets her without becoming conscious of them. If she is not knitting, she is drumming them on the table, or waving them emphatically with decisive little gestures to emphasize something she is saying.

Robert Montgomery's chief nervous habit (and you may observe it the next time you see him on the screen) is to shrug his shoulders. It is a slight, almost imperceptible hunching, as if he were settling his perfectly-cut coat into place. He joyously admits to the accusation that he cannot sit or stay still for more than a few minutes at a (Continued on page 70)

A Star is Made

SHIPS. Trains. Buses. Automobiles. Airplanes. Making newer, faster speeds. Breaking records. Going places. And each vehicle carries not only passengers but hope and fear and desire.

The cars and trains and ships and planes going to Hollywood outwardly do not seem different from their replicas going to Boston or to Baltimore. Perhaps it is only imagination, ever since the Western trek of the covered wagon, that the caravans which move toward the setting sun seem to carry with them more of romance, of glamour, of youth.

Certainly the train, which from an airplane resembled a brown earth-worm inching its way toward the West, did not look as if it contained high hopes or high desire. Even a close view did not make it seem different from other trains. There were the usual assortment of passengers.

A little old lady with red eyes wore rusty black and wept a little. A harassed mother looked after two fat little boys who drank too much ice water and ate too many chocolates. A tall man read an adventure magazine instead of the thick volumes on the seat beside him. Four prosperous-looking men played cards, with time out for meals, sleep, and drink. The porter, with bottles and covered trays, made trips to always-closed drawing-rooms.

Three girls sat in one car. Each had a lower berth, new luggage, a pile of magazines. Each was pretty. Each was young. Each was alone. Each was so busy with her own thoughts that, for the first day or two, she didn't need to talk to anyone else. Then all three began looking around.

There were no good-looking young men on the train—though it is possible all three would have distrusted stray young men. Not that they were above informal acquaintances; but they had ideas, now, that did not include a



Diana heard her voice, trembling at first, grow stronger, as she imitated the peculiarly drawled words of Claudia Ray, and noted their effect on her politely attentive audience.

future cluttered up with doubtfully acquired boy friends.

A girl with curly, dark hair made the first move. She stopped by the seat of the girl with blonde, sleek hair.

"Come and sit with me," she said. "It might make the time pass quicker."

"Sure," said the blonde girl. And then, "that girl over there. Maybe she'd like to join us, too."

The third girl was delighted. She, too, had grown tired of mid-Western scenery.

It didn't take them long to get acquainted. After the first few minutes of fencing they were as natural, perhaps, as they'd ever be again.

Curly Locks was named Iowa Sommers. She admitted that the first name was not the one her family had bestowed upon her.

"If I do make good," she said, "it will reflect credit on my home state. And there's no reason why I won't. I was in vaudeville last year and I've got a lot of pictures—the photographer in my home town took them free. He said I photographed beautifully." She was also



ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGIA WARREN

Beginning a colorful new serial—the human story of a girl who met with an adventure that could come true only in fabulous Hollywood

By
Thyra
Samter
Winslow

who is three years older—I'm sort of engaged to him."

They nodded—and looked at her. It seemed such a waste!

She was a pretty girl. Her slender figure was delightfully rounded. Her face was an interesting oval, her cheekbones high, her eyes long. Her name they found out, was Diana Wells.

Iowa and Sunny were engrossed in their own affairs. But in spite of Diana being an outsider they took her into their confidences and when the train reached Hollywood they said, but not too warmly, "Hope we'll see you again."

They gave the address of the apartment building to a taxicab driver and saw Diana kiss a tall, bronzed young man and greet a nice-looking girl. They felt this was probably the last they'd see of Diana. Well, they were on their way!

Diana pushed the young man away just a little. Looked at him.

"You're really nicer than I've been remembering you," she said.

"That's good," said Michael Stone, "though when you see Clark Gable and Cary Grant and the other stars you won't be able to see me at all."

"If you must know," said Diana, "you interest me as a million times more than any movie stars. I don't want to hear any more about them, ever. Two girls I travelled with had memorized all of the movie magazines published in the last five years—and I've been listening to them. All I want is a nice visit with your mother and father and Sara and you."

"I hope that will be enough," said Michael.

Diana smiled at him indulgently, as he piled the luggage into his inexpensive car. (Continued on page 65)

prepared with the name of an inexpensive apartment house.

The blonde girl's name was Sunny Beck. She, too, admitted that her first name was her own idea. She, too, was on her way to be a motion picture star.

"I met a man last summer who is a big director," she said. "He said I was just the type they needed in pictures."

"Isn't it lucky, us meeting like this," Iowa said. She turned to the third girl. "Are you going to Hollywood to be in pictures, too?"

"I'm going to Hollywood," the girl said, "but I'm not going into the movies."

"You mean you're not even going to *try* to get in?" They both asked the question.

"No," said the girl. "I'm just going for a visit. Of course I hope I see movie stars, maybe in the restaurants."

"You don't care anything about it?" Sunny asked.

"Not especially. You see I'm going to visit some people I like an awful lot—a girl my age and her brother

The Baby Menaces

NOW I may go mad over Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in the throes of a society sex problem, or over the Yacht Club boys singing sophisticated and naughty songs in a night club, or over Bee Lillie and her G-Girls on the radio; but believe it or not I am just an old softie at heart, and every time I see Shirley Temple and the Dionne Quintuplets I become a maudlin sentimentalist. In fact, I'm a rabid Shirley Temple fan. You can have your Joan Crawford, and your Marlene Dietrich, and your Kay Francis, and all the Glamor Gals and heaven help you; but kindly leave me Shirley Temple.

So no wonder that I was terribly upset the other day when I heard that Shirley was being put upon by kiddie menaces, kiddie picture-stealers, and kiddie kars. Mercy, I said to myself, it's time that I do something about this, so I pulled my Schiaparelli kerchief about me and flaunted out to the studios to see for myself just "who is Jane Withers?" and "who is Sybil Jason?" and "who is Freddie Bartholomew?" Of course Freddie isn't offer-



Jane Withers, little "Miss Menace" in person, who made everybody rave about her in her first screen part in the cast supporting Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes."



Freddie Bartholomew threatens to supplant boy stars who have ruled as little kings of the screen, but meeting Freddie dispels any notion that he's "menacing" about it.

ing any competition to Shirley—he's Jackie Cooper's nemesis; but ever since "Skippy" I've been that fond of Jackie and I won't have him belittled. So with plenty of arsenic-flavored lollipops in my reticule I sallied forth, the "M" of Hollywood.

Jane Withers, as you doubtless know, is the little girl who played the awful brat in "Bright Eyes" and played it so well that the critics went into raves over Jane, and practically forgot to mention Shirley in their reviews. In fact, Jane did a first-class job of picture-stealing. Now no star, particularly one whose name has topped Garbo's on a theatre marquee, wants her picture stolen from her by an unknown; indeed stars have been known to do some pretty nasty things about that; but strange to say, little Miss Temple didn't seem to mind at all, and



Jackie Searle is Jane's first "man in her life." They play together in little Withers' first starring film "Ginger," and s-sh, are pretty friendly off the lot.

Shirley Temple is big about it, so why shouldn't we also take a romp with these talented rivals who contend for her throne?

By Margaret Angus

instead of snubbing Miss Withers at the studio the next day invited her for a romp. But ah, 'tis said by the innocent by-stander that Mrs. Temple wasn't so big about it—that Mrs. Temple did *not* invite Mrs. Withers for a romp. On the contrary, oh, definitely on the contrary.

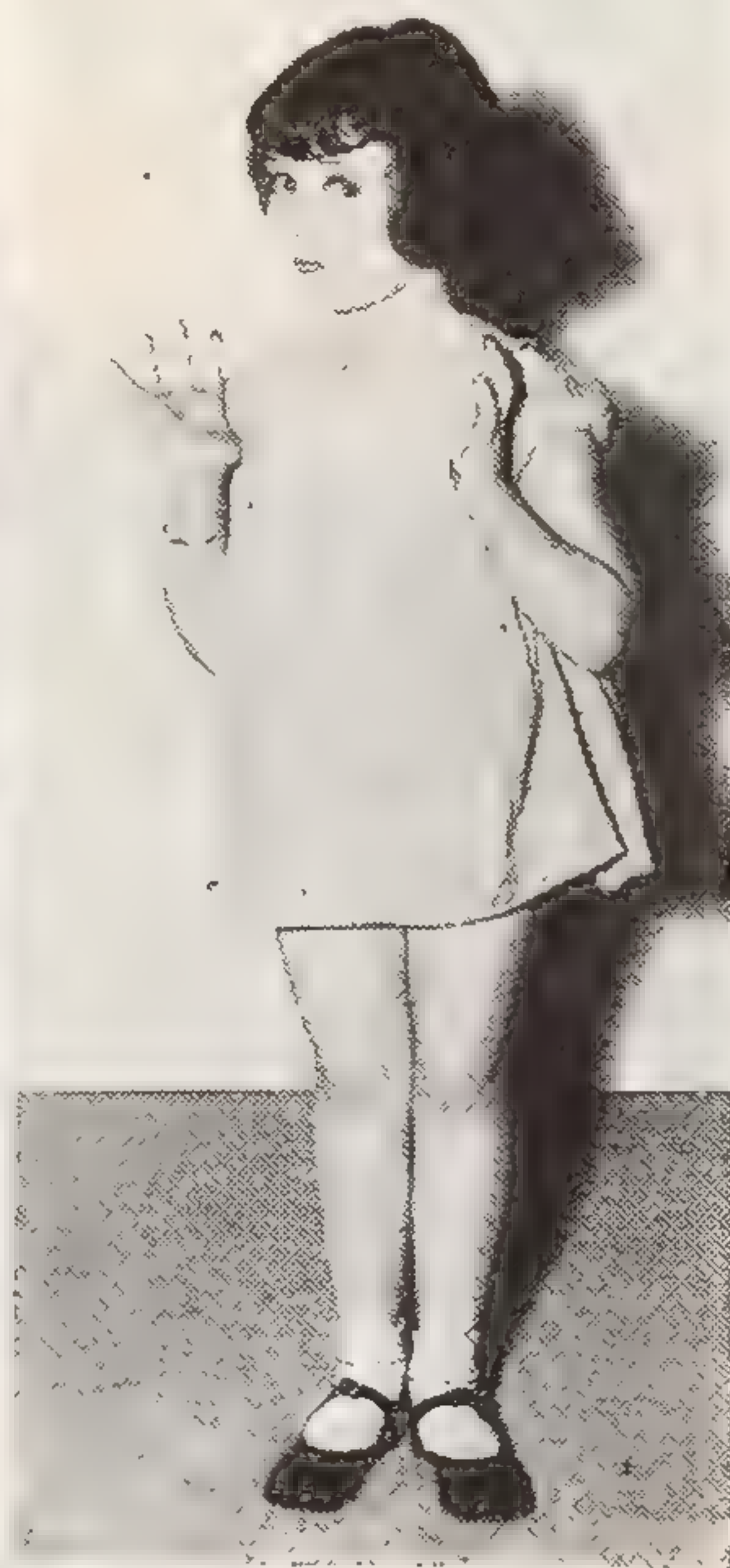
Anyway, with Mrs. Temple having tantrums in Fox Hill little Jane was hastily removed to the Fox Western studio and a month or so ago completed a swell, homey little picture called "Ginger." It was at Fox Western, miles and miles away from Fox Hills where Mrs. Temple holds forth, that I met Jane—and dubiously fingered the poisoned lolly-pop safely concealed in my bag.

Jane was wearing a powder-blue suit with a pleated skirt and had had her hair curled to meet the lady from the magazines. After the introduction she gave me a rose from her garden, told me she was nine years old, was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and had been in Hollywood three years. Goodness gracious, my own home town! I closed my bag with a snap. Anybody born in Atlanta, Georgia, has a perfect right to steal pictures from Shirley Temple, or even Greta Garbo, if she wants to! That's the way I feel about Atlanta, Georgia.

Jane was born on Gordon Street in At-



Doing some of the impersonations which have startled Hollywood, the four poses above and at right show Sybil Jason, whom you'll soon see in films.



Sybil Jason, new "baby Menace" from England, is six years old. Here she is with her Scottie, Mike Curtiz, named after the director who is making her first picture.

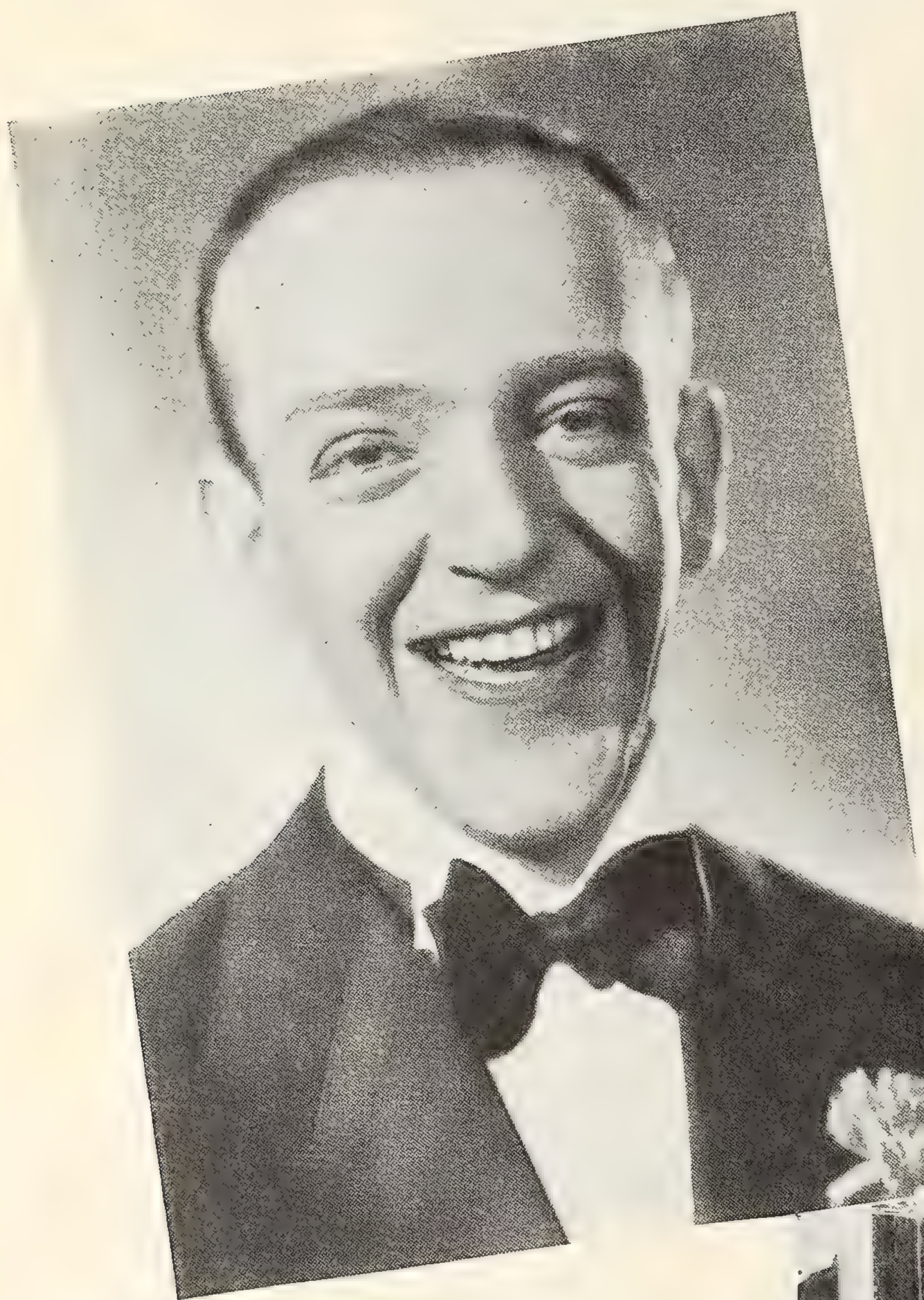
lanta, and while she was still a baby she used to imitate her mother's songs, and wiggle her feet in rhythm with the radio. When she was three Jane sang "Sonny Boy" at one of those amateur theatricals and brought down the house. The next three years she did radio broadcasts over WSB in Atlanta, and appeared at all the local theatres where she would slay the audience with her impersonations and her dance routines. And of course everybody began to say to Mr. and Mrs. Withers,

"Why don't you take the child to Hollywood?"

Three years ago Mrs. Withers and Jane arrived in Hollywood with letters of introduction from everybody in Atlanta, even Bobby Jones; but Hollywood being what it is, the letters were just so much paper. With the exception of two days' work in "Handle With Care" Jane didn't even get to see the inside of a studio until about six months ago, when one of those things just happened that may never happen again. Jane and her mother were at the Fox casting office, once again, and Mr. Ryan, once again, told them there was nothing that day and just to wait as something might turn up later. "Wait!" echoed Mrs. Withers with tears in her eyes, "I've done nothing but wait for three years." It might have been the tears in her mother's eyes, or it might have been a happy inspiration, but Jane turned blithely to Mr. Ryan and asked, "May I do (Continued on page 84)"

Stepping the Astaire

Explaining how nimble-footed Fred proved that a "non-romantic type" can attain top-flight popularity and screen stardom



Gay, debonair, everything seems to come easy to Fred. At right, how dance scenes are filmed, with Fred and Ginger Rogers stepping for "Top Hat."

A GROUP of boys and girls, cheated of an outing one rainy Sunday, gathered at the home of one of their number to salvage what they could of the day's losses. They started a game whose point I don't remember, but it involved the answering of a number of questions. One of the questions was: "Who's your favorite movie actor?" The answers of the girls varied. When the slips of the boys, aged seventeen and eighteen, were collected, every one bore the name of Fred Astaire.

Such unanimity made me curious. But like most boys of their age, they wiggled away from analysis. "Aw, he's a good egg,"

they shrugged. "He's a regular guy." "He doesn't act like a movie actor."

One, more articulate than the rest and more tolerant of prying elders, sought to satisfy me. "Everything seems to come so easy with him," he said. "Not just dancing, I mean, but walking and talking and everything he does. Even if he likes a girl, he doesn't go round heaving his chest about it and looking like a sick cat and all that kind of hooey. He acts the same as any fella'd act—like a—like a—like a human being," he brought forth triumphantly, "instead of a sap out of a book. Say—" he went on with mounting fervor, "I'll bet if he was here right now, he'd sit down and gab and kid with the rest of us, and you'd never even know he was Fred Astaire."

"Till he started hoofing," sighed a girl.

"But you've got to admit," argued another, "that he's not the romantic type."

Which remark was greeted by a loud razzberry. "Romantic *blah!*" yelled the orator-in-chief above the din. "He makes me *feel* good. I *like* him."

All of which I thought summed up pretty neatly the qualities that, within a brief year, have made Astaire a name to conjure with in the movie world—the effortless



Way to Film Fame

grace and simplicity that "seem to come so easy" but are actually the fruit of hours of painful toil, the humor airy as his footwork, the casual manner, the gay good will, the debonair charm blended of all these things plus that elusive ingredient we call personality—all combining to achieve the impossible—to send an actor who's "not the romantic type" shooting sky-high above most of those who are.

It's a phenomenon that's astonished no one more than the shooting star himself. Not through any sense of false modesty. Astaire, after all, didn't have to wait for the movies to tell him he was good. He's been dancing and acting for years to the plaudits of two continents, and he naturally hoped for some measure of success from his new venture. But he's as genuinely unpretentious a person in his own right as in the parts he plays. And an equally level-headed one.

"Look," he said, breaking into rapid speech. "Anyone who's been in the show business as long as I have has no excuse for losing his head. He's taken too many knocks. Success on the stage doesn't mean that you start at the bottom and go to the top and stay there. It's more often a case of *up*, then a set-back—*sock!*"—an expressive fist smote his palm—"and then, if you're lucky, a slow climb

Exclusive authorized interview

By Ida Zeitlin



Looks like Ginger and Fred are dancing with thoughts of other things in mind. But fear not, they're not bored really, just acting that way.



up again. If I don't have a hit, I suffer like hell. If I do, I say: 'O.K. That's fine. It's my job to have hits.' It's the same as in any other profession. When a surgeon operates successfully, does he go round rubbing his hands together and chuckling: 'Oh, boy, did I carve that bird up elegant!?' No. Then why should I?"

His choice of language is simple, his expressions terse and to the point; and though there's a characteristic lightness in both speech and action, it seems to be the lightness of steel, masking strength. He sits quietly for the most part, gesturing only now and then, but his very quietness smacks of decision. His incredible legs are crossed in repose, and I (Continued on page 72)

Two rough, tough guys, Clark and Wally, below, in "China Seas." But read what they really think when the script calls for them to manhandle Harlow!



There's NO GIRL We'd

WALLACE BEERY and Clark Gable are at it again. They are treating poor, little Jean Harlow rough for benefit of camera. And does Jean mind it? Not one iota. She has proven for the 'steenth time she "can take it."

When the fellow who wrote axioms put down "Three's a crowd" he could not have been thinking of three people like Wally, Clark and Jean. For these three make up the most congenial "crowd" you might find any place. It is pretty hard to figure out which is fonder of "which."

When I asked them how they liked to sock and manhandle her, both Wally and Clark went to bat for Jean. They spoke as one man.

"Do we like to sock her? There isn't a girl in Hollywood we would rather sock! She's such a darned good sport about it all."

But Clark looked worried. So did Wally. The big scene in "China Seas" was about to come off. Both men have had to treat Jean rough in their pictures together. Clark was rough and tough with her in "Red Dust" and now Wally all but "whales the tar out of her" in "China Seas."

Jean noticed Clark's nervousness and understandingly kidded him. They always kid back and forth when they are together for both have a grand sense of humor. And they are like a couple of kids between scenes.

"Did he tell you the bad habits he taught me in 'Hold Your Man'?" she asked me. "He showed me how to swing that wicked left I developed in the picture. I received more fan letters praising my delivery, too!" It was a cute trick. In the picture she mentioned, she was forever popping over her rival with that little left jab. And coming from a girl the size of Jean it made a hit.

"To be honest," Clark amended in an aside just before

Wally and Jean went into their big scene, "I hate like sin to be rough with Jean. She is such a grand sport about it, and that makes it even worse. Lots of times she gets hurt and bruised, but never whimpers. Of course, I would rather sock her than anybody else because she understands perfectly. I always tell her, 'This is going to hurt me worse than it does you!' You know how mothers always make a fellow feel even worse when they take down the old hair-brush. We kid a lot about it, and it's no lie either."

In the rough scene staged between Wally and Jean, he all but swabs the deck with her, but Jean doesn't mind it half as much as she should. She knows it is a grand scene; and never forgets that there were many months last winter that she spent in idleness wishing they could find a part for her that she could sink her teeth into.

When the director yells "Cut!" and they are given a brief respite, Wally steps out of the scene and pinches her cheek affectionately.

"Tough goin'! Eh, kid?" he says; then, solicitously, "I didn't hurt you too much, did I?"

And Jean tilts back her head saucily. "I should say not! What do you think I am,—a babe in arms?" She rubs her shoulder absentmindedly, where Wally's huge hand has gripped it. Called back on the set, they go through it all again. And again.

While the camera grinds, Clark stands on the sidelines, watching the action a bit grimly. No doubt he is remembering the rough treatment he had to give Jean in "Red Dust." He had to dunk her in a rain barrel when she was taking a bath, and do various other rough-tough scenes with her. This picture will long be remembered by Gable-Harlow fans. And they are legion. For Clark and Jean work in such complete harmony, that it never

She can take it! Jean, in her new character in the new film, with Beery, right.



Here's what we're waiting for! More Gable-Harlow scenes like this, above.

rather SOCK!

That's what Wally Beery and Clark Gable say about Jean Harlow. Would you like to be in Jean's place in "China Seas"?

By Mary Sharon

fails to show in their screen performances. Astrologers would probably say this is because they were born under sympathetic stars; but, whatever the cause, they think alike, react in much the same manner to given conditions, are in entire sympathy with each other.

Down-to-earth characterizations are their forte. Clark is polished, sophisticated, and charming, off-screen. But when he steps before the camera, he has the simple, earthy soul of a truck-driver..

And Jean, born to the purple, with a background of breeding and charm, doffs her real self like a cloak when she steps on the set. By some freak of circumstance, when the camera grinds, she is a perfect little devil—although always of the "all-wool and a yard wide" kind. You approve of her and wish for a happy ending. And no matter how Clark seems to answer the call of the "other woman," who is usually cultured and correct and all that the film Jean isn't, you are always hoping that he will come back to Jean in the end. That is because you feel the sympathy that exists between them.

They have grand times together between scenes and are very good friends. Theirs is the kind of friendship that doesn't need constant association to keep it alive. They rarely meet when they (Continued on page 76)



The sizzling stellar trio of "China Seas": Beery, Harlow, Gable. Which man gets the gal? We should give away the plot!

Preview

from the latest hits of

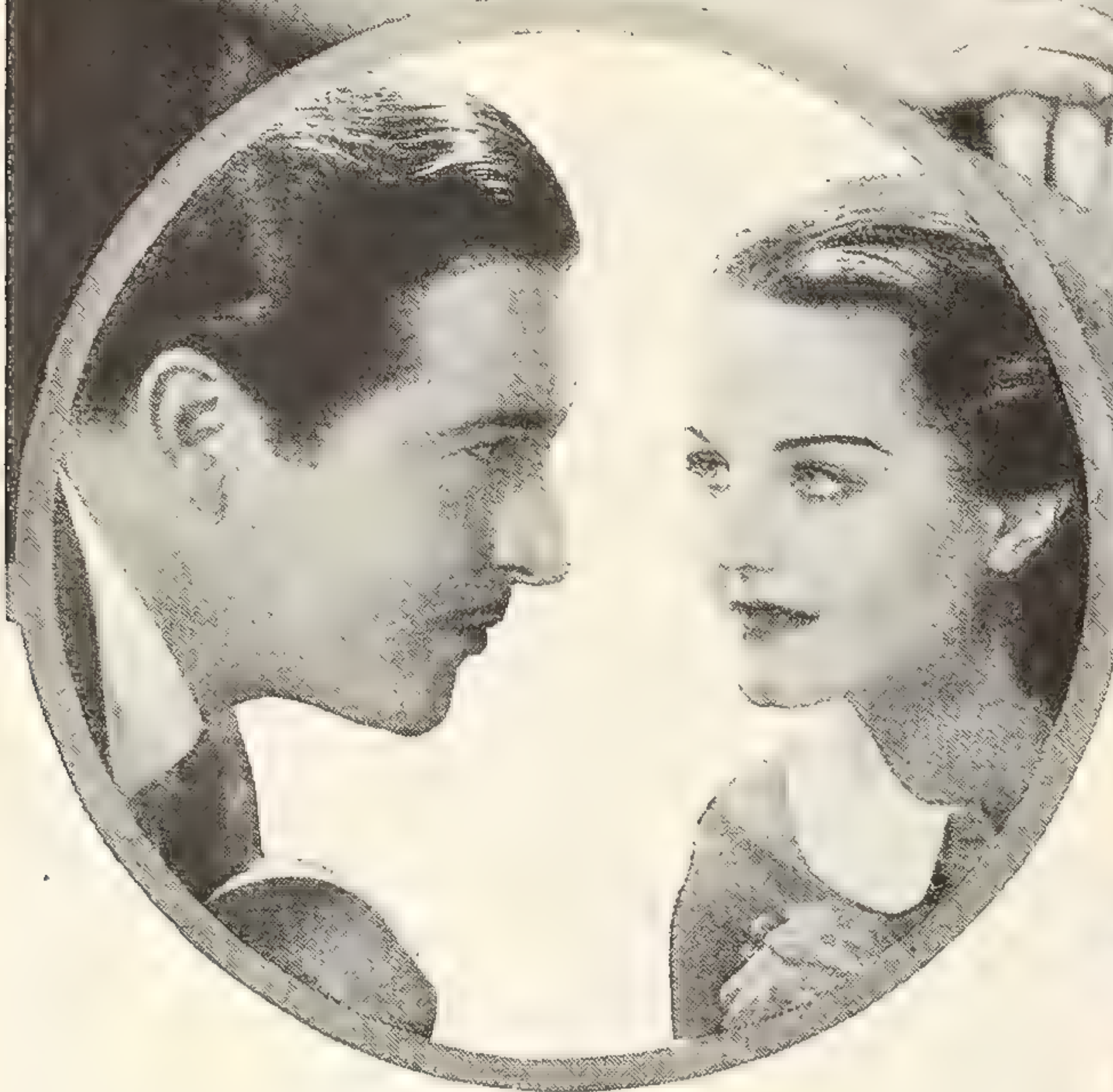
"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN... SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*



"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS
by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!

"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

Shirley TEMPLE IN 'CURLY TOP'

with

**JOHN BOLES
ROCHELLE HUDSON
JANE DARWELL**

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."



Flashes

your favorite stars!

by Jerry Halliday

JANET GAYNOR
AND
HENRY FONDA
IN
**The FARMER
TAKES a WIFE**

Charles Bickford Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville Jane Withers
Andy Devine Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan

Directed by Victor Fleming

Screen Play by Edwin Burke

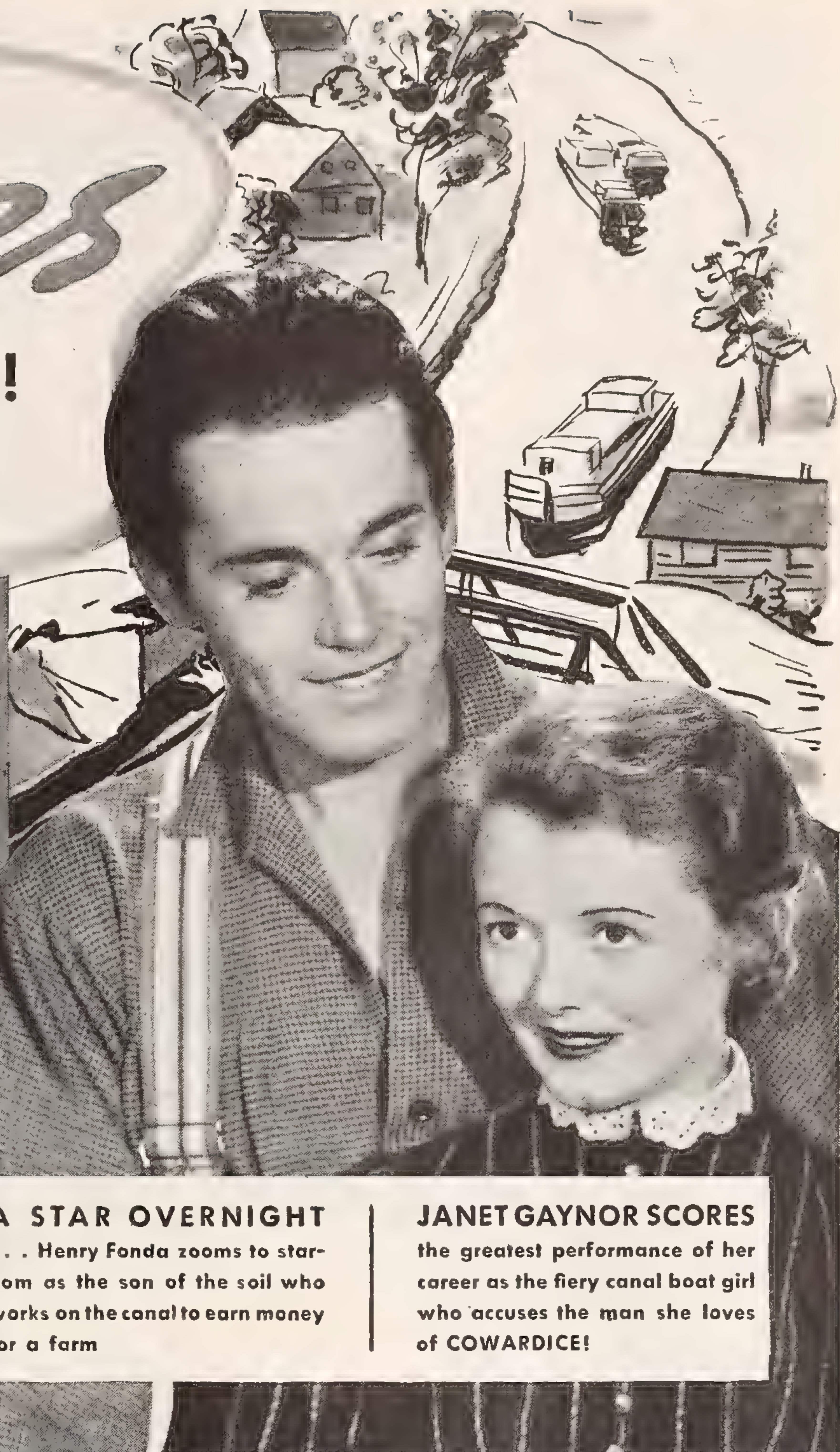
From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors
Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly • Based on
the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT

... Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm

JANET GAYNOR SCORES

the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!



Joan Bennett pauses in her reflections to tell why she is prepared to quit Hollywood if that is the only way to gain the goal she has set.

Joan Joins the Rebels

The youngest Bennett will go back to the stage if necessary to prove her mettle as an actress

By
Tom Kennedy

THE office girl, whose name wouldn't mean a thing even if we printed it in all caps LIKE THIS, foregoes her evening meal to arrive punctually at rehearsal for the show some amateur group is staging. "She's stage-struck," you say. The stage star you've read about many times, nervously applying make-up for this opening night show, stops suddenly to wonder if movie scouts will be "out front" to see, and, she hopes, sign her for films. Is the stage star screen-struck?

The movie star takes a long-awaited vacation from the studios, hops a plane for New York to make the rounds of the Broadway shows, and between times discuss with managers available stage shows for next season. "Good heavens," you wonder, "is the movie star who has what the stage star would like to have, (a Hollywood contract), stage-struck just like the office girl?"

Well, what is the answer? Perhaps you know it right

off, but one who, during the past couple of months, has heard more movie stars than you could shake a stick at declare and affirm they want "to do a play," was more than a little uncertain about it until Joan Bennett, who is as patient about answering your questions as she is beautiful to look at, came right out and told why she spent most of her recent holiday in New York reading manuscripts for plays in eager search of a good stage vehicle.

Now Joan Bennett is not one to strive for dramatization of her off-screen conversation, nor to impart glamor to that which is patently just a perfectly reasonable fact or conclusion. Nevertheless, her admission that she was reading plays and wants to do one on the stage, came as something of a surprise even to one who had heard many and many a screen personage say identically the same thing.

First of all, the Little Sister of a famous theatrical and screen family had walked out on the theatre after one show, a not very fat part in "Jarnegan" in which her father, Richard Bennett, starred in New York, to accept a movie contract that began with a lead rôle opposite Ronald Colman in his first talkie, "Bulldog Drummond."

Prior to that the youngster of the Bennett Clan had renounced her theatrical heritage and declared she never wanted to go on the stage, showing she meant business when she said that by marrying and settling down to love in a cottage. Of course, the (Continued on page 89)



Bright days ahead for Sam Goldwyn's "Dark Angel," what with Freddie March looking younger and handsomer than ever, and the exciting Oberon in her first really big American rôle. Glance at these close-ups.

Team Work!

That's what makes our movies go round. Hollywood talent and personality pull together, and the result is stimulating entertainment. Example No. 1: Fredric March and Merle Oberon, co-starring in "The Dark Angel"



Portraits exclusively posed for SCREENLAND by Kenneth Alexander.

Tamed!

"So Red The Rose"—and so sweet the heroine! Universal loaned Margaret Sullavan to Paramount for this picture, and she surprises everybody by being a good little girl, not only giving the great performance we expect of her, but posing prettily for the photographer.



Margaret looks please and she should be—her new leading man none other than Randolph Scott, most "demand" young actor of the movie momer



Our own favorite
French dressing,
Claudette Colbert,
is posing especially
for you in her lovely
"white violet" cos-
tume. Hurry with
that new picture,
Claudette. Please!



Trés Chic
Colbert!

Eugene Robert Richee



Eugene Robert Richee

ANN HARDING and Gary Cooper, new and thrilling team, appear in "Peter Ibbetson," the beloved du Maurier classic with its fragrant charm and romance of a bygone day.

Yesterday ~



Eugene Robert Richee

and Today

GOLDEN girl of our times: Loretta Young, her most exquisite self in "Shanghai." Loretta has luck in leading men: Colman, Gable—and now Boyer, the new idol.

The Two Bills!

**Will Rogers,
known to his
pals as "Bill,"
is now "In Old
Kentucky"**

The famous play, "In Old Kentucky," has been adapted as a Rogers vehicle; and if we may believe the evidence of these advance "shots," it will be a picture to please lovers of "old Kaintuck," Will's humor, Bill Robinson's dancing, and a dash of young romance by Russell Hardie and Dorothy Wilson.



One of the funniest scenes in the new Rogers film shows Will as a dancing man, left, with Louise Henry. By gosh, we believe he enjoys it!

Bill Robinson, above, goes to town with Rogers and Russell Hardie as an admiring audience. Of course you remember Robinson in "The Little Colonel."

Both Box- Office!

"Mr. Micawber" goes modern in his new comedy. What, no juggling?

W. C. Fields exchanges the drolleries of Dickens for a speedy farce in which he has full opportunity to take advantage of his "Follies" training. Below, the big lollipop scene with Mary Brian. Funny, Fields always sees to it that there is a very pretty girl in every Fields fun-film!



"Everything Happens at Once" is the working title of the new Fields picture; and so far Bill has had a black eye and a dressing-down from his movie wife.

The familiar Fields gesture, right, of raising the hat with the little finger daintily extended, is sufficient to send some audiences into hysterics.





Hurrell

Wait a minute! That cry of "No, No!" is from Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, not from us. The McCreas ARE Hollywood's happiest couple, all right—but they insist the best way to outwit the Hollywood marriage jinx is to keep on being happy but not shout about it.

Hollywood's Happiest



Hurrell

Couple ~ No, No!

Joel McCrea, signed to play opposite Miriam Hopkins in her next picture, is going right on to the top in cinema circles. That's one reason he looks happy. The other reasons are Frances Dee, his beautiful wife who scores in "Becky Sharp," and their son and heir, Joel, Jr.

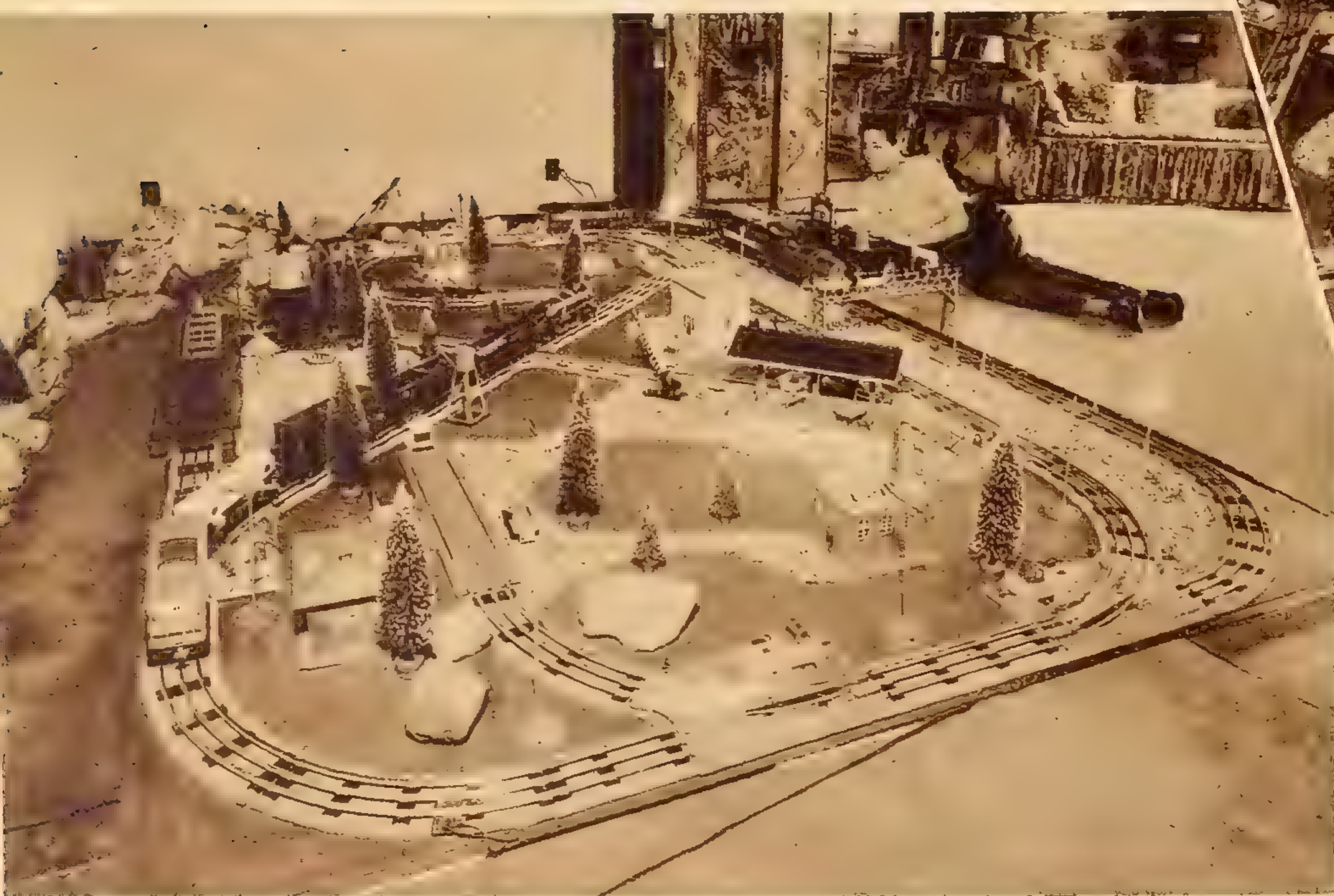
Play's the

Pastiming in Picture Town is also an art--the art of having some fun, eh, stars?



It's fair weather when the Crosby boys get together at the beach, though one of the twins seems to resent the camera butting-in. That's Gary Evan at Bing's right.

Ross Alexander, who's so carefree on the screen, goes in for "big business" as chief stockholder and despatcher of this miniature railroad set up in his playroom at home—at the right, and below.



That great and grand trouper, May Robson, never so happy as when she's making neckties knitting sweaters for her family and friends.



Two of Hollywood's most famous playmates are Wallace Beery and his daughter, Carol Ann, seen at right; and as usual having a swell time. Carol Ann has a tiny rôle in "China Seas" with her daddy—watch for her.



Thing in Hollywood!



Joan Blondell's current pastime is a race-horse game which Joanie plays on the floor of the Blondell-Barnes "rumpus room." Goodness—how "wild" Hollywood parties must be!



James Cagney's playroom at his Brentwood home is one of Hollywood's finest and most typically masculine. Jim's collection of weapons, both ancient and modern, is seen, in part. (P.S. He left his machine-gun at the studio). Directly above, Jim and his favorite dog.



Clowning again! Jack Oakie dispenses soda and laughs to Fred MacMurray and Wendy Barrie.



Fred Astaire gets a kick out of kidding his pals, and here's his neat "rib" on those towering birthday cakes so popular in Hollywood. Fred's own vest-pocket edition, left.

The Call of the Sea!

A real seafarin' man is Warren William, and here he is aboard his schooner, Pegasus, on which he recently cruised to Mexico.



Scotty Welbourne



Left, Pegasus making a neat tack, Captain William at the helm.

Ruby Joins the Navy!

Last year Ruby Keeler went to West Point. Now she's at Annapolis, and a pretty Middie, too, for her new film with Dick Powell.



Bert Longworth



Elmer Fryer

Very Clever, These



Very young, but enormously clever is Freddie Bartholomew, who makes his next screen appearance with Garbo in "Anna Karenina."



Presenting David Niven, above, former British army officer and now in Hollywood as a Samuel Goldwyn discovery with a rôle in "The Dark Angel" as his first assignment under the new contract.



Herbert Marshall long since built the foundation of an important career on which he continues to elaborate as one of the screen's finest leading men.

A recent but promising addition to the group of brilliant Britishers in Hollywood is Ian Hunter, at left, enjoying California sunshine with his terrier, at Malibu Beach.

Englishmen

**British
career-builders!
Here are some of
John Bull's best
actors, all making
good in movies**



Henry Mollison, above, is another newcomer from England. Henry has a contract to do several American films, his first to be "Sing Me A Love Song," with Ricardo Cortez and Dorothy Page.



You might call Clive Brook the trail-blazer who showed the way to Hollywood for other English actors. Clive also showed American film patrons English charm and ability.

And here's the Britisher who created perhaps more stir in screen circles than any of his colleagues. Right, Charles Laughton memorizing lines for "Mutiny on the Bounty."





Exclusive SCREENLAND Portrait by Irving Lippman, Columbia Studios

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor in "The Girl Friend"

Beauty in Garbo's Eyes



Garbo, in her latest rôle, makes up by candle-light. You can be lovelier under the flattering lights and shadows cast by dinner table candles, if you test your own make-up by candle-light.

New fashions in make-up throw the spotlight on shining eyes

By
Elin Neil

shadow, a little eye cream or your regular nourishing cream over your eyelids and just under the eyes give the shiny finish that is both smart and flattering.

There are the most exciting new shades of eye shadow. And what an eye shadow will do for your eyes is just one of those things you'd better find out for yourself! Blue, all the way from a thrilling midnight shade to a soft bluish gray, does wonders for the blue-eyed girls. Mostly for evening make-up, but a good deal of it is worn in the day-time, too. A gorgeous midnight blue creamy mascara comes in a little tube and can be used for lashes, eyelids, and to give a bluish (Continued on page 93)

JUST suppose, if you can stretch your imagination that far, that Greta Garbo was merely a pretty girl. Do you think for a minute she could play "Anna Karenina," considered by many the greatest emotional character in fiction? Beauty like Garbo's is far more than prettiness. It has character and animation and mystery that leaves you with a picture of her you can't forget.

Real beauty centers around the eyes. You don't care so much what Garbo does with her hair or her clothes. It's her glorious, unforgettable eyes that make you live the part she plays as if you were the heroine yourself.

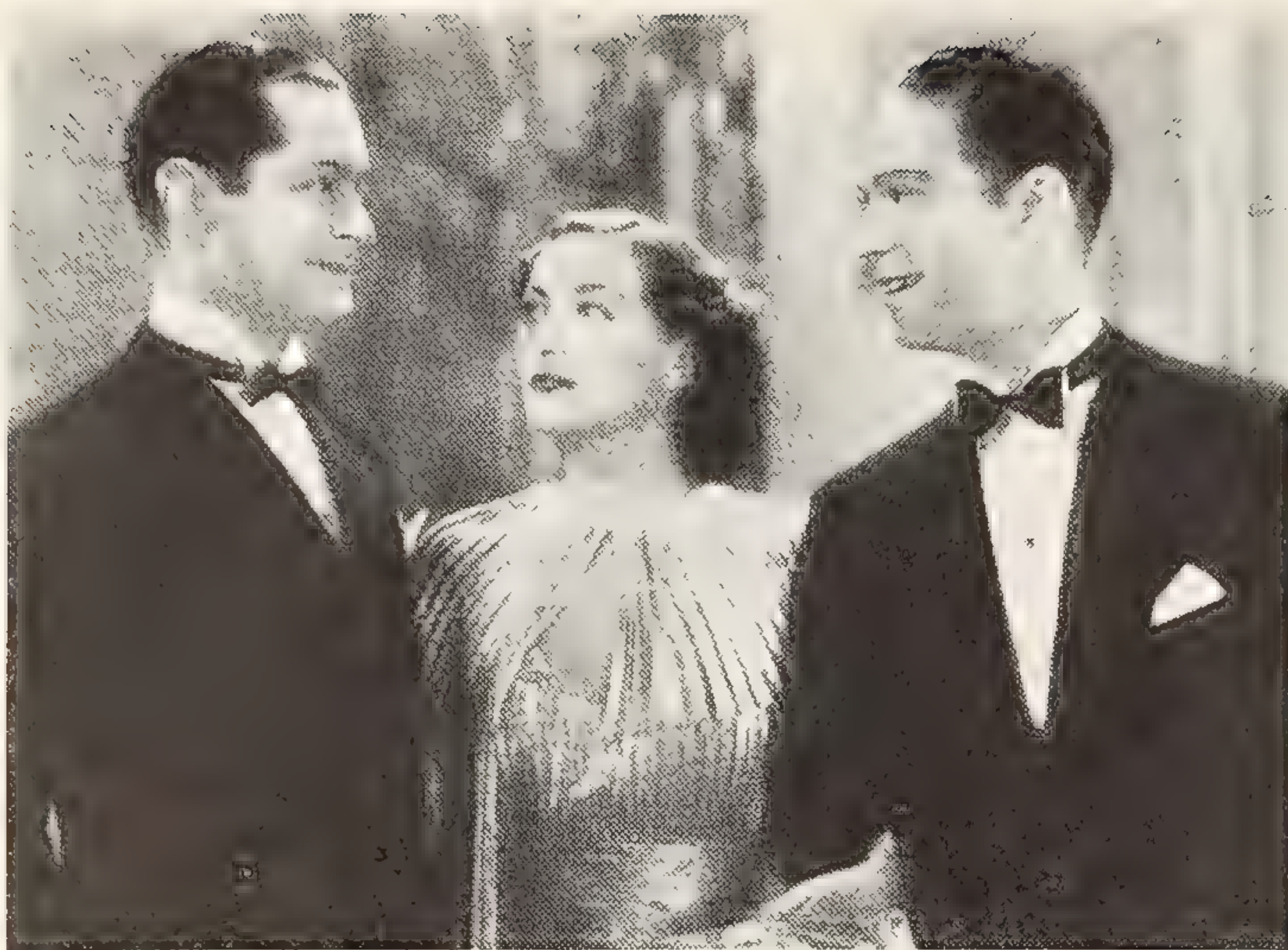
Eyes speak the language of emotion, and it's the reflection of emotion on your own feelings that gets you. Garbo, like every great emotional actress or screen star, makes the most of her eyes. She knows what they'll do for her and she gives them plenty of opportunity.

Whatever you do to improve your own good looks, play up your eyes! There are so many things you can do to make them look larger and brighter and to bring out their loveliest color tones. Rouge sparingly. Too much rouge distracts attention from your eyes. You can add much to the allure of your eyes by shading your rouge delicately up toward your temples.

Eyes should shine. Not only that, but the area around them should shine. Never powder over your eyelids or too close under your eyes. Unless you use cream eye

Let your eyes speak for you! A world of enchanting mystery is expressed through eyes made up with the subtle finesse Greta Garbo gives to hers.





No More Ladies—M-G-M



IF IT'S light, frivolous, and frothy entertainment you're looking for, here is your picture! The most superlative cast of the month works hard, fast, and furiously to amuse you. Speaking of money's worth at the movies, you have it here, with Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery, and Franchot Tone as the stellar trio—don't you feel expensive?—surrounded by such additional talent as Edna Mae Oliver, at her funniest; Charles Ruggles, ditto; Gail Patrick—this is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Gail, and stunning, as distinguished from the submerged Paramount Gail; and a new comedian, to me, named Arthur Treacher who almost wins me away from Ruggles, he's that priceless. The plot, if you must have it, concerns the neat little lesson taught Bob, the philandering husband, by smart wife Joan, against the usual smart and ultra-modern M-G-M backgrounds. A fashion feast provided by *la belle* Crawford; a splendid performance by Mr. Montgomery—his best in a long time; and a correctly clever contribution by Mr. Tone, not to mention others of the all-star cast, make it a "Must see."



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



Becky Sharp—Pioneer-RKO-Radio



AN occasion! THE picture of the month, to be put at the top of your list. I can't promise you'll be converted to Color, but I *can* promise you a stimulating time. Oh, how the girls are going to argue about what color does for or against Miriam Hopkins and Frances Dee! Yes, "Becky Sharp" is a highly controversial cinema exhibit. The very first feature picture in the newly perfected Technicolor, it marks the beginning of a cycle, as surely as "The Jazz Singer" started the talkie trend—whether you like it or not. I don't want to make any rash prediction that every picture, within the year, will be all-color; but I do believe that "Becky Sharp" is a noble li'l pioneer woman, so watch her. The Thackeray novel is admirably adapted to the use of color, with its pomp and circumstance of the social-military scene; its gallery of glittering portraits; and, above all, its heroine, the supreme minx of fiction, scheming, bewitching *Becky*—played superbly, and in all truth and honesty, by Miriam Hopkins. Cedric Hardwicke takes next honors, with Miss Dee, Nigel Bruce, Alan Mowbray, and others excellent.



Nell Gwyn—United Artists



HERE'S the much-talked-about British picture that had to wait a whole year to be shown over here, due to its reputedly scandalous character. I warn you, if you want to quarrel with the prologue and epilogue which paint poor Nelly in sordid colors, don't blame the producers this time—take it up with our own censorial brains who saw fit to re-vamp history so that "Nell Gwyn" would point a dubious moral. Try to time your entrance to skip the distressing prologue—and I'll guarantee you some most amusing moments when the real saga of King Charles II.'s most vivacious gal-friend steps on its gay and giddy way. I think you'll enjoy Anna Neagle's spirited performance of the foremost hoyden of her time, as she attracts the wandering eye of the King, charms the monarch with her high good humor, and eventually wins the real regard of the man. La Neagle is particularly charming when she dances—a vision of grace. Cedric Hardwicke is an impressive *Charles*—just the right blend of kingly dignity and humorous daring. Jeanne de Casalis—Mrs. Colin Clive—is cleverly cast.

BIG EVENT:
"Becky Sharp"

MOST FUN:
"The 39 Steps"

BEST CAST:
"No More Ladies"

DON'T-MISS MUSICAL:
"Love Me Forever"

MOST STIRRING DRAMA:
"Sanders of the River"



The 39 Steps—Gaumont-British



THE most ingratiating picture of the month! It's the British "It Happened One Night," and just as good entertainment in its own fashion. It gets off to a slow start, but once really under way, it never lets down a minute, and you are swept along in a mélange of thrilling melodrama, delightful romance, and charming characterizations, with the added excitement of never being sure what's going to happen next—it's a surprise package of a picture! In every department it is by far the best modern film the British studios have sent us: book by the celebrated John Buchan, adaptation by Ian Hay, direction by the clever Alfred Hitchcock, and stellar acting by Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll—two winning personalities and admirable actors. Starting off with a smash—a nice, juicy murder of which our hero is suspected—"The 39 Steps" gathers dash and speed and suspense until it has you jittery; and you won't be disappointed in the ending—a rare occurrence. Can't give away the plot; but trust Mr. Donat and Miss Carroll to hold you enthralled. Especially Donat. Don't miss this for any reason!



Love Me Forever—Columbia



GRACE MOORE does it again! Her new musical romance is very nearly as good as "One Night of Love"—which means that it must not be missed by anyone who enjoys fine singing from the screen. This time the star seems more sure of herself, and of her medium. She springs into her latest rôle with genuine zest, and her operatic numbers surpass, to my ear, the "Butterfly" of her first successful film—perhaps because I have a sneaking fondness for "La Bohème," and perhaps because an arresting screen newcomer, Michael Bartlett, scores a vocal sensation opposite the star. The new Moore vehicle presents her once again as a struggling song-bird, with a colorful "angel" in the form of Leo Carrillo—who is the acting hit of this show. Carrillo practically tears to pieces the vivid rôle of the gambler, *Corelli*, who sponsors the heroine right into a Metropolitan contract, and is precipitated into terrific drama on the eve of her opera début. There's just about every sort of romantic and melodramatic device used to make "Love Me Forever" a knockout vehicle for Grace Moore's gorgeous voice; and it is!



Sanders of the River—United Artists



YOU'LL get those jolly old jungle jitters when you go to see this highly effective picture. It's a stirring, spirited melodrama of the Dark Continent, with Paul Robeson giving a magnificent performance as a tribal chieftain; Leslie Banks, that excellent actor, narrowly crowding Robeson for first honors in the rôle of *Sanders*, the British administrator; and Nina Mae McKinney—remember her in King Vidor's "Hallelujah"—contributing a memorable sketch of a dusky belle of the Congo. There's a distinctly different value to this exciting drama, due partly to the fact that much of it was actually filmed in Africa; and the authenticity of the ceremonial dances and other native customs is impressive, especially as contrasted with the modern rescue methods of *Sanders*, who arrives to the rescue of Big Chief Robeson armed with machine-guns—in the good old familiar nick of time. Robeson's great voice rising in song alone makes "Sanders of the River" worth your time; but it possesses as well a credible story told with admirable dash and decision. The picture has rhythm and imagination.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

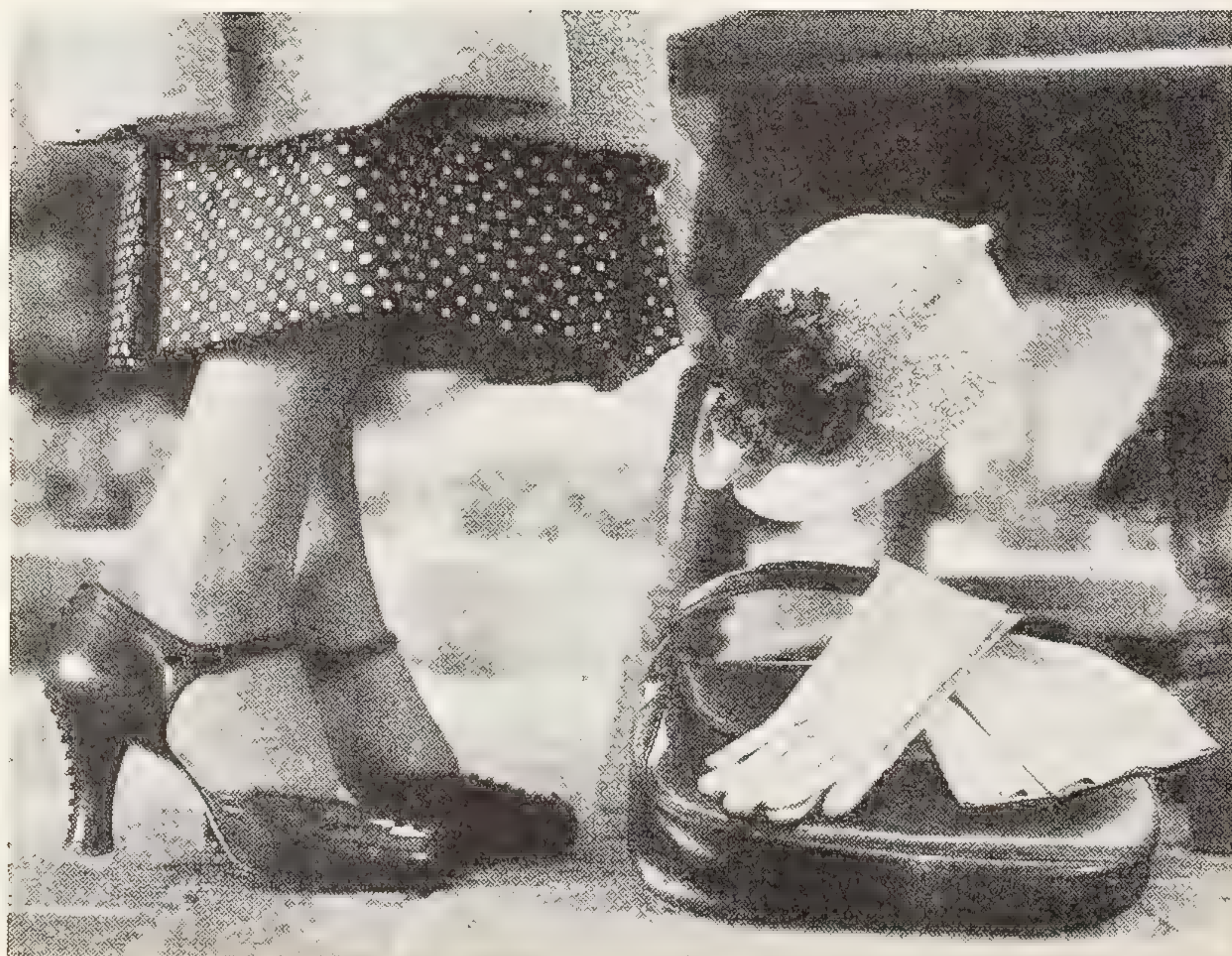
Edited by

Fay Wray



Hollywood stars are charmingly inconsistent! They can afford real jewels—but they take great pains to select lovely costume jewelry, even as you and I. See, above, Fay Wray's exquisite earrings of white and green rhinestones representing diamonds and emeralds; her square-cut "emerald" and "diamond" rings, and her bracelet of "emerald" stones.

Mid-summer smartness! Fay Wray, right, brought back from Europe this natural linen and silk ensemble, perfect for wear right now. The dress is of mulberry and beige polka-dots, with scarf neck. Below, the accessories, which as Fay says can "make or break" a costume. The dipper turban is topped with mulberry carnations, with handbag and shoes of the same shade. See particularly the interesting new effect on the heel and toe of the shoes.





Navy blue and white—smarter than ever right now! Note, left, Fay's white piqué hat and jacket topping a navy blue sheer silk frock. Her handbag and gloves are also navy blue.



S. S. and G.—(sweet, simple, and girlish, of course)—is Fay's Paris frock, right, of navy blue with its sash of dust-of-roses taffeta. The "sunflower" hat is the same lovely rose color.

Fay, wearing a "different" print of brown and pink cart-wheel design, below, with high pleated neck, long full sleeves, and an unusual bandanna effect at the hips, freshens up with the aid of her new vanity bag.

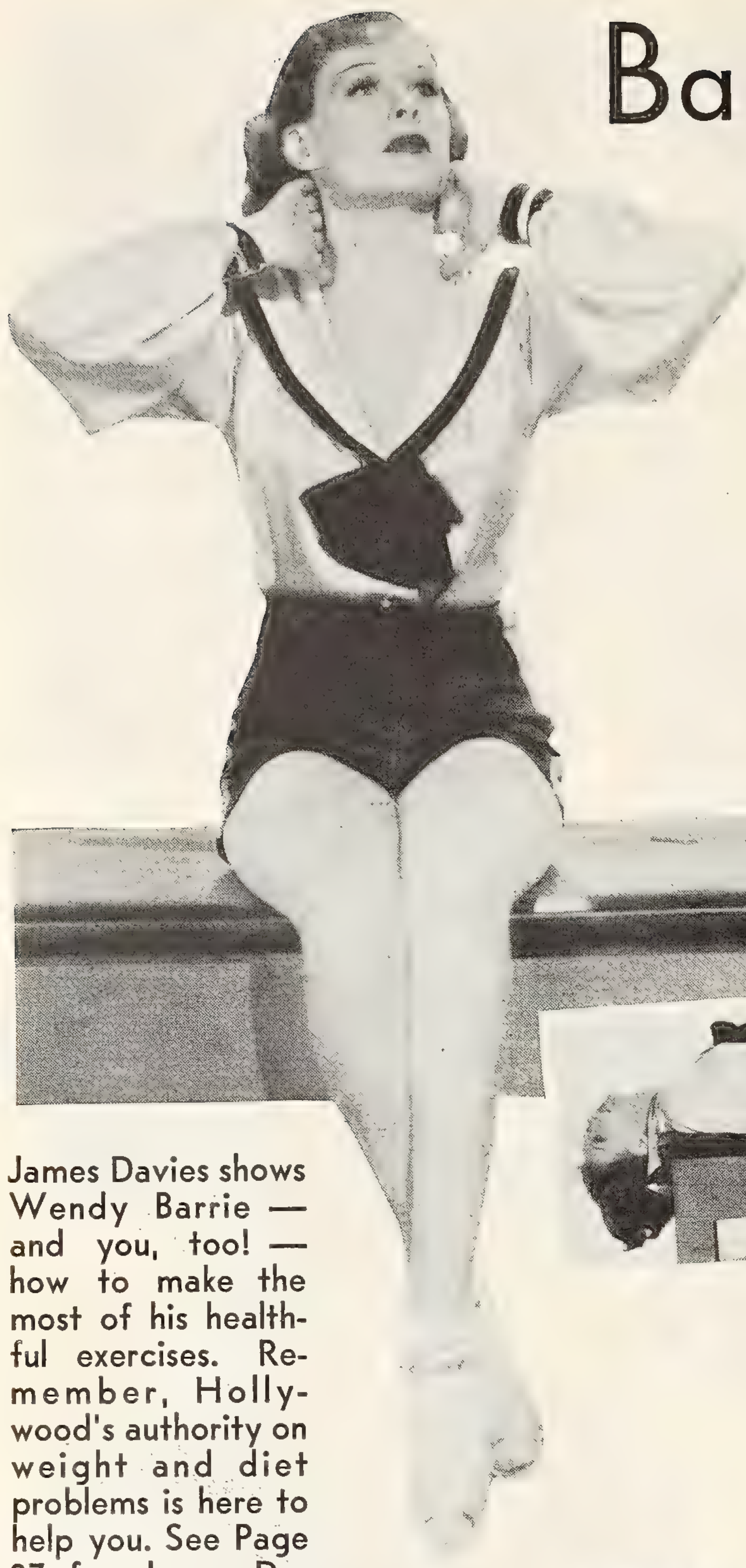
Fay Wray's
Paris Clothes
and Accessories,
combined with
Hollywood Beauty
and Chic, give big
Glamor Scoop
to SCREENLAND!



Completely mad, this hat! The unique flower treatment whispers "Paris!" That's an Indian turquoise ring on Fay's hand—and coral finger-tips!



Banish Nerves, Beckon Beauty The Hollywood Way!



James Davies shows Wendy Barrie — and you, too! — how to make the most of his healthful exercises. Remember, Hollywood's authority on weight and diet problems is here to help you. See Page 87 for James Davies' answers to readers' questions

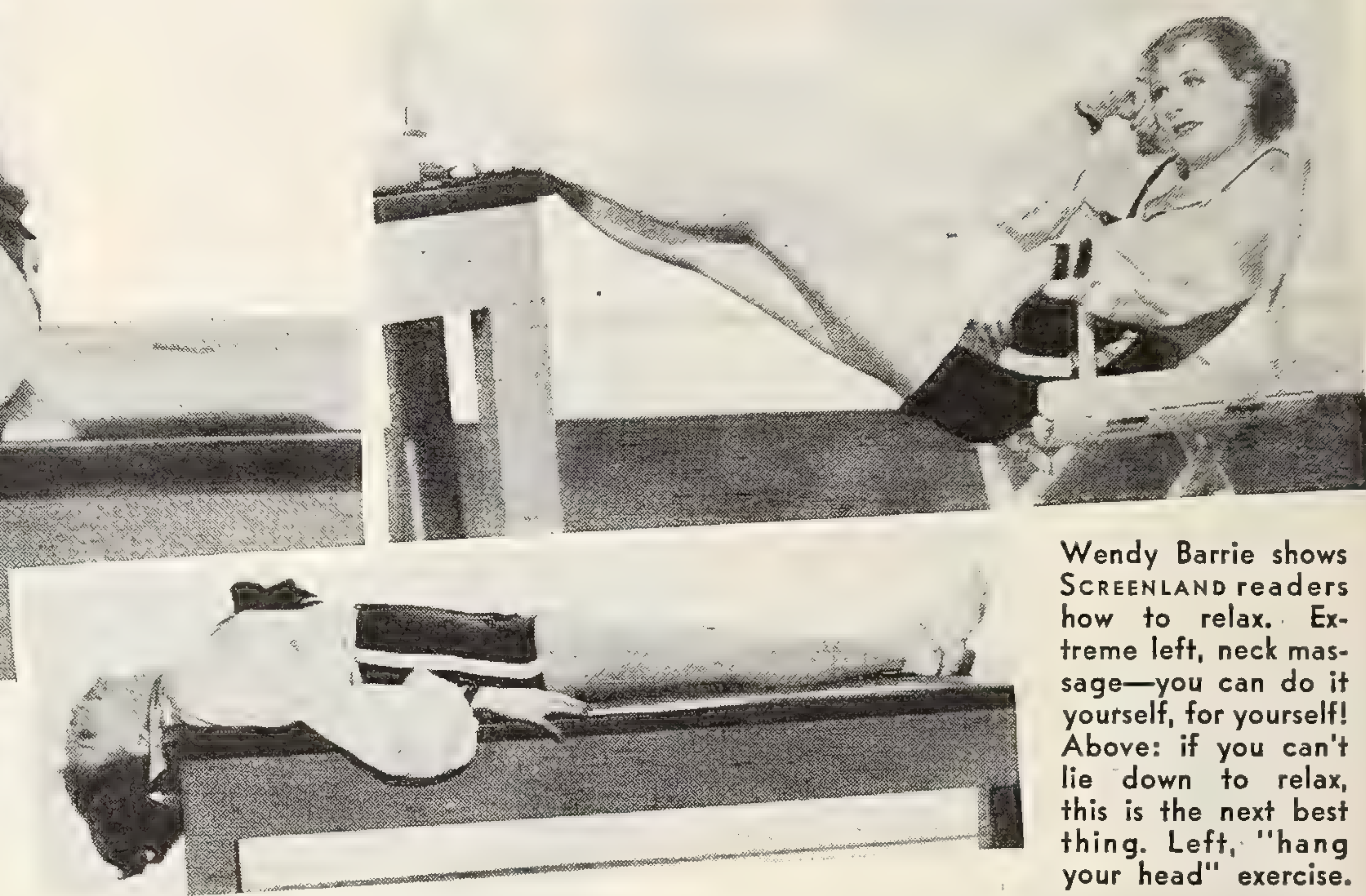
NERVES are the great American affliction.
"I can't sit still a minute!"
"I can't let go!"

"I'm all keyed up!"

"If I have to wait, I get nervous."

These remarks are only samples of the sort of thing girls say who come to me for relaxation massage. Statistics record that where formerly we had one thin, nerve-ridden person to four normal weight or overweight individuals, now the skinnies outnumber the fatties in our population.

Nervous tension is not confined to



Wendy Barrie shows SCREENLAND readers how to relax. Extreme left, neck massage—you can do it yourself, for yourself! Above: if you can't lie down to relax, this is the next best thing. Left, "hang your head" exercise.

slender people, but they are less able to stand up against it, because they have no reserve energy.

You can overcome these nerves if you will. You can learn to relax. You *will* do it if you'll go to your mirror when you are feeling "all keyed up" and note the harried expression of your face, the tenseness of your body, the unloveliness of the whole reflection.

Do you waste your energy fidgeting around in your chair? Biting your nails, tapping the floor with your feet, twisting your beads, rearranging your dress, playing with a pencil, tearing a paper or a match to pieces? Do the palms of your hands perspire? All these are signposts reading: "THIS WAY TO A BREAKDOWN!"

More excitable people become furious at the slightest thing and want to fight someone, or burst into tears on almost no provocation. Watch yourself if you are one of these people. The minute you feel yourself "getting ahead of yourself," force your attention elsewhere. Play a game, tennis, handball, pingpong, anything that requires concentration on something outside; take a swim, or go out into the garden and spade or dig up weeds. Work off the fury.

If your heart will not stand strenuous exercise (*Continued on page 86*)



James Davies massages Wendy Barrie's neck to relieve strain. Actresses, as well as office workers and other modern girls, need to practice the art of relaxation.



"Diamond Jim Brady" and "Lillian Russell," above—otherwise Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes, in the Universal picturization of a colorful period of Broadway history.

"Diamond" in the Rough

Edward Arnold, the big scene-stealer, steps to lone stardom and tells how he likes it

By
Maude Cheatham

EDWARD ARNOLD came breezing into his dressing-room, where I was waiting for him, with the same hearty laugh that has endeared him to screen followers.

"Sure, laughing is my creed," he admitted, giving a grand illustration of the merry art; adding, "I've found that most obstacles in life can be laughed down. Believe me, troubles can't survive if you grin at them. They just naturally fold up and fade away. If you can wake up in the morning and say, 'Life is good,' and find something to laugh at, the day will be happier."

Always a fine actor, it took Arnold's sensational portrayal in "Sadie McKee," with Joan Crawford, to focus the film world's attention on him. Now, having "arrived," applause and adulation are showered upon him as a top-notch favorite.

"Nearly thirty years of acting, yet in the Crawford picture I played my first drunk," Eddie told me. "He was such a likable fellow that I enjoyed playing him and I laughed my fool head off at every funny thing he did."

"I've had three outstanding successes, 'The Storm' and 'Beyond the Horizon,' on the stage; and 'Sadie McKee' on the screen. But there were long lulls between these triumphs."

"Pictures intrigued me several years ago but when I found I'd have to come to Hollywood to show producers I was an actor, I decided to continue on the stage."

"Then along came my rôle of the polite murderer with Ernest Truex in 'Whistling in the Dark,' which eventually brought us to the Los Angeles Belasco Theatre. The morning after the opening, the phones began ringing with screen offers—and I've been here ever since."

"I find little difference in stage and screen acting. Of course; a character actor has much more liberty than a romantic leading man, for we don't have to bother with camera angles or worry about the curl of our hair or which side of our face looks the best. All we have to do is to cut loose and visualize our characters into being."

Born in the Lower East Side of New York City, Arnold now boasts faultless diction and has risen to be the urbane filcher of scenes. It was at the age of five that he caught his first glimpse of the theatre when his uncle, bass fiddler at Tony Pastor's, let the boy sit beside him in the orchestra pit during a performance. Eddie recalls it vividly because he cried and no one heard him above the noise.

At fourteen, between school hours, he was taking an active part in plays staged at the famous East Side Settlement House; and at fifteen he became a member of Ben Greet's Shakespearean troupe.

"By that time," said Arnold, (*Continued on page 83*)



Reward for hard work and tremendous talent: the rich rôle of DIAMOND JIM BRADY elevates that splendid troupier, Edward Arnold, to well deserved stardom.

Here's Hollywood!

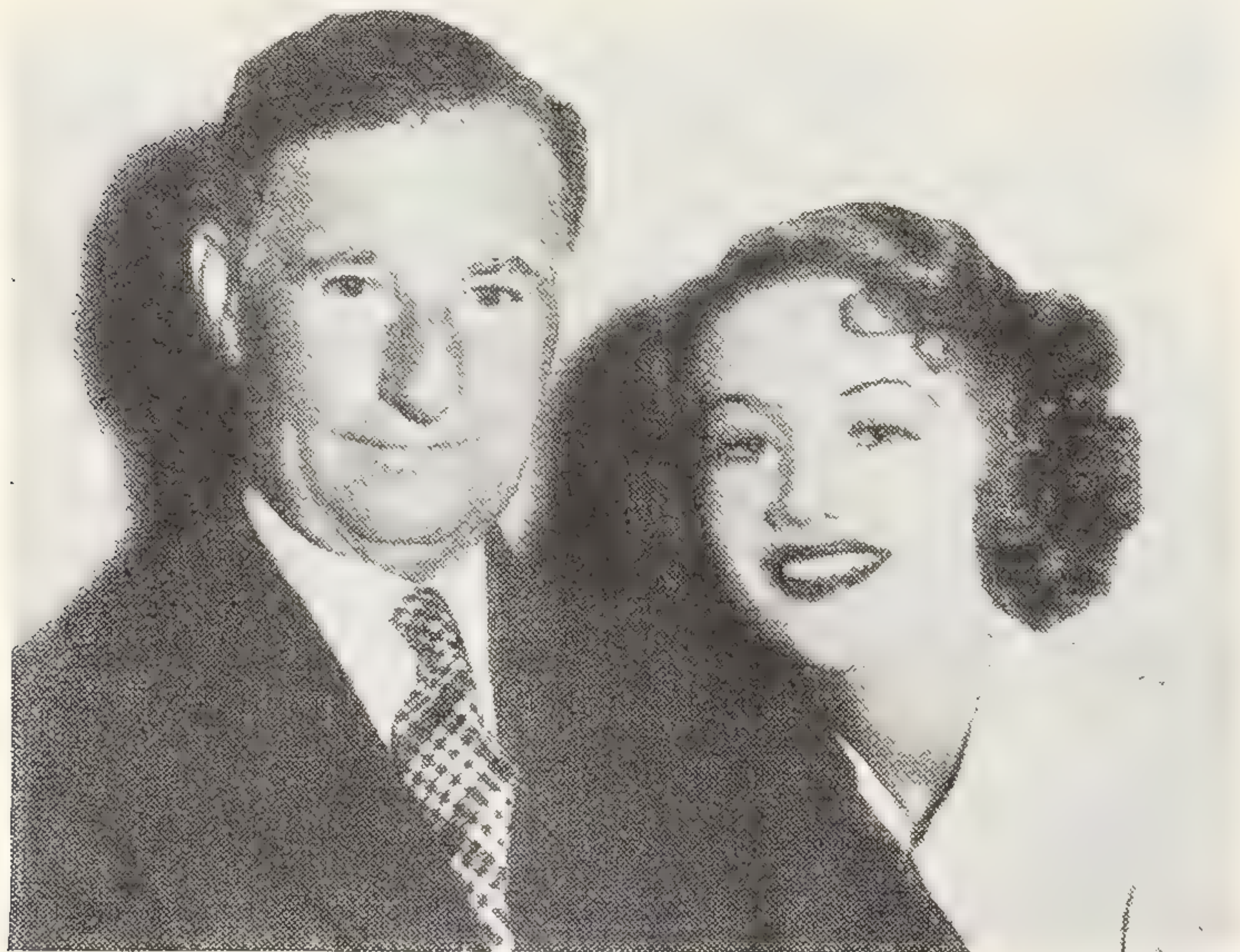
Your Roving reporter flashes
news notes about the stars

By
Weston East

NOW Shirley Temple is a candidate for the Mae West treatment! The cutest little one may be "withdrawn" from the over-enthusiastic press for awhile. After Mae had three hundred interviews in four months, Paramount decided she'd be completely killed off by too much publicity if they didn't sidetrack the writers. So for nearly a year you couldn't see the lady any time, if you had quotes on your mind.

The same crisis has been reached in Shirley's case. Everything that can be said of her has been thrice-told. The pay-off almost occurred on a recent occasion when a persistent woman insisted she was going to question the Temple on make-up and beauty problems. Actually, Shirley has never worn screen paint and she's never been professionally coiffured.

NO LONGER can the Mission Auto Camp, at Daly City, on the outskirts of San Francisco, boast of the frequent presence of Bette Davis. Since "Ham" Nelson, Bette's orchestra-leading husband, has a permanent job in one of the bay city's night clubs now, Bette thinks he'll be happier with genuine home fires. So she's just been house-hunting with him and they've found a suitable place. Henceforth, Bette will not rough it on her between-pictures trips North.



Paula and her Pa! Fred Stone, famous stage comedian, and his daughter, Paula, both now in Hollywood to appear in pictures.

JEAN MUIR has discovered that she, too, has her share of sex-appeal. These days she's having more fun telling too-ardent leading men that she isn't that kind of a girl. And instead of going to previews every night in plain sweaters and skirts, she is sporting ultra-feminine party gowns at the smartest dance rendezvous.

IT'S hard to believe but Gertie says it's so. Several years ago when she was living in Talladega, Alabama, the minister went away on his vacation and none other but Gertrude Michael in person took the pulpit every Sunday morning for a whole month!

WHEN Gary Cooper determines to master something he takes his shoes off and gets down to brass tacks. At least, that's how he became expert on the guitar. The school where he studied declares the lanky Gary bolted himself into a vacant room for an hour's tussle after each daily lesson. Someone must have peeked through the keyhole to have garnered the shoe-removing tidbit!

IF DICK POWELL rates much applause for his performance in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the lad himself is fated for a hearty surprise. He didn't see how reciting extravagant Shakespearian love lines could possibly be of any value to him. No, not even with the much-touted Reinhardt directing in person!

JOE MORRISON has the girl and the house. Soon he hopes to have the ring, the minister, and the honeymoon. Recently Joe visited his sweetheart, who resides in Flint, Michigan. He coyly declines to tell her name, but admits they've been in love since they attended high school together. Joe's been so faithful that he has never dated a Hollywood gal. The new Morrison mansion in the exclusive Las Feliz district is destined for his ideal, happy-ever-after nest.

MADGE EVANS was reading one of those "what the fans think of the stars" department in a magazine the other day and was quite shocked to read, "I hate Madge Evans. I think she is an awful actress. She ruins every picture for me. I didn't go to see 'David Copperfield' simply because she was in it."

Madge is one of those delightful people who never misses a chance to laugh at herself, so she was telling me about it at luncheon that day, and added, "Well, she shouldn't have deprived herself of 'David Copperfield' on account of me. Maybe I had better write and tell her that I'm only in it for three minutes."

NOTHING elegant about being Tarzan's mate! Maureen O'Sullivan says so frankly. Just when she was all set for her first real New York vacation Metro phoned the news she dreaded. The third jungle thriller was ready to start! The Tarzan fantasies take so long to film, and involve so much mingling with unpleasant smelling animals—to say nothing of the drafty costume!—that they're positive nightmares to Maureen. Unfortunately for her, she's so well identified as Johnny Weissmuller's forest flame that no one else can be substituted.



Biking back to Broadway of the 90's! Here is Binnie Barnes, English charmer, giving us an authentic picture of Lillian Russell in a scene for "Diamond Jim."

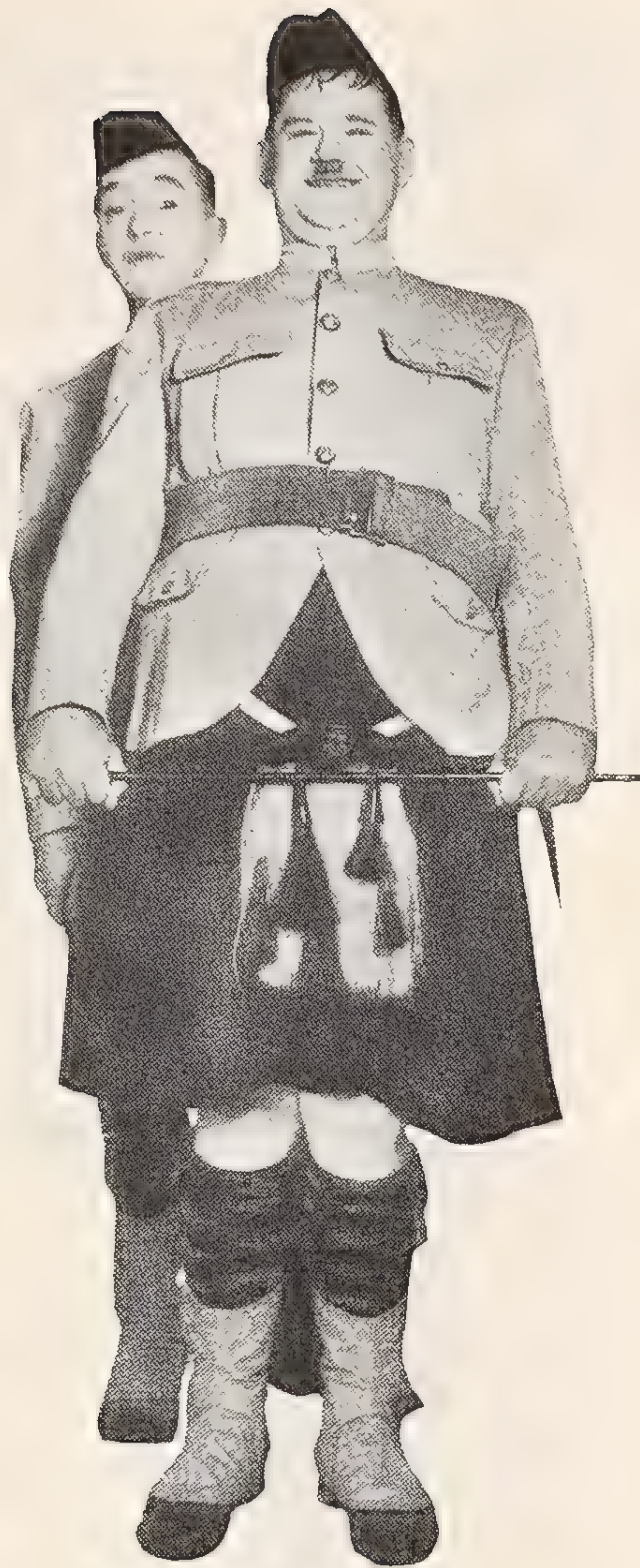
OLD loves make the best friends! In Hollywood that's frequently the case, anyway. Think of Ruth Chatterton, who were often entertained by Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson. Once Ruth and Charles were aflame, they say. But the friendship of her ex-hubbies, George Brent and Ralph Forbes, is more remarkable. They recently portrayed rivals in a picture, and lunched chummily in the Warner café during the joint assignment. Heather Angel, Ralph's new wife, has just been awarded a long-term contract at Radio. "The Three Musketeers" is her first job—and who should show up in the supporting cast one day but her own Ralph? (He's still a pal of Ruth's, but Mr. Brent hasn't been as loyal since Chatterton told him to go!)

FOR eight years Loretta Young has worked steadily. The rest of her family even frolicked around Europe, but the star never could escape studio schedules. Her current, lengthy vacation was secretly arranged to forestall a slip-up. Loretta rented her lovely home in Bel-Air to Constance Cummings, parked her sisters in temporary quarters, and then she and her mother were off. This time Loretta will see the world!

IT may be an old gag to you but it was a brand new laugh to me. Someone asked a Hollywood tailor what the well-dressed man will wear in 1936.

"The clothes he bought in 1928," was the answer.

GEORGE RAFT has been reading all the sob stories about John Gilbert. Georgie can't work up a tear. He likes being in the movies, but he wouldn't feel like a tragic figure if he had Jack's fortune. "With his money I could have a swell time just playing around. If there's any way we can switch places, I'm willing!"



That skittish pair, Stan Laurel and Babe Hardy, go Scottish for one of their inimitable screen comedies.

L'AMOUR, TOUJOURS, L'AMOUR DEPT.:

KATHERINE DeMILLE and Eric Rhodes are on fire. . . . Cary Grant and Betty Furness are more so, and perhaps this will pique Virginia Cherrill's interest away over there in England where she's having fun. . . . Trust Mae Murray to keep in the spotlight—she and Slapsie-Maxie Rosenbloom have been cooing like mad. . . . Michael Bartlett has been captured by Florence Rice. . . . If Mary Astor would say yes Johnnie Ryan, socialite catch, would be glad. . . . Nino Martini has been giving Astrid Allwyn the Grand Rush of the Month. . . . Now Pinky Tomlin has got around to Alice Faye, or is it vice-versa? . . . That eager young Bill Tannen, in Metro's stock company, has first call on Isabel Jewell's affections. . . . Since Garbo went home George Brent has been escorting Jean Muir, and is she palpitating!! . . . Gertrude Michael and Ida Lupino definitely prefer directors, and big ones—Rouben Mamoulian and Lewis Milestone, respectively. . . . Fred MacMurray is admirably true to Lilian Lamonte, a model at Magnin's gown shoppe. . . . Robert Taylor thinks Irene Hervey has it all over Metro's more famous women. . . . That zippy Wendy Barrie has met her match in kidding Jack Oakie. . . . Sylvia Sidney's working with her mind on New York, where Bennett Cerf, publisher, lives. . . . Mae West and Jim Timoney are apparently as devoted as when Mae first tackled Hollywood.

WHEN Mae West appeared in the Motion Picture Hall of Fame at the Fair there was quite a flutter to be sure. An observer reported that he heard at least ten women say, "Isn't she tiny! I expected to see a big woman." You see, Toots, the camera always makes one look larger than in real life.



Custard pies were in season and flew through the air with the greatest of abandon when these Keystone Comedy stars reassembled to make a modern version of their fun-films. In the group are Chester Conklin, Ben Turpin, Ford Sterling, and the celebrated Keystone Kops. Their set at Warners' Studio was the rendezvous for all the stars who could get time off to see the fun.



Ardent anglers! Guy Kibbee and his daughter, Shirley, anticipate a big catch. Well, here's luck!

JOAN BLONDELL looks upon Hugh Herbert with great respect these days. Joan has always liked Hugh, but she has been in so many pictures with him that she just sort of accepted him as a matter of course. But the other morning she had a novel experience. She had a seven o'clock call at the studio, and six o'clock came but no Clarence, the first time her chauffeur had over-slept in four years, and she didn't have the heart to wake George because he had a cold. So Joanie just walked down the hill to Sunset Boulevard and was waiting for the bus, (imagine a movie star waiting for a bus), when a guy in overalls and driving a broken-down Ford drove up and shouted, "Hey, Miss, want a ride?" Joan was late, and the bus was late, and the man had a kind face, so Joan jumped in beside him and asked to be dropped at the Warners' Sunset Studio.

"You work in pictures?" the man inquired with interest.

"Yeah," said Joan without much enthusiasm, naturally, at six-thirty in the morning.

"I guess you extras don't have much fun," the man continued, "long hours and no pay and being kicked about by those stuck-up stars. Say, do you know Hugh Herbert? He makes me laugh—ha, ha, ha,—say, he's the funniest guy on the screen."

"Don't you like Joan Blondell?" asked Joan sort of timidly.

"Yeah, I guess she's all right," he replied, "but that Hugh Herbert gets my money every time. I don't miss none of his pictures. He's the funniest guy alive. Say, Babe, do you think you could get me an autographed picture of him? No, I guess you couldn't. Those big guys don't talk to extras none, I guess."

In front of the studio Joan thanked him for the lift and went to her dressing-room and promptly took a two-inch seam in her hat-band.

WHAT'S Ginger Rogers' phenomenal success doing to Lew Ayers? That's this month's most exciting Hollywood question. When Lew was just a poor, struggling extra he was terribly ambitious. A year or so of the big money and he became bored with the whole business of acting. However, since his marriage the little woman's fame has increased as rapidly as his own box-office popularity has dropped. Is that fact going to pep him up again?

AT LAST Louise Fazenda has plenty of space for all the Early California antiques she has been assiduously collecting. She went to San Francisco for a bannister which she fancied as the finishing touch for the elegant farmhouse she's having constructed as her new residence. Whether to cart her stagecoach out to the ranch is her present problem. She has a genuine '49 affair which for years was on display at the Carthay Circle Theatre. Since its close she has loaned it to the Pasadena museum.



Walter Huston goes to England to play the name part in "Rhodes, the Empire Builder," thus returning to films after a long absence.



Robert Montgomery and his wife arrive in the east to vacation at their farm—and then in Europe.

NO DOUBT you also have commented on the difference in John Boles. The handsome singer's acting stiffness has disappeared. There's a reason! John always had the idea that Warner Baxter was the executives' favorite—so when they called him into the Front Office and informed him that every opportunity to score was to be given him he realized they did appreciate him. See what appreciation does for a fellow?

DOES a clever girl admit her faults? Many a Hollywood miss has confessed right in print. To Kay Francis, just returned from another European holiday, this is a major mistake. "I put my better side forward," she maintains. "I didn't get ahead by foolishly panning myself!"



Bill Powell heard that one about "faint heart never winning fair lady," and doesn't let the character he's playing in "Escapade" take Louise Rainer's reticence too seriously in this interesting romantic scene from the new picture.



Cesar Romero and Sally Eilers smile twice over a fan letter the postman just brought in.

BY THE time you read this Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons will be on their way to their first honeymoon since their marriage five years ago—and leave it to Dolores, it's a romantic spot—Waikiki, Hawaii. As soon as she finished "Romance in a Glass House" Dolores put in a long distance call for Hawaii and rented that "little grass shack" for a long and romantic vacation.

SIR GUY STANDING, who has a leading part in "Annapolis Farewell," the Paramount picture based on life at the Naval Academy in Maryland, feels right at home in all that nautical atmosphere because he was an officer in the British Navy during the World War and commanded a cruiser.

MOST men are supposed to forget wedding anniversaries after the honeymoon is over, but not John Monk Saunders, Fay Wray's writer-husband, even though he is seven thousand miles away in London. Last month they had been married seven years. Fay returned home from the studio for dinner one night to discover that the house was a bower of white flowers from basement to attic. Each bouquet was marked, "Love from John." They had been cabled. Love is grand, but awfully expensive!



Richard Dix is another deck-stroller, here seen on his way to co-star with Madge Evans in an important British film.



Looks like Jackie Cooper is his own severest critic as he does some practice on his piano.

AS YOU probably know by now, Norma Shearer named her new baby Katherine. Of course Irving Thalberg insisted upon Norma for its name as soon as he learned it was a girl, but Norma said that one Junior in the family was enough and she intended naming her baby girl after Katherine Cornell who has long been her favorite actress. Norma is a most ardent "fan" of Kit Cornell's and would think nothing of standing for hours at the stage door waiting for an autograph. Her great ambition is to do all the popular Cornell plays on the screen, and she liked her rôle of *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" better than any she has ever had before. Norma will do another Cornell rôle, *Juliet*, in "Romeo and Juliet" when she returns to the screen this fall.

I BET you've said a million times, "If only I could sing like Bing Crosby." Well, Bing goes around moaning and groaning, "If only I could dance like Fred Astaire." He has been taking tap lessons for quite some time now and won't be happy until he gets a chance to strut his stuff in a picture, so Paramount has finally said, "Okay, Bing, dance," so in his new picture, "Two for Tonight," we'll see Mr. Crosby stepping.

THE recent 20th Century-United Artists split has been the talk of the town. Mary Pickford's stage tour was suddenly halted so she could be in on the important conferences. Joe Schenck, who has left U.A. and affiliated the Zanuck organization with Fox, has Elisabeth Bergner's name on the dotted line. She's to do "Saint Joan" as her initial effort.

LIVING a colorless Hollywood life hasn't done much for Claire Trevor. Now that every effort is being made at the Fox Western Avenue studio to build her into a big star, Claire herself is co-operating by endeavoring to dramatize her off-screen personality. For a girl who has never had a whiff of notoriety, this isn't as simple as it sounds.

GLEND A FARRELL is sporting the trickiest gadget of the season. It's a portable hat! It's a square-crowned tam, when worn; but when off, can be folded into a very neat hand-bag. The last word for you gals, and sister, count me in, who only wear hats when making an "entrance."

(Continued on page 72)



Joan Blondell and Adolphe Menjou make it plain they think Dick Powell had better stick to song, in this little scene in which Dick regales them with a trombone solo by way of relaxation between scenes for "Broadway Gondolier."

Calling attention to important
ether events and personalities

By
Tom
Kennedy



Signed for opera! Helen
Oelheim, radio lark.

IT'S EASIER to get on the air if you never had an hour's experience, than if you can claim a list of professional achievements from here to there. What's more, you can become a guest star on a program that regularly, according to surveys in the radio industry, is listened to by more people than tune in on the vast majority of the air stars.

That happy state for the young, and older, too, who have ambitions to be heard performing their particular specialty, be it singing or joke-cracking, is all due to the enterprise of Major Edward Bowes, an old radio friend, who just a little more than a year ago introduced his Amateur Hour as a novelty to perk things up a bit at a local station in which he is interested, and thereby started a new trend in radio entertainment.

Compared to the stage amateur shows—which, by the way, were the spring-boards for such current big names in the theatre as Fannie Brice, Joe Cook, Fred Allen, Phil Baker, and too many others to list here—the stage shows of yesteryear were mere horse-and-buggy contraptions compared to the nation-wide audience reached by the radio amateur on the Major Bowes shows.

As a tip to those who may apply for a hearing on the Bowes amateur shows, we'll let you in on the secret that is most important in obtaining such a hearing. Of course those who want to appear on the program must write a letter of application, telling what they can do, etc.

Now your letter must have one very important element, or it will never get past the trained staff that reads through the tons of letters from applicants. It must indicate sincerity—and this can reveal itself just as clearly

Bringing radio to the screen! Above, Lyda Roberti, Jack Oakie, George Burns, and Gracie Allen, adopt a radio technique of their own in "The Big Broadcast of 1935."

The man who made it possible for untried talent to have its opportunity on the air! Right, Major Edward Bowes, whose amateur shows started a new trend in radio.



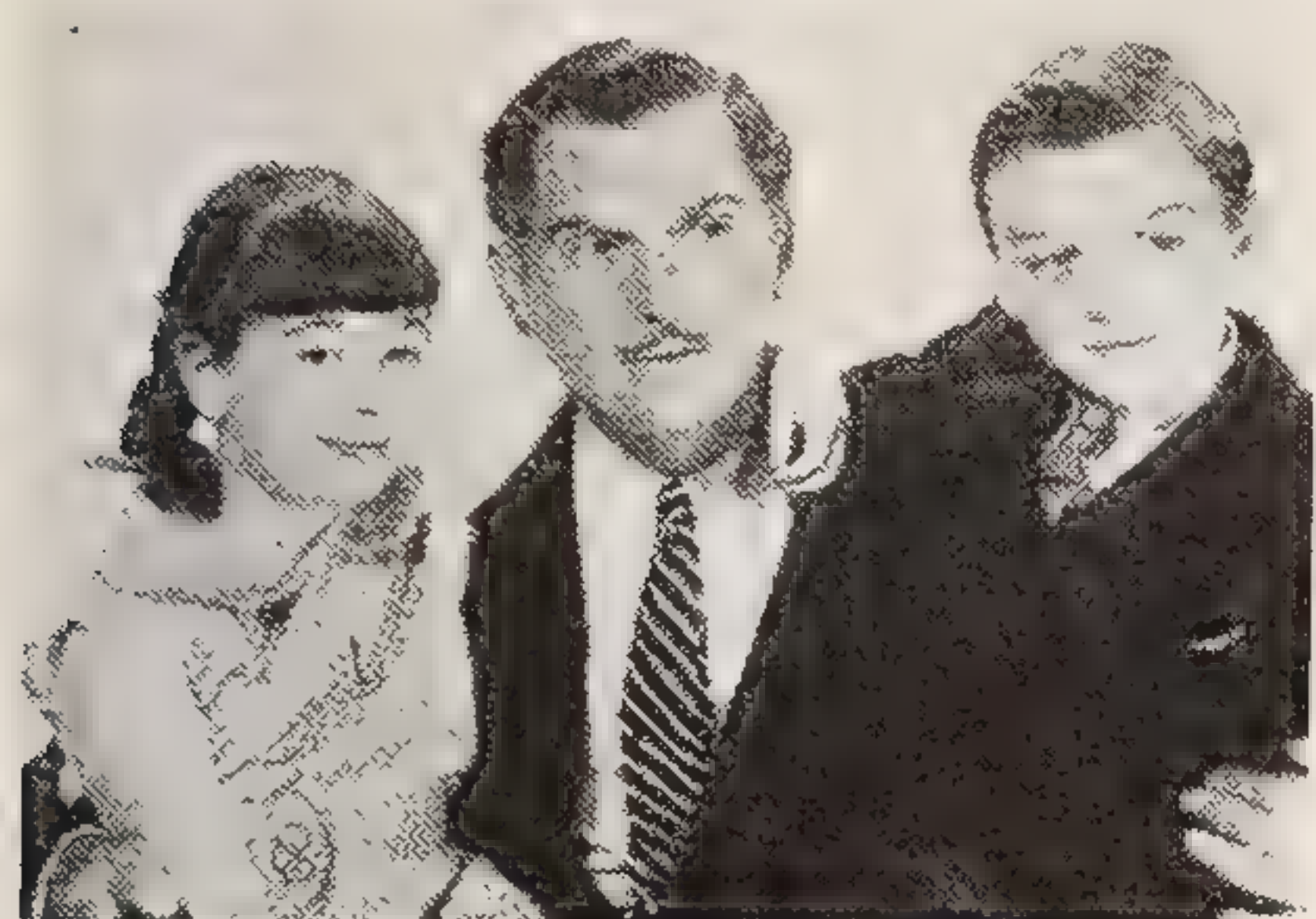
between the lines of a letter read by a person trained to the work, as if it were printed in red all over the missive. If sincerity is lacking, they'll never get around to considering the other two points—which are suitability of the claimed specialty for radio, and evidence of some merit in performing that specialty.

To those who are sincere, and have ability, there are many doors on which Opportunity can knock at the Major Bowes parties. Take the recent case of the young matron, who had had ambitions to sing, but had given up in despair of getting an (Continued on page 90)



Stranded
Warners

Kay Francis and George Brent teamed again, with much happier results than developed from their previous offering, "Living on Velvet." This is brisk and entertaining romance seasoned with melodrama. Kay is a social worker, and George a bridge builder, so there are many episodes of human interest as well as the "punchy" drama of walk-outs, etc., caused by racketeers. An incredible story, but an entertaining film.



Ginger
Fox

Jane Withers, who was so good at being "bad" in "Bright Eyes," is a star in her own right here. While the story, about a child of the slums who finds her way into the parlors of the rich, calls for a display of deliberate, or conscious acting as against the natural style displayed by Shirley Temple, little Miss Withers will amaze you with her abilities. The supporting cast is good, particularly Jackie Searle. Worth seeing.



The
Keeper
of the
Bees
Monogram

A worthy follow-up to "Laddie" in the cycle of Gene Stratton Porter tales of Nature's noblemen and gentlewomen. Neil Hamilton is the ailing war veteran who finds health and love on a bee farm; Edith Fellowes is perfect as *Little Scout*; Betty Furness, appealing as *Molly*, and Emma Dunn, grand as *Margaret*. Somewhat slow at getting into the story, but wonderfully effective in its best moments. Go see it.



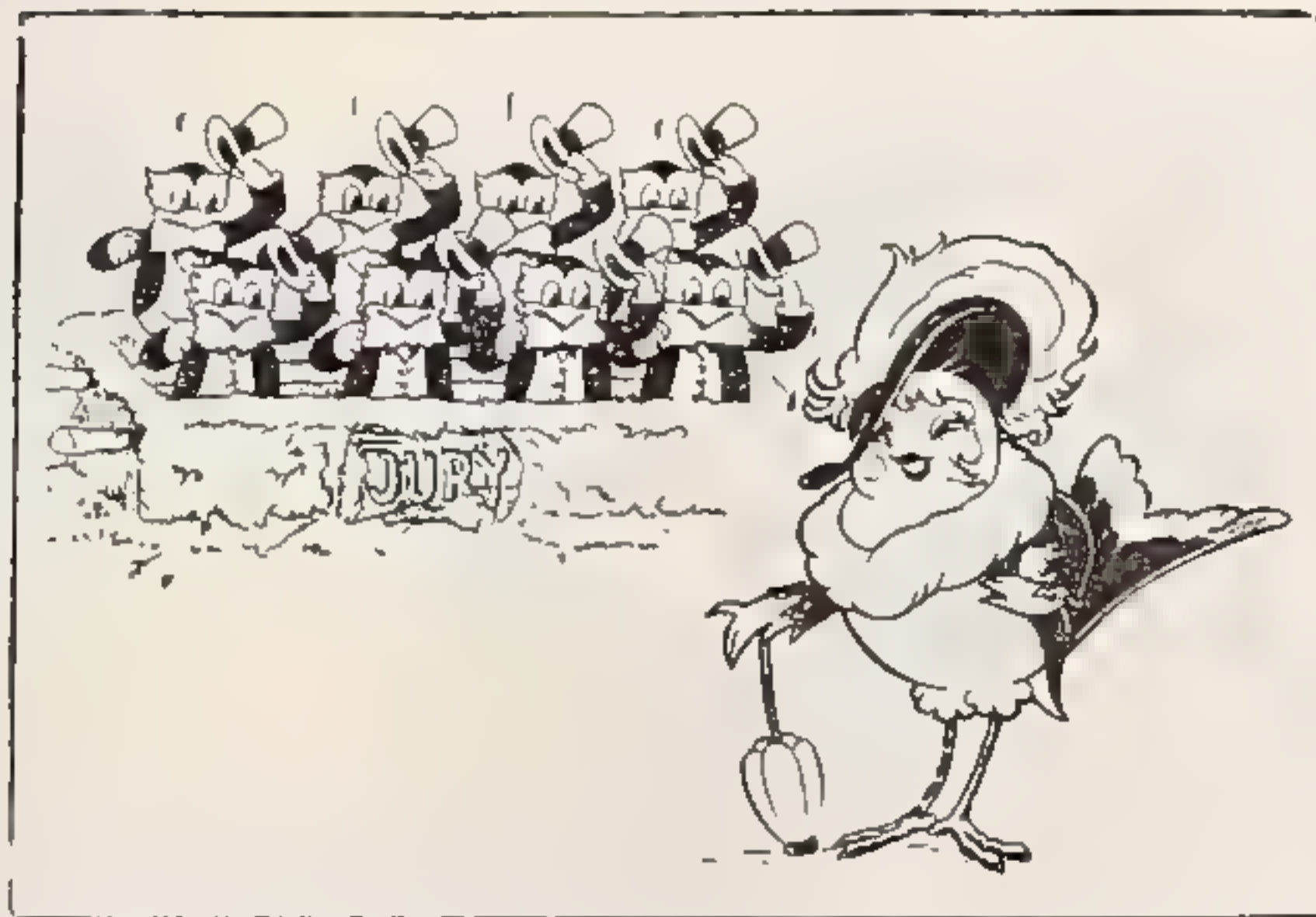
Charlie
Chan in
Egypt
Fox

One of the best of the long series of mystery melodramas built around the character of our old friend, *Charlie Chan*. Baffling indeed are the strange murders which take place in Luxor, burial ground of ancient kings. But *Charlie* solves them for you, and holds your attention while he does it. Warner Oland in the name rôle, Pat Paterson, Frank Conroy, and Stepin Fetchit—supplying comedy—are all good.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Who
Killed
Cock
Robin?
United
Artists



You'll roar, giggle, and chuckle all through this somewhat different Silly Symphony. Walt Disney puts tongue in cheek and solves his up-to-date version of a nursery mystery that has baffled generations. Not for the world would we tell you more than that. You must go see it for yourself—which we advise you to do as soon as it comes within traveling distance of your home. It's a triumph of music and motion.

Vaga-
bond
Lady
M-G-M



It's all in the spirit of good, clean fun—no striving after "important" screen art here—and it is amusing enough to be a welcome bit of entertainment, especially at this time of year. It's familiar farce about a girl who can't make up her mind which of two suitors to marry. But individual acting performances by Evelyn Venable, Robert Young, Reginald Denny, Frank Craven and others in the cast will entertain you.

The
Headline
Woman
Mascot



Filled with wisecracking dialogue, well delivered, this story of a feud between reporters and a police commissioner is weak in spots but retains interest to the final fade-out. Roger Pryor offers the best performance as the reporter who clears up the mystery and keeps the publisher's daughter, Heather Angel, out of trouble. Conway Tearle, Franklin Pangborn, Russell Hopton and George Lewis play important parts.

The
Clair-
voyant
Gaumont-
British



This specializes in suspenseful melodramatics; and the acting of Claude Rains, as the man who can see into the future, and Fay Wray, as his wife, plus some tense situations, make it a picture that has its exciting moments. It is a somewhat unusual tale about a vaudeville mind-reader who actually comes to possess the gift of clairvoyancy, which leads to charges against him, and conflict with his wife. It's good.

Public
Hero
Number
One
M-G-M



More about the Government men and their daring in running down criminals—this time it's "the Purple Gang," and a bad lot, too. Joseph Calleia, newcomer to films, brings a new, velvety-type of "menace" with him, while Jean Arthur turns in a perfectly swell performance. Chester Morris, Lionel Barrymore and others in a fine cast will win your applause. A corking good action film, finely acted and produced.

Don't
Bet on
Blondes
Warners



This is a gay number with Warren William excellent as a race-track bookie who goes into the insurance racket, even insuring families fearing quintuplets. Claire Dodd is lovely as the heroine whom he secretly insures against marriage, only to fall in love with her himself. Guy Kibbee has his most hilarious rôle to date as a Kentucky colonel who is writing a book proving that the South won the Civil War.

Dance
Band
Alliance
Films



Buddy Rogers is the star of this British import, styled in the musical-film formula, and as such rather modest as to staging in comparison to the average present-day musical from Hollywood. Nevertheless, this is a rather entertaining picture, pleasantly telling about a boy and a girl who are rival band leaders, but in love; so sentiment and professional jealousy make for dramatic conflict. June Clyde is the heroine.



By popular request! We present Nelson Eddy, at ease at his Beverly Hills home; and, right, in a portrait made when he first went to Hollywood.

The first six letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

CRUCIAL ACTING MOMENTS!

In my opinion, most film actresses fail at one crucial moment—when they meet the hero for the first time. Instead of the look of curiosity and dawning interest, one sees a bland expression or smile which says "We've met before—at rehearsals." I think Norma Shearer alone can handle this difficult moment perfectly.

Miss E. F. Wakeling,
42 Dalmery Road,
London, England.

SILLY CENSORISMS

"The Scarlet Pimpernel," as I saw it in Boston, was grand, so later I attended the local showing. And—those dumb, but dumb, censors had deleted "demned" from Leslie Howard's numerous recitations of his poem, "that *demned* elusive Pimpernell. . . ." Thus upsetting synchronization of sound and

action, and spoiling at least ten amusing bits!

Mrs. Selma Katz,
23 Ellsworth Ave.,
Brockton, Mass.

ALL THE G'S IN GARBO

According to some, Greta Garbo is: gaunt, gawky, garrulous, grandiose, gaudy, grouchy, garish, giddy, greedy, grandiloquent, grim, glum and gloomy.

Others say, she is: Grecian, grand, great, gorgeous, gay, girlish, gladsome, gracious, glamorous, genteel, genuine, guileless, gentle and good.

Gee! What a lot of G's.

Mary Belle Walley,
Butler, N. J.

ASIDE TO WILL AND GEORGE

Are Will Rogers and George Arliss competing for the mantle of Dorothy Dix?

Salutes and Snubs

Calling all stars! Here's
NEWS from your public!

Why the advice to sappy young lovers to "kiss and make up" that's so prominent in all their pictures? My advice to Rogers and Arliss is to let young love take its course.

George A. Abbate,
630 Mary St.,
Utica, N. Y.

HERE'S TO NELSON EDDY!

Here's to Nelson Eddy—the fair-haired rival of all "dark and handsome" men on the screen. Big, blond, and magnificent, with an unusual personality and glorious voice—may Eddy sing his way through a long and brilliant career in the films!

Miriam Peck,
Hartford, Conn.

AND ALSO VERISIMILITUDE!

We librarians are constantly supplying movie-fan readers, (including ourselves), with data to verify the authenticity of Hollywood's historians and property men in regard to minute details in recent historical, biographical and "classical" pictures. Rarely do reliable reference sources contradict film presentations. And that, Hollywood, is ART.

Helen James,
Box 209,
Denton, Tex.

"COME AND GET IT," GARBO!

Why not star Greta Garbo in an adaptation of one of the best-selling novels of the day? I mean Edna Ferber's "Come and Get It." *Charlotte*, a rôle to which no one else could do justice, offers Garbo splendid opportunity to regain her popularity.

Florence Peer,
School St.,
Woodbridge, N. J.

(Continued on page 97)

Another meeting, and another revelation of the interesting ideas screen-goers bring up for discussion. For instance: What, in your opinion—yours too, Hollywood—is the crucial moment that seems to trip up even our most able screen actresses? Miss E. F. Wakeling, of London, says it's the moment when the actress meets the hero for the first time. Do you agree? Do you think Peggy Baum, of Santa Monica, Calif., is correct in saying other actors can learn much about the way to simulate drowsiness on the screen by studying Bill Powell's performance in the early scenes of "Reckless"?

Well, we could go on like this for a whole column—but read the letters yourself! Then tell us what you think. Tell us in a letter, or several letters, to this department. You may win one of the prizes of five dollars each for the best six letters each month. Please make your letters brief—fifty words is the maximum—and please don't send stamps for their return, because we cannot undertake to return unused letters. Write now—address your contribution to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

A Star is Made

Continued from page 25



Thyra Samter Winslow, famed for her graphic etchings of modern life, discovered in Hollywood the ideal subject for her brilliant talents. The result is this exciting novel, written expressly for SCREENLAND

The author who "found" her perfect story while in Hollywood writing a film play for Claudette Colbert.

What a swell boy he was! Grand-looking. Slim, with broad shoulders; and a fine, irregular, dependable face. What a nice visit she'd have!

Diana did have a nice visit. She adored Hollywood. It was November, and when she had left her home the trees were already bare, the grass brown. Here, roses were in bloom. The pepper trees were lovely and green. Tall palm trees added a tropical touch. For the first time Diana saw oranges growing.

She saw snowcapped mountains only a short drive from Hollywood. She saw little villages that looked as Spanish as if they were thousands of miles away. She giggled over the odd advertisements, over ice-cream stands in the shape of huge bowls of ice-cream or ice-cream freezers, chili restaurants made to resemble chili bowls. She was properly impressed at the restaurant built like a brown derby, though she had often seen pictures of it.

She liked Hollywood's smooth streets, the bright, prosperous-looking shops, the attractive homes, the tall, oddly built apartment houses, from the dignified Chateau Elysee, built like a French castle in a large tropical garden and patronized by all the prominent movie stars who didn't have their own homes, to the odd little bungalow courts, Mexican or Spanish or English, with tiny, individual cottages. The whole town seemed a delightful stage setting.

She liked seeing where the stars lived, on the heights outside of Hollywood or in gracious Beverly Hills. Houses that were French provincial or Mediterranean or Monterey. Big shining cars stood in the driveways. There were glimmering swim-

ming-pools lined in blue-green tile. Gay groups in sport clothes were having cooling drinks under shade-trees or gay umbrellas. Over the whole thing there was an unbelievable air of luxury and holiday spirit.

A friend of Michael's took them to visit a studio and Diana was bewildered, even while she thought it was simply wonderful. She saw old-world streets that, a few feet later turned into the new East. A bit of Russian stood next to a street in old Florence. French living-rooms crowded next to Western bar-rooms. She had lunch in a table tucked away in one corner of the commissary, amid girls and men in a galimaufry of gay costumes, all in a curious yellow make-up.

She went to restaurants and night clubs where the stars ate and drank and danced. She loved being with Michael, but she couldn't keep her eyes off the stars. It was wonderful, recognizing them. The girls even more slender than she had thought they'd be. The men, for the most part, better looking. Occasionally she got a shock when a favorite male star seemed much shorter than she had visualized him—or when a feminine star seemed a little less sweet-tempered than her habitual screen expression had led Diana to suspect.

It was wonderful—but it didn't seem to Diana very near real life. Life was Michael and Sara and Bob Rennard, Sara's young man, and Mr. and Mrs. Stone and the comfortable, understandable life with them—the same sort of life Diana led at home in a small town only a short distance from New York. Yes, life was Michael. And hearing Michael say how much he

loved you. And telling Michael you loved him, too.

"When are we going to get married?" Michael asked. "We could have one of those cute little cottages you see on the hillsides. And I have my car. And in a year or two you can have a maid . . ."

"I don't know," Diana smiled. "When I came I wanted to see you at home."

"Now you've seen. Don't tell me you can't stand the picture."

"I love it," said Diana. She meant it. A little cottage with Michael—surely that was enough for any girl. Yet she hesitated.

"Don't rush me, Michael," she begged. "We're both so young. Let's be happy for a little while the way we are. I'll decide before I leave for home."

"Fine!" said Michael, "I can't help being the impatient bridegroom. Having our own home would be better than this."

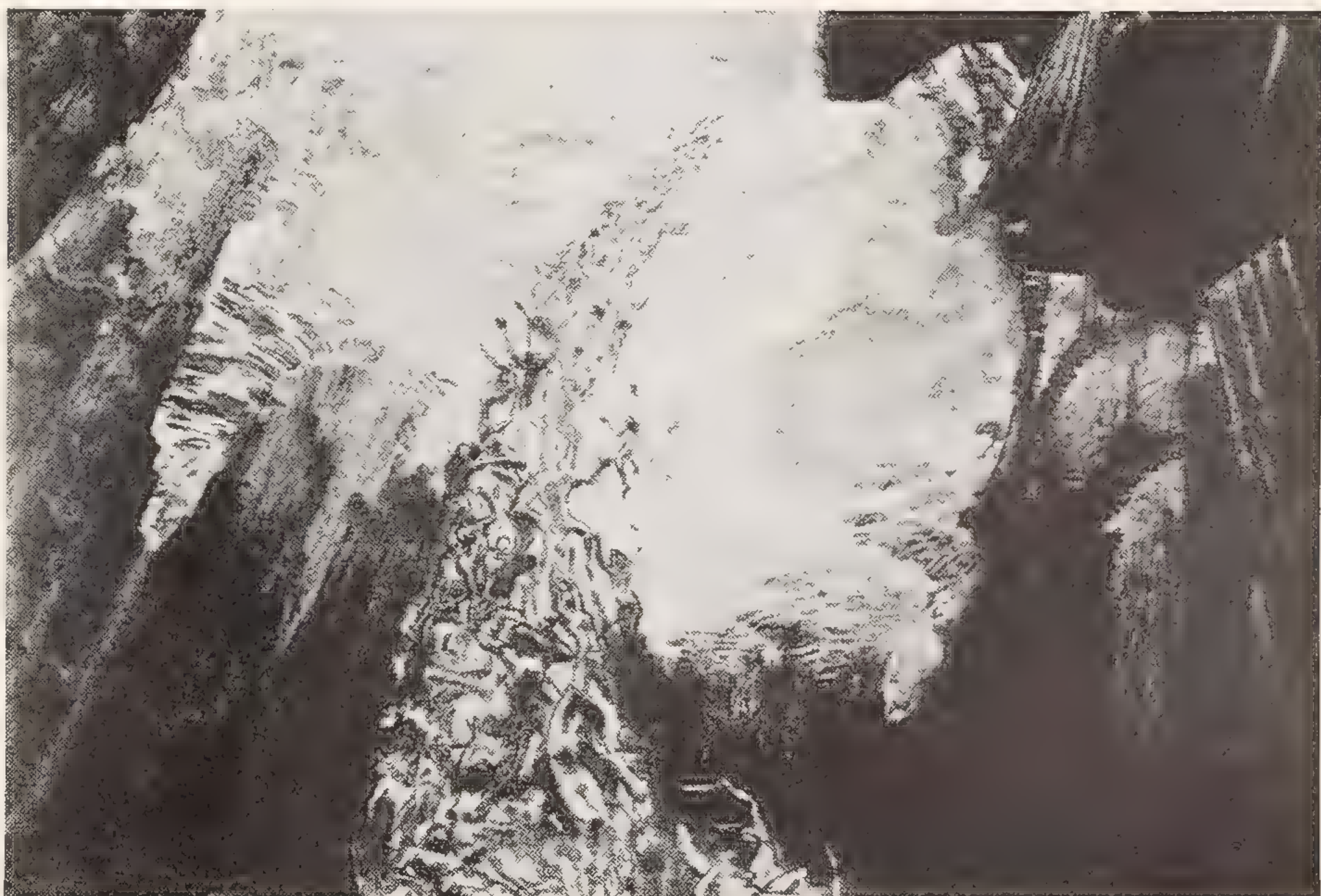
"Maybe," said Diana, "but I like this, now."

When Michael had money they went to the gayer places and danced shoulder to shoulder with the stars. But most of the time they went to the movies or to little cafés which the stars seemed to ignore, or visited Sara's or Michael's friends, pleasant young people, who for some astonishing reason, seemed almost unaware that the whole movie colony was at their elbow. It seemed unbelievable to Diana, who was more thrilled at the Hollywood of the screen than she dared even to let Michael know. She felt he'd laugh at her.

And then, one night something happened, so unreal, so out of the glamorous world that, to Diana, was Hollywood, that

Reproducing Creative Art for Screen Settings

THE elaborate phantasy which Fox Films will blend with modern romance in "Dante's Inferno" represents a new method and technic in film production. The scenes visualizing Dante's poem are to be motion picture replicas of original paintings conceived and executed by Willy Pogany, celebrated mural painter and one of the outstanding creative artists of today. At right is a reproduction of one of the original canvases, which will be brought to life in as exact detail as studio craft will permit, by Harry Lachman, director of "Dante's Inferno," with Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor appearing as principals in a cast of prominent players.





Jimmy Dunn's palpitation is natural—Arline Judge, left, seems put out a bit, though Rosina Lawrence smiles in this scene from "Welcome Home."

Michael, also amazed, didn't even laugh.

They were sitting, Diana and Michael and Sara and Bob, at a little table in an out-of-the-way restaurant. Three men at a table nearby watched them closely.

"They think we're in the movies," said Diana, who looked hard at people when she thought they were in the movies.

Then one of the men got up, came over to their table.

"I want to apologize for interrupting you," he began.

They smiled, nodded for him to go on. He was a prosperous-looking man of around fifty, business-like, dignified. Not the type to "start something" in a public restaurant.

"You're not in motion pictures?" he asked Diana.

"No," smiled Diana. "I'm—a visiting fireman."

"That's good," the man said. "May I offer you a little job, rather unusual—it may amuse you."

"You want her to be in the movies?" interrupted Sara.

"Not exactly. But if this young lady will appear at a dinner party tomorrow night we'll pay her well."

He turned to Diana. "It's nothing you could object to. We'll send for you, take you to the home of a well-known young woman, you'll be made up there, given a costume which we hope you'll accept as your own, and then you'll be taken to a dinner party. That's all. It will be a pleasant adventure for you."

"I'd love it!" Diana decided quickly.

Michael was more prudent. He asked questions. The man gave Michael his card. "Leon Trauber," it read. Leon Trauber was an important name in Hollywood.

"You are *the* Leon Trauber?" asked Michael.

"Of Triangle Films, if that's what you mean," said Trauber. "I can't explain anything more of what I have asked the young lady to do, but I assure you it will entail nothing unpleasant. And I shall be glad to give her a check for one hundred dollars."

Diana would have gone without payment. It sounded the most thrilling thing she had ever done. She gave Trauber her name and address, arranged the details.

She could hardly sleep that night. The next day she was as excited as if something really important were happening to her.

"You act the way I thought you would when we got married," said Michael.

"Silly," said Diana, "This is just fun for me. It's a glimpse into a life I never thought I'd see."

"A short and mysterious glimpse," Michael said.

The car arrived promptly. Long and black. Diana snuggled against the grey broadcloth interior. The fittings were of gold. Everything was sleek perfection.

The car stopped before a huge house. A middle-aged woman led the way to a boudoir done in soft rose taffeta and silver. Diana had never seen such a lovely room. A little table held biscuits and sherry. The woman handed Diana a soft negligée.

"If you'll slip into the negligée," the woman said. "And we thought you'd like a bit of sherry before you dressed."

Diana sipped the sherry and wondered if it were drugged. Why would they want to drug her? Well, why would they want her here at all? It was most mysterious. It was good sherry—and it was not drugged. "Diana in Movieland" Diana thought to herself.

A little man with a pointed mustache and sleek hair appeared, now. He had a satchel with him. He opened it, spread trays of make-up around him.

He tied a towel around Diana's hair, applied fragrant cream and then a foundation cream darker than Diana's skin. She wished she could see it on her face, but there were no mirrors in sight. She could feel eyebrows being drawn higher than her own. The man finished her face with pattings of soft powder, arranged her hair in soft waves.

The woman brought in an exquisite gown of white chiffon trimmed with little silver stars, slipped it over Diana's head. It fitted a little too snugly at the waist. Otherwise it was perfect.

Things moved quickly then. A vanity was thrust into her hand; an ermine coat slipped over her shoulder, for Hollywood nights are cool. Again she was in the limousine, her own things in a bundle with her.

The car stopped, and Trauber and a young man, named Herrick, got in. Another drive and they reached a huge club house.

A big dinner was in progress. The dining-room was lit by crystal chandeliers. Guests were already seated at little tables. The dais held a long table for the honor guests and three places were empty.

Everyone applauded when Diana and her escorts entered.

"Nod and smile," Trauber told Diana. Mechanically, she smiled.

"It's a great honor to have you with us," a beautifully gowned matron greeted Diana.

"I—I love being here," Diana answered. "Diana in Movieland," indeed!

In an instant she was seated between Trauber and Herrick, the honor guest of the evening.

"When they call on you, do you think you can thank them, just a few words—how glad you are to be here?" Trauber asked.

"Of course. Only I don't see—"

"You'll find out. Eat your dinner. Enjoy yourself."

The dinner was good. The men agreeable. This was exciting: this was living!

As the dinner drew to an end Diana thought to look into the vanity which lay at her place. Perhaps her face needed powdering.

She looked into the vanity. She couldn't be mistaken! The eyes, slightly turned up at the corners, the high cheekbones, the odd exaggerated eyebrows. The face that looked back at her was *not* Diana Wells. It was the face of Claudia Ray, the movie star!

Hardly knowing what she was doing, Diana got to her feet.

"What's the matter?" Trauber's voice was excited but low.

"You didn't tell me," said Diana, "that I was to—to impersonate someone else."

"For God's sake, don't make a scene," Trauber begged.

Herrick put his hand on her arm. "We'll explain. Please listen," he said.

Diana looked at the sea of faces. And, as she hesitated, a waiter handed her a folded paper. A message was written across one of the dinner menus, "*WE KNOW YOU ARE NOT CLAUDIA RAY!*"

Suddenly Diana laughed. She sat down. She showed the message to Herrick and Trauber.

"Now tell me what it's all about," she said. "I was going to walk out on you, but somehow, this is a challenge."

"You're a darling," Trauber said. "The truth isn't very pretty. But you deserve knowing it. Claudia Ray's been drinking again. It's as simple as that. She goes, well, on bats, occasionally. She went on one Friday. And now she has a black eye and is moanin' low and can't be seen."

"And she had to be seen?"

"Yes. You see, this dinner—Hollywood at its most exclusive. They're none too sympathetic to the movie element as it is. And Claudia Ray as guest of honor here was important to a lot of us."

"When we found she couldn't go," Herrick said, "we were pretty desperate."

"Wasn't there anyone else?"

"There was her stand-in. Who doesn't look so awfully much like her—and who isn't discreet," Trauber said. "And when we saw you in the restaurant—"

"But you didn't tell me the truth!"

"How could I—then? You would have laughed at me—or talked. I thought I'd take a chance, tell you just before the introductions."

Diana wasn't angry. She was filled with a curiously light spirit, more than the one glass of champagne at dinner could possibly have given her. This was living! Impersonating an actress—and getting a note saying she'd been found out!

"Who wrote the note?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Trauber. "It worries me."

"I just found out," said Herrick, "and it worries me more than ever. At the left table—past the woman in green. Boulder, of Splendour Films."

"I wish the evening was over," Trauber said.

It wasn't over. It was time for the speeches.

Diana thought of something. At school she'd been clever at imitations. And she had seen Claudia Ray many times on the screen. Claudia Ray, with her peculiarly drawled words, her amusing affectations. These men had fooled her. But they'd given her adventure. They depended on

her, now. They didn't expect a great deal.

Diana arose when the chairman introduced her. She smiled at Herrick and Trauber, who had fear and hope in their eyes. She smiled at the chairman and the guests.

"I am so happy to be here," she said. She heard her voice, trembling at first, grow stronger. "It is a very real treat to me," her voice was steady, now, and she hoped, so hard, she was putting Claudia Ray's tricks into it, "to be with the people I want to like me on the screen. It is hard for us, when we act alone, without an audience, never knowing who will see—or un-

derstand. To see you here, in a way, to know you, gives me courage to go on."

She sat down, very weak. Everyone applauded.

"You were wonderful," said Trauber. "I can't believe it. You played a swell trick on me. I—I can't thank you enough."

"Well, let's get out of here first," said Herrick. "Oh they'll crowd around, ask questions."

Trauber led the way. Past the guests, out of the door. A waiter ran after them, thrust another paper into Diana's hand. She read it in the car, with Herrick and Trauber.

"YOU'VE GOT ME GUESSING. IF YOU AREN'T CLAUDIA RAY THERE'S A JOB FOR YOU AT SPLENDOR FILMS." It was signed, E. T. BOULDER.

"You don't need to go to Splendour Films for a job," Trauber said.

"What do you mean?"

"My dear, after what I've seen you do tonight, do you think I'm going to let you get away? If you can photograph half as well as I think you can, you've got a job with us. A real job. Small parts at first—but there's no place you can't go."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Diary of a DeMille Crusader

Continued from page 21

weather permitting."

Monday, February 4.

The weather does not permit! Cold rain lashes sullenly at the solid walls of Windsor Castle.

Tuesday, February 5.

More rain. Windsor Castle courtyard is now a lake!

Thursday, February 7.

Still more rain!

To the studio this afternoon for a fitting as a monk, then to Stage 8 for a bald-pate wig to complete my costume.

The company has been at work all week on this set, described on the "call sheet" as "the Blacksmith's hut with practical forge." Here *Hercules*, (Montague Love), the smithy, is working on a new sword for *Richard* while *Blondel*, the minstrel, (Alan Hale), sits nearby mixing twelfth century wise-cracks with snatches of song. The action involves a friendly slugging match between *Hercules* and *Richard* in the course of which *Blondel* is knocked into the water trough—the closest approach to a bath tub in the story! It is slow going because every ducking for *Blondel* necessitates a wait while his costume and wig dry out.

During the waits between "shots" Alan Hale sits in a corner hugging his rumpled bathrobe about himself and discussing his newest invention with the technical men on the set. Before embarking on an acting career Hale was a mechanical engineer. He still devotes his spare time to mechanical research and is now experimenting with a new type of automobile brake.

On the other side of the set Montagu Love is busy sketching a prop-shop man whose hat is a masterpiece of dilapidation. Love is an accomplished artist. When he is not acting he is kept busy illustrating magazine stories. As *Blacksmith* to *Richard* his duties in the picture are arduous and he finds that the best way to find complete rest and relaxation between scenes is to fall back on profession number two. This time his artistic endeavors are interrupted by an errand boy bearing a telegram. It is from a high-school dramatic class asking his idea of the best schooling for an actor. He hands me the telegram with a thoughtful smile. "When I was a young man the answer to that was Shakespeare. My activities since I have been on this picture, however, have altered my views—now I'd say three years as a Boy Scout!"

Saturday, February 9.

Today I work again. We are shooting the French Cathedral scene in which *Philip* takes the Crusader's oath from the *Hermit*. I am clad in sandals and the rough brown robes of a Franciscan monk.

The camera is set up at the rear of the



The Browns of Hollywood arrive for a visit in New York! Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, with their sons, Joe L., left, and Don, right, register smiles.

cathedral. Behind it director DeMille and Vic Milner, our trophy-winning cameraman, take turns at squinting through the sights at the hundreds of kneeling knights. *Philip* kneels on the steps to the altar with his back to the camera. We monks and priests face him, surrounding the *Hermit* and lending the tacit approval of the church to his act of administering the Crusader's oath.

As the slow minutes drag by the knights groan and curse at the pain occasioned by their strained positions. They try to shift weight from one aching joint or muscle to another. The hot battery of lights glares on their hugely menacing barrel helmets, turning them into "fireless cookers." DeMille pulls his head from the dark recesses of the camera box: "That Hospitaler, the fourth from the front on the left, straighten your lance and shake out the pennon—right—now turn your shield a little more this way—not too much!" Again his head disappears and from inside the box comes a stifled roar: "DON'T ANYONE DARE REMOVE A HELMET!"

Philip's face becomes a mask of agony. Five enormous spotlights glare down upon his upturned face, pulling from it beads of perspiration that trickle away in little streams. The heavy ermine cape draped from his shoulders and cascading over the steps behind him chokes him; chain mail eats into his knees. Heedlessly the scene drones on.

Suddenly a knight allows a shield to fall with a deafening clatter. Another fol-

lows. Then a few scattered snickers. Repeated shouts of "QUIET" are followed by a sarcastic reprimand from our director: "If any of you strong, husky men feel weak or dizzy, leave now and keep going—off the lot—I want only *men* in this scene. If you can't take it, I'll let you go right now and the prop department will furnish you with a nice little bunch of posies to take home with you!"

The day slides gradually away, smothered under a confused babel of sound. Predominating are the yells of the electricians: "Hit the King with that eighteen—pull those three down harder on the Hermit—now light that other twenty-four—pull that one down hotter on these monks—now flood 'em all up!"

On the side-lines Harry Wilcoxon, looking strangely anachronistic in a tweed suit and his long hair, sits with Katherine DeMille. She is in costume and, if possible, looking more lovely than ever. It seems strange to see them chatting in such a friendly fashion since their rôles require them to be highly disagreeable to one another when before the camera. Harry had boasted that on his first day off he was going to the harbor to overhaul his boat and looks rather shamefaced when asked by DeMille if this is what he calls a "sailor's holiday." The fact is that Harry, being an artist, could not keep himself away from a set so rich in color and spectacle as this one!

Thursday, February 21.

Many things have happened in the past days. Finally the weather cleared and one

day I found myself a Knight Templar riding out of Windsor courtyard, across the groaning drawbridge and away on Crusade with hundreds of mounted knights. Another time I was a Moslem trader bowing my head in the dust of the city of Acre as *Saladin*, (Ian Keith), rode by on his magnificent white horse with his guards and drummers—all on white horses. The next day I was a Saracen "dandy" and was fortunate enough to buy a slender, golden-haired Christian slave girl for practically nothing!

Yesterday I was a Windsor Castle guard and was afforded the rare opportunity of seeing an actor that was unimpressed by either the anger or the charm of Cecil DeMille! That actor was a falcon, the arrogant hunting bird of medieval times that was as much a part of a knight's equipment as his sword and shield. Harry Wilcoxon has been working with these fierce hawks for months so that they might become used to him and perch quietly on his wrist when needed for a scene. But scenes involve sun arcs and, in this case, shouting—for in this one *Richard* was saying in no uncertain terms that he had no intention of marrying that scheming woman, *Princess Alice of France*.

The scene was rehearsed with a stuffed falcon attached to Harry's wrist. Then the real birds were brought in. That proved a different matter. At each take a falcon would escape in the very middle of the scene and wing its way to some more quiet and less bright part of the stage. Ten attempts supplied the set with ten falcons perched on rafters and other inaccessible points. The last came to rest on the head of a statue of a warrior some eight feet tall. The falconer scrambled to a box and offered his wrist. A falcon must never be seized; it must be "invited to the glove."

DeMille looked on with a tired smile. Then his eye fell upon a quiet bird perched serenely amid some spears. "There's a quiet one. Bring him over!"

Wilcoxon looked twice before making an observation. "He's quiet, all right, but not much good for us. It's the stuffed one!"

Today we are encamped outside the city of Marseilles. From our tents, before which are stacked lances and halberds, we can see the swaying masts of the ships that will transport us to the Holy Land. We have been desperately hungry but today there is plenty to eat—even if *Richard* has had to agree to marry *Princess Berengaria of Navarre*, (Loretta Young), in order to secure food for us. He has never seen this *Princess* and he seems not to worry over much about the marriage! He will send *Blondel* to the chapel with his sword to go through the ceremony for him. (A King can do that—can send his sword in his stead).

While we soldiers stuff ourselves with food we attempt to sing a song that we have been rehearsing spasmodically for weeks. We still don't know it for at each rehearsal we were handed a new version. DeMille looks gloomy and sends us off to a corner to rehearse; then he changes both words and tune once more.

Soon we go through the scene again. We line up for food. Two of my comrades turn the twelve-hundred-pound steer on the spit over the blazing barbecue pit. It has been at rest for some time and one side sizzles, glistens, drips grease into the spurning fire. This is the second steer for the morning. The first one, cooked by professionals last night, was so well done that it fell apart as soon as it was wired to the spit despite the yards of adhesive tape with which the resourceful prop men rendered speedy first-aid. Then a rush order was sent out for another, freshly butchered.

Suddenly DeMille shouts, stops us in the middle of the scene. "You!" he cries, singling out a soldier who is supposed to



Tutta Rolf, another new foreign actress, and Clive Brook enact this scene for "The Dressmaker."

be tearing hungrily at a large leg of lamb. "Why can't you look as though you're really eating that instead of nibbling at it like an effete parlor snake? It's been at least four hours since last you ate, so you don't have to act at being hungry. Why can't you make me believe that you're really enjoying that meat?"

"It's this way," replies the Crusader making a wry face. "I'm a vegetarian!"

Monday, February 25.

At last we have finished with the Marseilles camp set where the smoke from the barbecue pit made our eyes smart and where the smell of the roasting steer was becoming ever more pungent!

Today we are embarking for the Holy Land. The narrow street in Marseilles through which we push and struggle is clogged with mounted knights, yeomen, like myself, crossbowmen, peasants. Beautiful women lean from mullioned windows and balconies waving a brave farewell with their gaily colored kerchiefs.

Windsor courtyard, up an incline at the end of the street, has undergone a miraculous change. A bulky vessel now hides the walls and the drawbridge over which we once rode. The dock in front of this vessel overflows with activity. Columns of marching men and knights on prancing, nervous horses go forward side by side. Wagoners and stout draft horses strain at a fifteen-ton catapult as it is dragged toward the ship. One of the men whose job it is to help it along mops a damp brow between "takes" and looking at it with a disparaging eye says, "Imagine hauling a gadget like this three thousand miles just to throw rocks at somebody!" He does not realize that the catapult—or mangonel—was the twelfth century siege-gun.

In the street behind us *King Richard* pauses to flirt with a beautiful maiden on a balcony. He does not know that she is really his wife, *Berengaria*, (Loretta Young more lovely in medieval garb than ever!). *Blondel* informs him of her identity with some relish, remembering the incident of the sword. *Richard* gallops back to claim her.

This is Loretta's first day with "The Crusades." For weeks she has been snow-

bound in the High Sierras with another company. Now that she is finally on the set DeMille seems unusually cheerful. It is because he will have to do no more "shooting out of continuity"—a costly and difficult procedure made necessary by Loretta's unexpected and prolonged absence.

She is excited about her part—likes costume pictures and particularly the costumes of this period. When Travis Banton comes out to show her a sketch for her next costume she is enchanted. She drags him up to DeMille to say, "C.B., I think this one is lovely—I can't wait to wear it!" He smiles indulgently as he adds, "Yes—and there have been too many moments in the past month when I wondered if I should ever have the opportunity to see you wearing it!"

Monday, March 4.

There has been no battle. But today there is a battlefield strewn with every macabre evidence of bloody conflict—week before last this grim field where death now reigns was the cheery camp outside Marseilles. Now the barbecue pits are gone and the swaying masts of our ships have been replaced by a range of dun-colored hills.

By the eerie, flickering lights of torches—it is night—*Richard* and *Blondel* search this silent field for the body of *Hercules*.

Between times, make-up men with half-gallon jugs of blood and brushes rush here and there, smearing us—the helpless dead—with more gore. An assistant director, efficient George Hippard, rearranges a scrambled heap of corpses: "Whose leg is this?" No answer. It belongs to a dummy at the bottom of the heap!

In the middle of a "take" *Blondel* "blows up." Instead of saying: "I tell you, *Richard*, old *Hercules* is slain," he says, "I tell you, *Richard*, old *Ironsides* is dead!" Dead men come to sudden hilarious life. Even our director laughs!

Tuesday, March 12.

If "variety is the spice of life," we who are at work on "The Crusades" find our lives highly seasoned!

Today we are Saracen archers in green boots, voluminous black or red bloomers, wide metal belts, metal shoulder guards, full beards, turbans. From the waist up we are covered with bohemian—body make-up—which, despite the assurances of our sanguine make-up artists, does not come off easily with soap and water!

We Saracens are perched on the walls of Acre, (Windsor Castle has had another face-lifting), watching the Crusader's fleet sail into the harbor. Below us, suddenly, there appears a Christian herald in resplendent surcoat and cape. With him are two trumpeters and standard bearers carrying the bravely colored gonfalons of all the Kings of Christendom. This upstart herald calls upon us to surrender our city. Our answer is to send an arrow into his heart.

It does not take us long to dispose of this Christian errand boy and we are dismissed early. Before going home, however, we must be fitted for tomorrow's scene.

Wednesday, March 20.

As a serving man to *King Richard* I now have an excellent opportunity not only to see but to talk to practically all the Kings of Christendom—all who amount to anything, at least! We are all on the "Council of Kings" set on Stage 8—have been here a week. *Richard* and *Philip* are here; *Leopold of Austria*; *Hugo of Burgundy*; grizzled *Frederick of Germany*; *Sverre*, fierce *King of the Norsemen*; *Michael of Russia*; *William of Sicily*; *Nicholas of Hungary*.

Nicholas caused some delay because of a dispute over his crown. According to Hungarian tradition the cross on top the crown has remained bent ever since Stephen the First bumped his head on a doorway,

knocking it askew. He was a very tall man! Thus the question arose: would it be more advisable to be historically correct and inspire a lot of letters from naïve critics pointing out the obvious fact that the cross was crooked—or should history be disregarded in this instance and the cross straightened? DeMille decided against any deviation from history and bent the cross himself. To his chagrin when *Nicholas* appeared on the set the cross atop his crown was perfectly straight. Investigation disclosed that an observant property man who knew nothing of the dispute had stayed over-time to straighten the cross thinking that he was doing the right thing!

The cross had to be bent once again before the Kings could get down to the business at hand. *Philip* has angered *Richard*, (who wants to fight), by inviting *Saladin* in for a palaver. *Richard*, in turn, makes *Philip* squirm by bringing in *Berengaria* and introducing her as the Queen of England. Things are not very harmonious and a break between England and France seems imminent.

It is hard to believe, incidentally, that Loretta is not really *Queen Berengaria* in person. She never studies any lines on the set, yet she always knows them perfectly and speaks them as if they were her own thoughts and not dialogue written for her by Harold Lamb. When I commented on this she admitted that she really was trying to forget that she was Loretta Young and become *Berengaria*. "It's rather trying for Sally and Mother," she said; "but I find that it is better for me—especially in a part such as this which is so far removed from twentieth century thoughts and emotions—if I forget, insofar as possible, that I am myself and try to become the person I am supposed to represent. In this case it is not so hard on my family since the *Berengaria* of this story is sincere, human, and believable. I can see, however, that it might not be wise to follow my formula if, for instance, I were assigned a rôle such as that of Rip van Winkle's shrewish wife!"

Now *Richard* and *Saladin* are engaged in a contest. To impress the Sultan of Islam, *Richard* cuts the steel handle of a Saracen mace in half with a single blow of his sword. *Saladin*, in turn, startles the Christian Kings by throwing a silk scarf in the air and cutting it in half with his scimitar—a very difficult feat.

Wilcoxon, who is by way of becoming an inveterate punster, stands on the side-lines watching as Ian Keith as *Saladin* makes several unsuccessful attempts. Finally Harry can contain himself no longer and calls out: "Ian—it didn't scimitar work that time!"

Then the war is really on!

Thursday, March 21.

The Kings are in a dither! A messenger has just arrived from England bearing the news that *Richard's* brother, *John*, has seized the throne and will marry *Alice of France*. *Richard* ignores *Philip's* threats and stands by *Berengaria*, thus winning the love he had almost lost by giving her that sword treatment!

Being idle, I am told to "stand in" for the unfortunate messenger who tells *Richard* that he is no longer King. As "stand-in" for the messenger I am choked by *Richard's* "stand-in," thrown to the floor and allowed to lie there with legs doubled under me and my head and one shoulder on a step. A long argument then ensues as to whether it would be better to "shoot" from there or from there. Meanwhile, prop men, electricians, actors and even assistant directors walk over me.

Friday, March 22.

Night work on an exterior set is not what you'd call fun! There is a damp chill about a California night that finds its way to one's very bones. To offset the physical discomfort, however, there is a friendliness and comradeship rarely to be found on any

day-time set. The company seems isolated, cut off from the outside world. One must find companionship on the set or not at all.

Tonight we are a handful of Christian soldiers before the walls of Acre. Between the bleak line of our mantlets, (heavy wooden shields on wheels used by attacking forces for protection from enemy arrows when moving up to the walls of a besieged city), and the massive, turretted walls of Acre lies a grim no-man's-land where sudden death from arrow and spear takes grotesque shape—eloquently expressed in the dummies of men and horses.

We who live and who are not being used in the scene at the moment press close to the glowing salamanders for warmth. Tonight I am fortunate in that I am an English guard in red woolen tights, leather jacket and maroon cloak. Some of my unfortunate companions are Saracen archers and naked above the waist.

Tonight *Berengaria* will venture into this silent no man's land seeking death in order to free *Richard* from a marriage which villainous *Conrad of Montferrat* has convinced her stands in the way of the success of the Crusade. She will be wounded and picked up by *Saladin*, who is disguised in Christian armor, and taken to Jerusalem to be cared for. *Saladin* also loves her.

At the moment she is in the act of walking between two mantlets when she is snatched back by an alert guard just as two steel-tipped arrows whip into the shields close to her face. Saracen arrows they were but fired by director DeMille, who is a crack shot, and another expert Bowman. It is a ticklish job that calls for the most exact timing and calm nerve. DeMille has shed his heavy ulster to allow more freedom of movement. A few rehearsals and the scene is completed.

At twelve supper is called and we file through the deserted streets of the lot to the restaurant when we are served fried chicken and as much hot coffee as we can drink. Meals are "on the house" during night work because restaurants are closed and one must eat at the studio.

Back to the set again. *Berengaria* now eludes the anxious guard and wanders alone beneath the walls. A live dummy is needed for the spot where she must fall when hit by an arrow. I am "it."

A few minutes on the ground convince

me that I have never been so cold. Several rehearsals are unsuccessful because the arrow placed in Loretta's shoulder is pulled out by her costume when she falls. Finally that difficulty is overcome. We are ready to shoot. "Don't move—try to hold your breath—you're right in the camera and the slightest movement will register." No sooner does the camera begin to roll than I want to breathe; there's a kink in my neck—I'll have to move; the ground is colder even than before. I am going to shiver—my teeth are going to chatter. When I think I can stand it no longer, that welcome word, "Cut!" puts a temporary end to my suffering.

A few more "takes" and I am allowed to stagger to my feet. A cigarette, a cup of black coffee, and I am almost warm again!

Saturday, April 6.

Today there are hundreds of us on the set. Knights carrying crosses and wearing no arms—many crippled and wounded—soldiers on crutches, squires, monks, nuns—we are all on our way to the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem.

Richard has arranged a truce with *Saladin*. Although *Saladin* still rules Jerusalem, pilgrims to the Holy Place may come and go in peace. All but *Richard*—he may not enter the gates.

This was arranged last week when *Richard* came to *Saladin's* tent to rescue his wife. As a Saracen archer I saw what happened. He found that *Berengaria* had agreed to become *Saladin's* wife in order to save his life. *Saladin* has saved him from treachery at the hands of *Montferrat's* men and now *Berengaria* must keep her promise. With tears in her eyes she begged *Richard* to break his sword and put an end to suffering and pain. They both knew the sacrifice that meant, for *Richard* had vowed that the sword must stand between them as man and wife until he placed it on the Tomb of Christ. Now—he cannot enter the gates. It is a moment of tragedy for *Richard*, but a time of rejoicing for the motley crowd that marches with heads bloodied but unbowed on its way to the Holy Place.

It was noble of *Richard* and *Berengaria* to renounce their love so that we pilgrims might realize our dreams of going in prayer to the Holy Place. But what will happen to them?

Next week we start on the battle scenes—what will happen to us?



Buddy Rogers, back in Hollywood after a long absence, springs a nifty on George Barbier and Barbara Kent in this scene from "Old Man Rhythm."

Do You Bite Your Nails?

Continued from page 23

time. Nothing really makes a lull in his restlessness until his wife says, "Stop acting like a butterfly and light some place!" Then he settles down momentarily, but not for long.

Marion Davies has a nervous habit you'd never, never suspect. She stutters definitely when she gets excited off the screen, though she never hesitates for a moment over a syllable when she is speaking her lines before cameras.

Edward Everett Horton confesses that he has a hair-raisingly nervous time when anyone else is driving a car. The strange part of the matter is that he never has

habit. Jeanette MacDonald twirls one foot around and around and around most of the time. Una Merkel crosses one knee over the other. Then she reverses them. Then she puts them in the original position. That goes on and on. Lee Tracy tosses a half dollar up and down. He got that habit as part of a characterization in a picture called "Private Jones." Fred Keating does the same thing, and is very adept at it.

Margaret Sullavan is one person who relies on speed to relieve taut nerves. Once, so the tale goes, after she had given an interview to a magazine writer, she tore

stance, a cheek, chapped by wind or irritated by shaving, is comforted by the touch of a cool hand. Long after the effect of the weather or the razor has passed, the hand may seek the cheek. The gesture is associated in the subconscious mind with pleasure or relief from discomfort, and so a habit is established.

Dr. Gerdine has noticed that many women and a good many men make a habit of raising the hands to the hair every few minutes, give it a light ineffectual pat, and then repeat the gesture in a few minutes, even if not so much as a single hair has been disarranged.

That gesture, he says, means that the person who employs it was, at some time in the past, not quite sure of his appearance. It might easily be acquired by a woman whose hair comes out of curl on damp days. If wet weather lasts long enough, she is apt to retain the habit in the sunniest of warm weather. The same holds true of those men who smooth their shining locks even though every hair has just been put in place. The gesture probably dates back to boyhood when an arbitrary top-knot refused to stay put, and there is an apprehensive part of the subconscious mind still worrying about it. But that is only half of the story of why we have habits, says Dr. Gerdine.

"The human body is built for activity," he says. "Restlessness is natural for the whole human organism. That is why you will notice that the man who earns his living by hard, physical exertion has, as a rule, far fewer habits than those people who lead sedentary lives or those people of nervous temperaments."

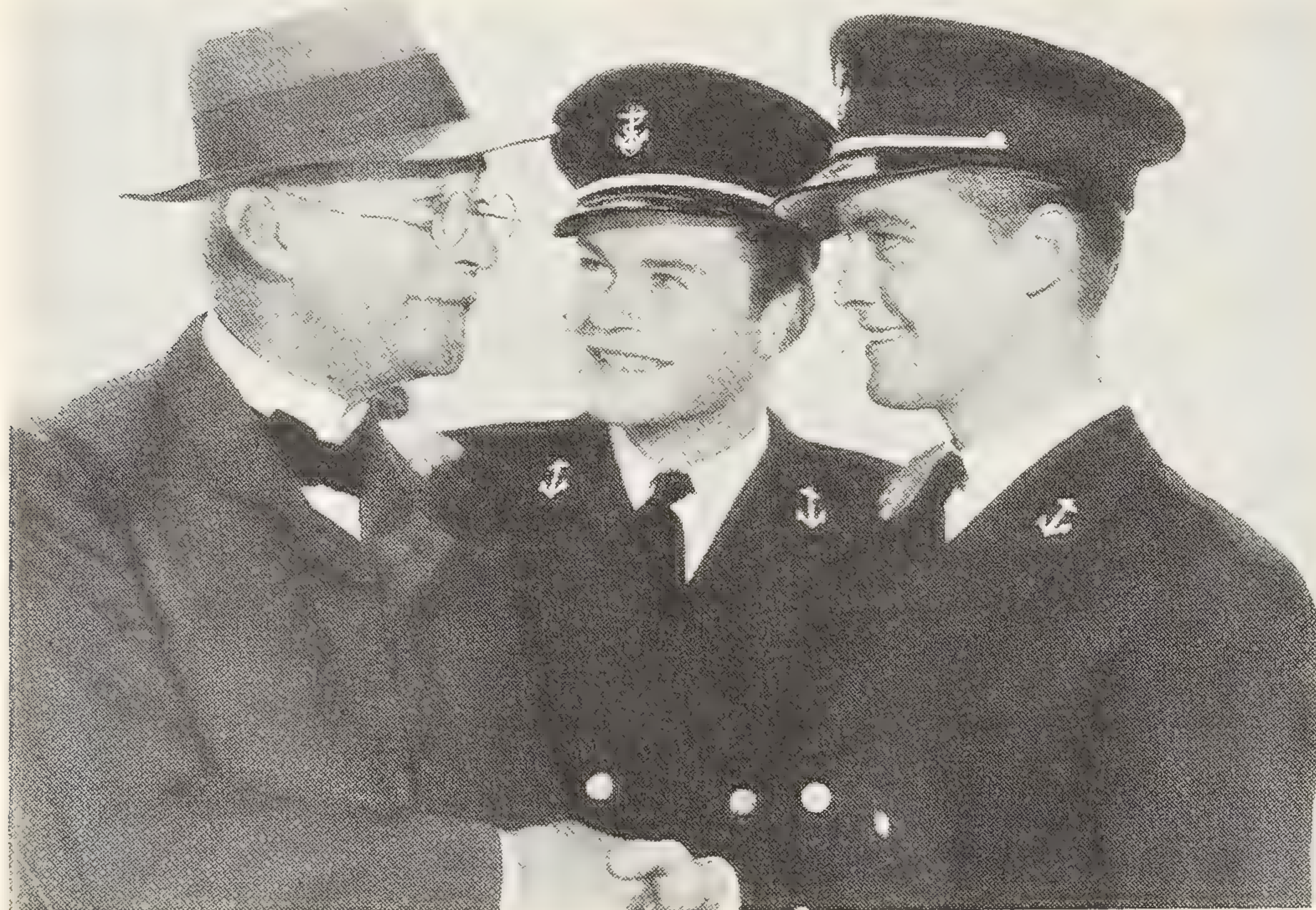
Actors are highly nervous people. You are not apt to see a ditch-digger going into a spontaneous tap-dance, or whittling, or walking up and down during his noon hour. He has expended his physical energies in his morning's labors, and his nerves are not keyed up by the challenge of something new which his work may bring during the afternoon.

"Is there no particular, individual meaning," I asked the doctor, "in the tearing of bits of paper or the clicking of fingernails?"

"None, except that every person on earth is a bundle of habits," he said. "There is no such thing as a completely individual person. Imitation is almost a universal law, and the individuality of the average person is made up during youth by unconscious imitation. Habits may start in any one of a thousand different ways, and it is impossible to classify them exactly. One person may have picked up the habit of waving his hands from one of his parents in early youth. Another person may do the same thing through a desire to reinforce one motor activity by another."

"For example, a person becoming excited during an argument will emphasize what he has to say by vigorous gestures. If he wishes to reinforce his words even more emphatically, he frequently will stand and walk during his argument. It is the old law working. The human body is made for activity, and even the smallest of gestures is a safety valve of a kind, releasing or strengthening energies."

To end all this on an optimistic note, Dr. Gerdine also said that it's a good thing that adults *do* bite pencil tops and pull the lobes of their ears. Otherwise, they would be swinging on trees and standing on their heads and indulging in all the other nerve releases that belong—or should belong—only to childhood.



Sir Guy Standing, as an old sea dog, encourages Midshipmen Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell in the action still above from "Annapolis Farewell."

been in an accident. But he lives in despair the whole time someone else is at the wheel, and wears himself out putting on imaginary brakes from the back seat.

"I take a positively fiendish delight in yelling instructions," he admits. "There is never a quiet moment when I am a passenger. I know it is not done in the best motoring circles, but that's the way it is."

Norma Shearer's habit of putting her hands first on her hips and then on her hair is well-known to all observing fans. An interesting angle to her consciousness of her hands is the fact that her maid always has two bowls of water on the set for her use. They are just ordinary yellow mixing bowls such as are found in every kitchen. One holds soapy water. The other is for rinsing. La Shearer washes her hands innumerable times during the day in them.

Douglass Montgomery flies for his make-up kit the moment he has a little time. His make-up may have been put on five minutes before, but some nervous compulsion drives him back to examine it.

Otto Kruger whittles. He makes the most elaborate little carved castles with rooms and corridors, turrets and battlements complete.

Constance Bennett has the radio going continually in her dressing-room. Irene Dunne used to twist her handkerchief, but "refused to be known as the handkerchief-twisting actress," and cured herself of the

for the airport in a fast car, took a plane for Chicago, and sat for six hours in the waiting-room. Then she took the next plane back, nerves under full control.

Why does Mae West shift her weight from one foot to another? Why does Lionel Barrymore use his hands in that peculiar, blind, batty fashion? Why does Greta Garbo pace up and down, up and down, while the cameras are being made ready?

Why does one person drum with his fingers on a table while he is waiting for a taxi, while another, who may be in the same state of mind and even waiting for the same cab, twist the ring on his finger?

Do those habits reveal secret traits to the eyes of a psychiatrist? Finally, when I was drumming my fingers, swinging my feet, breaking up matches and tearing up paper at such a rate that my family and friends began to avoid me, I sought out Dr. L. van Horn Gerdine, an authority on why people do the things they do.

"You know," he said with a grin, "scratching is a pleasant sensation!"

I stared at him in astonishment. Was the eminent doctor having his little joke?

He elaborated on his theme. Everyone has habits, he says, and not nine people out of ten realize how many unconscious mannerisms they have or what they are.

Many habits have their origin in some momentary discomfort, he says. For in-

It's Not Always Their "Dear" Public

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signed autographs and tried to ignore it. It was like trying to ignore a red flag on a bull. The only thing that made it possible for me to stay was the fact that not a single person about the booth *laughed!* If she did it for a gag, or to embarrass me publicly, it failed so far as the people about the booth were concerned. The real fans were so considerate in not adding ridicule to injury that they alone made it possible for me to remain and "take it."

"Gene's right—there is usually one heckler, at least, in every 'admirer throng,'" corroborated Clark Gable when he was asked about any experiences he might have had in Public *versus* Star. "The point, of course, is to try to ignore him, her, or it, and not lose your temper. That's a lot easier to say than to do, but it is the only way. To answer back, or to become obviously irritated, always amuses your 'admirers,' and the first thing you know, where there was one heckler before there will be a dozen.

"It's the darndest experience in the world to find yourself signing autograph books, beaming your most pleasant smile on the little circle in the foreground, and pretending totally to ignore a loud, brassy voice in the background demanding to know how a funny-looking guy like you ever got on the screen in the first place.

"The funniest, and at the same time, the most embarrassing experience I ever had with a stranger took place in the publicity department right here at the studio. I happened to drop into Kay Mulvey's office one day and a woman interviewer was sitting there chatting. Miss Mulvey introduced us, and the lady started in immediately on how much she always enjoyed my screen rôles, etc., etc., etc.—the same old story. After about ten minutes of this ego-building flattery I bowed myself to the door *but not through it*. That's the catch! The lady's back was turned and she thought I had departed. As it happened I had stopped to light a cigarette.

"Imagine my surprise to hear the same voice that had just flattered me into thinking I should ask for a raise in salary actually snort as she said to Kay: 'My dear, it must be an awful strain to have to sit and flatter these *hams* all day long.' Kay's face was something glorious to behold—you see she was facing the door and she could see me standing there! But before anything could be done, the lady launched into an attack on how very much she particularly disliked *me* on the screen, and how in heaven's name did I get where I was?

"I suppose I could have been the perfect little gentleman and gone on my way. But I just had to poke my head around the corner again! The effect was so swell I couldn't bear to tear myself away. So I just sat down and chatted on for about twenty minutes longer—and believe me, I did all the chatting. My former admirer couldn't seem to get her mouth closed!"

Kay Francis says that the most terrifying thing in the world, next to lapsed contracts and wrinkles, is to be cornered, (*trapped*, really), while waiting for a taxi or for a purchase in a department store, and be recognized by a couple of ladies who proceed to "talk you over."

"You might be deaf, or a statue or something *stuffed*," Kay laughed, helplessly, "for all the attention the ladies pay to what emotions you may be feeling.

"My last experience of this kind took place in front of a restaurant where I was waiting for a cab after lunching with friends.

"One of the women nudged her com-

panion and said: 'There's that tall brunette in pitchers—what's her name?' This, mind you, practically in my ear and right under my nose. The other one replied: 'Kay Francis, and they say she's been married six times.' Then they both agreed the many divorces in the film colony were nothing short of 'awful!' I thought that cab never would come! On and on went the good women about the most personal things in my life. They even made up their minds whether they liked the clothes I was wearing! By the time I found refuge in that taxi I didn't know whether to laugh or cry!"

Jean Harlow is a crowd magnet everywhere she goes, and even shock-proof Agua Caliente is no exception. But on Jean's last visit there she created one of those sensations you just love to forget, thanks to a lady tourist and her salesman husband.

Jean, as usual, was having herself one grand time at the dice table in the Casino. (Incidentally she has the little galloping ivories hypnotized and if you're ever lucky enough to get at a dice table with Jean you're liable to come out with the where-withal for a new hat or suit if you just string along with her. But that's off the subject). The table was jammed not only with players but with admiring fans and onlookers, equally impressed by Jean's platinum hair and her almost uncanny luck.

A very small, timid looking little man standing next to Jean had been "riding with her" and, of course, winning just as she was. In a little while, Jean had had enough of it and was about to cash in her winnings, when the little man turned, pulled out an envelope, and handed Jean a pencil.

"I sure am grateful to you, Miss Harlow, for all this money I've won on your luck—I wonder if you'd autograph this envelope here?"

Jean smiled and reached for the pencil—but she never got it. A very large, angry hand slapped it to the floor and a very large, irate lady wedged herself between Jean and her admirer.

"Don't be giving my husband your telephone number, you Platinum Blonde!" the woman shrieked in the tones of a fishwife. "You leave my husband alone!"

"A fine scene it was," said Jean, shaking

her head. "I was never so embarrassed in my life, and the poor little man almost fainted, he was so humiliated. Everyone in the place was doubled up with mirth, and, of course, the woman had made an awful fool of herself. But even that didn't save my feelings much—my evening was ruined!"

To this day, Mrs. George Temple has not recovered from the shocking event that took place in a local department store just before Christmas when she had taken little Shirley "down town" to see the beautiful tree in the toy department. Of course, lovely little Shirley was immediately recognized and almost stampeded by the avalanche of women who descended on her goo-ing and gurgling. The poor child was bewildered, but she was smiling and trying to be sweet though jostled and pulled and jerked as her mother tried to lead her to safety through the mob. Suddenly Mrs. Temple let out a shriek that was heard over the entire floor—and then some. For one of the women had jerked off Shirley's hat and was clipping off her curls for souvenirs!

"This almost unbelievable happening," explained Mrs. Temple, "has, of course, made it impossible for me ever to take Shirley to see the Christmas trees or the Easter windows or any of those other 'downtown' treats children love so much. It is too bad, because this preposterous thing would probably never happen again in a million years. It is not at all indicative of the feeling I know true fans have for my little girl. The sweet letters they write her and the thoughtful messages they send have proved that point. But still I feel I just can't take the chance of such a terrible thing again!"

Madge Evans, fortunately, is a very even-tempered and amiable young woman, so when she is "heckled" she can always smile and take it, even to the extent of contracting writer's cramp autographing albums. Even her patience was taxed to the limit, though when she was besieged on the boat to England. Her smile wore a little thin before the crowd finally left her.

Fred MacMurray says that if there is any benefit to be derived from a heckler in a crowd, or an unflattering remark, it is in puncturing an inflated Ego!

"I don't mean outrageous things like clipping Shirley Temple's curls," the new rage of Paramount went on to explain. "But sometimes it is pretty good for us to hear an off-note in the chorus of approval. Otherwise we might begin to believe what the press agents wrote about us." He laughed as he remembered a very recent little Waterloo of his own:

Soon after "The Gilded Lily" was released and the reviews started flooding the prints all about what a white hope of the screen Fred was, he invited a young lady to be his guest at the opening of a swanky new café in Hollywood.

As usual the street was jammed, and Fred's taxi was making very poor time through the crowd that had gathered to see the celebs. A couple of young girls had broken the police lines and were running from car to car, peering in, commenting enthusiastically on Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and other occupants of motors in front of Fred. Finally they got to his car. They poked in their heads:

"Oh, come on," one of them yelled to the other. "This is *nobody!*"

"Which was certainly a darn honest reaction!" chuckled Fred.

There's certainly one thing about it—if the public isn't always *dear*, it's certainly never dull!



Notable newcomer to Hollywood!
Warren Hull, stage and radio star,
recently signed by Warners.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 61

EVEN Hollywood mothers have to discipline their noted off-spring occasionally. Anita Louise's mama called in Tom Brown's mater to assist her. It seems that when Mrs. Fremault arrived home at eleven one evening Anita had stepped out without leaving word as to where and as to when she'd be back. The maid, though, reported that Anita had put on her best duds and gone out with Tommy. Instead of "waiting up" officially, Mrs. Fremault and Mrs. Brown tucked themselves in and never let on when Tom brought Anita home.

Early next morning the two mothers crept out. No messages were left. As the day passed Anita and Tom began worrying and both were frantic when the parental prodigals finally popped in after midnight.

EVIDENTLY Garbo has much more respect for the European gentlemen of the press. She has been speaking to them, and graciously. The Hollywood reporters are left holding the bag—as usual. All they have discovered is that when she comes back she'll function under another tremendous salary.

STELLAR vacations occur whenever film schedules permit. A few of the players have managed to do some extensive summer traveling, however. Robert Montgomery is doing Europe—and do you suppose he'll drop in on Greta? Mae West has gone to sea—maybe she's giving the sailing lads the eagle eye for her next epic! And Shirley Temple is enjoying a whole month's frolic at a Southern California mountain camp.

EVIDENTLY all actresses are kiddies behind the make-up. Joan Blondell's electric train splurge is the latest indication. She has spent a small fortune installing a "gorgeous" railroad in the basement of her home. It's supposedly for the baby, but can a year-old tot get the most out of all those pushbuttons? And just to make the scene more complete Joan has been personally manufacturing little figurines to park at logical spots. She uses clay for some, cloth and stuffing for others.



Fellow baseball fans and film players talk it over! Joe E. Brown and June Travis, née Grabiner, whose father is a baseball magnate, and who makes her début in "Alibi Ike." June adopted the name Joe suggested as her *nom de screen*.

IF A movie star sailed on anything except the Normandie these days that would be news! Kay Francis, Richard Dix and others have been passengers. Anyway, the latest member of our little Hollywood colony to make the Normandie was Edward Everett Horton, who finished his part in "The Little Big Shot" one afternoon and the next afternoon was panting breathlessly up the gangplank of the latest sea snob on his way to make a picture in England. By the way, Jack Kirkland's description of the Normandie to his Hollywood pals is about the best I've heard. Says Jack, "It's the first time an M-G-M set ever went to sea."

QUITE an odd co-incidence about "The Broadway Melody of 1935." Eleanor Powell, the dancing lead, was playing second fiddle to Anita Page, sensation of the original "Broadway Melody," only eighteen months ago. When Anita left Metro she toured the Eastern picture palaces, and Eleanor was in her act.

The vivacious Anita, meanwhile, is again creating a stir in the movie colony. Her golden blonde beauty is causing havoc in male hearts as of yore. For a year Anita forgot all about Hollywood. Now, her interest in Nacio Herb Brown chalked up as a mistake, she is resuming screen work. Twenty-three is too young to retire.

Stepping the Astaire Way to Film Fame

Continued from page 29

couldn't help stealing a glance at them now and then, marveling to see how much they looked like anyone else's legs.

"I had two good reasons for doubt. One was my face," he remarked equably, "which didn't matter so much on the stage, where they don't feature close-ups. The other was my dancing."

My brows went up in bewilderment. "I expected to give that up when I went to the screen, and go in for comedy." I was beginning to wonder what kind of gag this was, but I held my peace. "And I couldn't help feeling," he concluded, "that it might be a case of Hamlet without the ghost."

But this was too much, and I babbled for explanations. "It's perfectly simple," he shrugged. "I just didn't think they'd care for much dancing in the movies."

"We'll do about one number, maybe, in a picture," he suggested to the studio when he first signed for films. "People won't stand for more than that."

And diverting though this may sound

today, it was sober seriousness then. Astaire was scheduled to enter the movies as a light comedian, with a little incidental dancing on the side—if people could be persuaded to stand for it.

The offer came at a time when change was in the air for the dancing Astaires. Fred's sister Adele, with whom his career was inseparably linked, had retired from the stage to become Lady Charles Cavendish, thus marking finis to a brilliant team or partnership. "Do me a favor," begged Mr. Astaire, "and don't call it a team. Sounds like a couple of horses."

One chapter ended, he was eager to launch the next. "I made up my mind," he said with a touch of grimness, "that I would do something alone, before anyone had a chance to start wondering what 'the poor chap was going to do all by himself.'"

The stage show, "The Gay Divorce," presented itself opportunely. It was different in type from anything he'd done with his sister, different in his own part, differ-

ent in the part of the girl to be played by Claire Luce. It seemed the right vehicle for a solo flight and, hardly waiting to catch his breath, he took off.

I was in New York when the show opened. I remember the reviews—for the play; so-so; for the star: hats flung in the air. If anyone *had* been wondering what "the poor chap was going to do by himself," his mind was set at rest that night. The poor chap was going to do all right by himself.

So was the play, for that matter. Despite the misgivings of the critics, it ran for ten months. It crossed the sea with Astaire, and together they captured London as he and Adele had captured it years before. They were destined—he and the play—to a still more dazzling partnership. It was during the New York run that Astaire was asked by an RKO scout to make a screen test.

Skeptically he agreed. Having seen the test he was no longer skeptical. He knew.

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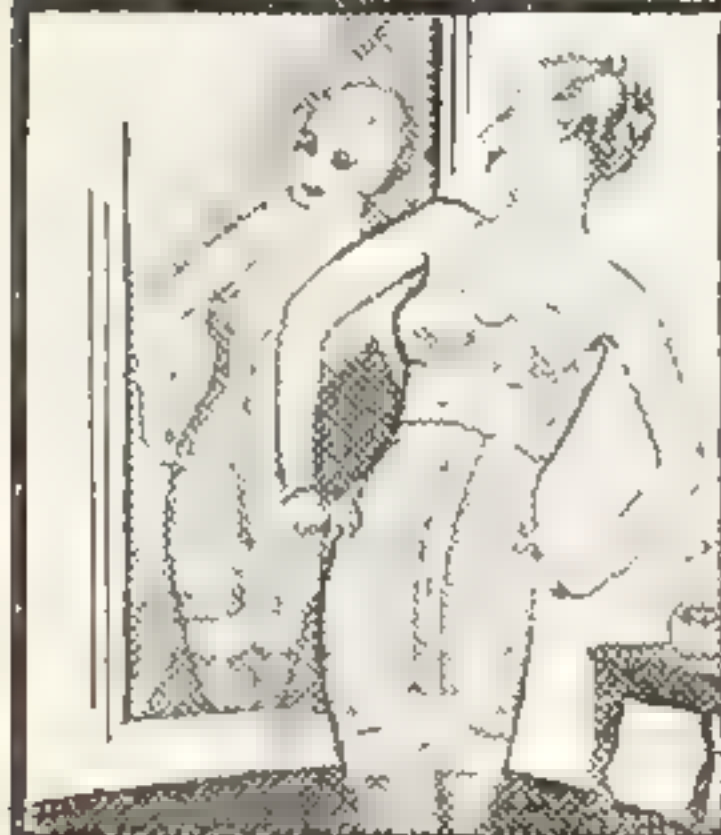


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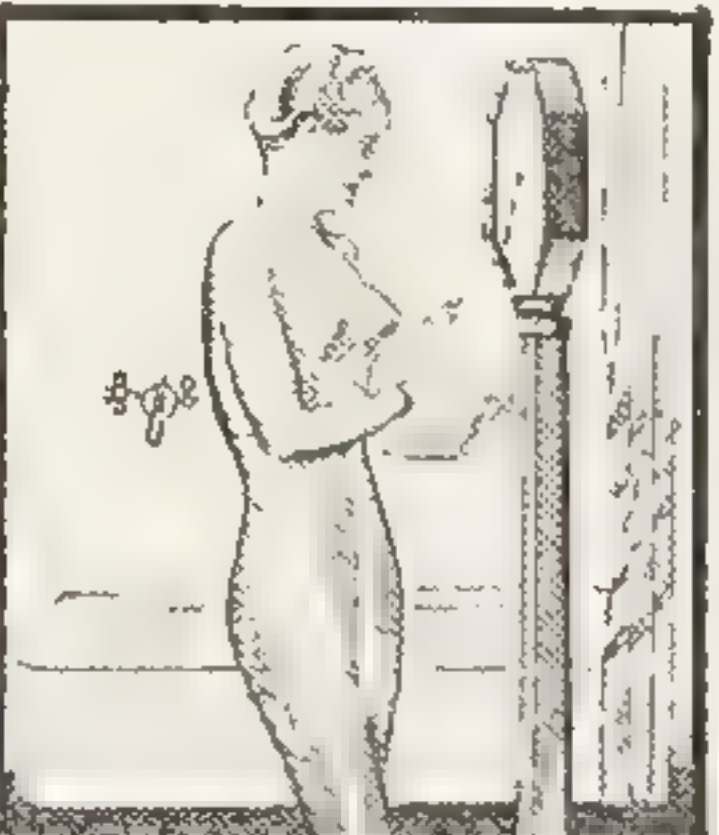
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Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

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If you don't think two amusing chaps like Edward Everett Horton and Fred Astaire can get hard boiled, look at this scene from "Top Hat."

"I took one good look," he told me, "and said goodbye to my movie career."

But he reckoned without his host. As it turned out, he was due for a closer acquaintanceship. Instead of the heavy silence he'd been expecting, a bid arrived. RKO wanted him for "Flying Down to Rio."

He had three months between the end of his New York and the beginning of his London engagement. He arrived in Hollywood without any ballyhoo, and made his first picture with less. "I wanted to sneak in on gumshoes," he explained. "Then if I made good, I'd know it was because the public liked what I was doing. If not, I could just sneak out again. I didn't want to be advertised, and then maybe turn out a big, noisy failure. If I was going to be a failure, I preferred being a quiet one."

Strictly speaking, "Flying Down to Rio" was not his first picture. Production on that film was held up and, while he waited, M-G-M asked him to do some numbers with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady."

"I jumped at the chance," he said, "first, because I thought it would be fun to work with Joan; and second, because I knew it would be to my advantage to get myself in front of a film before doing what was to be—for me—a more important picture at RKO. And I'd like to go on record as saying that my experience at Metro was one of the most enjoyable I ever had. I've heard it rumored that they had me and let me go. That's not the case. Metro never had me except on loan. I signed with RKO, and Metro was kind enough to ask me to dance with Joan Crawford at a time when I didn't mean a thing to the movie public. I've heard it rumored too that I wasn't treated right over there, that they cut out some of my numbers and so on. Which—" he repeated quietly, but with biting emphasis, "is also not the case. The studio wanted me to do a second number, but I didn't have time. Miss Crawford went out of her way to help me. And having Clark Gable introduce me on the screen was the best break they could have given me. There were millions of fans who didn't know me from Adam till Gable said to Joan: 'There's Fred Astaire over there. Would you like to run through that number with him?' And I couldn't help hoping," he smiled, his momentary annoyance forgotten, "that if they thought Clark Gable considered me worth a look, maybe they would too."

Apparently they did. Because even his brief appearance in "Dancing Lady" brought

letters, begging for more. It was "Flying Down to Rio," however, that precipitated the deluge. Though if he'd had his way about it, you'd never have seen Astaire in that picture. "Please let me go home," he pleaded with producer Pandro Berman after seeing the first day's rushes. "Please put somebody else in, and let me go home."

But Pan Berman's experience with jittery newcomers was large and understanding. "Listen," he said with reassuring serenity, "you do the dancing and I'll do the worrying—as soon as there's something to worry about."

And don't think for a moment there was anything but the most passionate sincerity in Astaire's plea. Try meeting yourself in the movies for the first time, and see what it does to you. Though you're an Adonis for looks and a Narcissus for self-admiration, I'll wager you'll squirm. "Even today," says Astaire, "I see the rushes and get sick. My feet look big and my pants look short, and I sit there wondering how I ever managed to get myself into a position that only a mother could love."

Working under pressure and working till the last minute, he had literally to fly to New York for the steamer that would get him to London in time for rehearsals with the British company of his stage show, "The Gay Divorce." He left in a fatalistic mood, dissatisfied with the job he'd done, discounting the enthusiasm of others, but—all that lay behind him. Ahead of him was London and "The Gay Divorce." He'd had his fling at the movies, he'd done his best in the brief time given him. The rest was on the knees of the gods.

"The Gay Divorce" was a smash stage hit in London. The motion picture, "Flying Down to Rio," was a smash hit here. The picture was held three weeks at Radio City, *Carioca* swept the country, RKO's mailbags were stuffed with letters divided between rapture and protest. They cried: "Lord, what a dancer!" and they cried: "Why in heaven's name don't you give him more dancing to do?"

When these stories reached the ears of Astaire, he flatly refused at first to believe them. Convinced at last, he opened his eyes in amazement. "Gosh," he said to himself, "if they like that dance, what'll they say if I really do some decent dancing on the screen?"

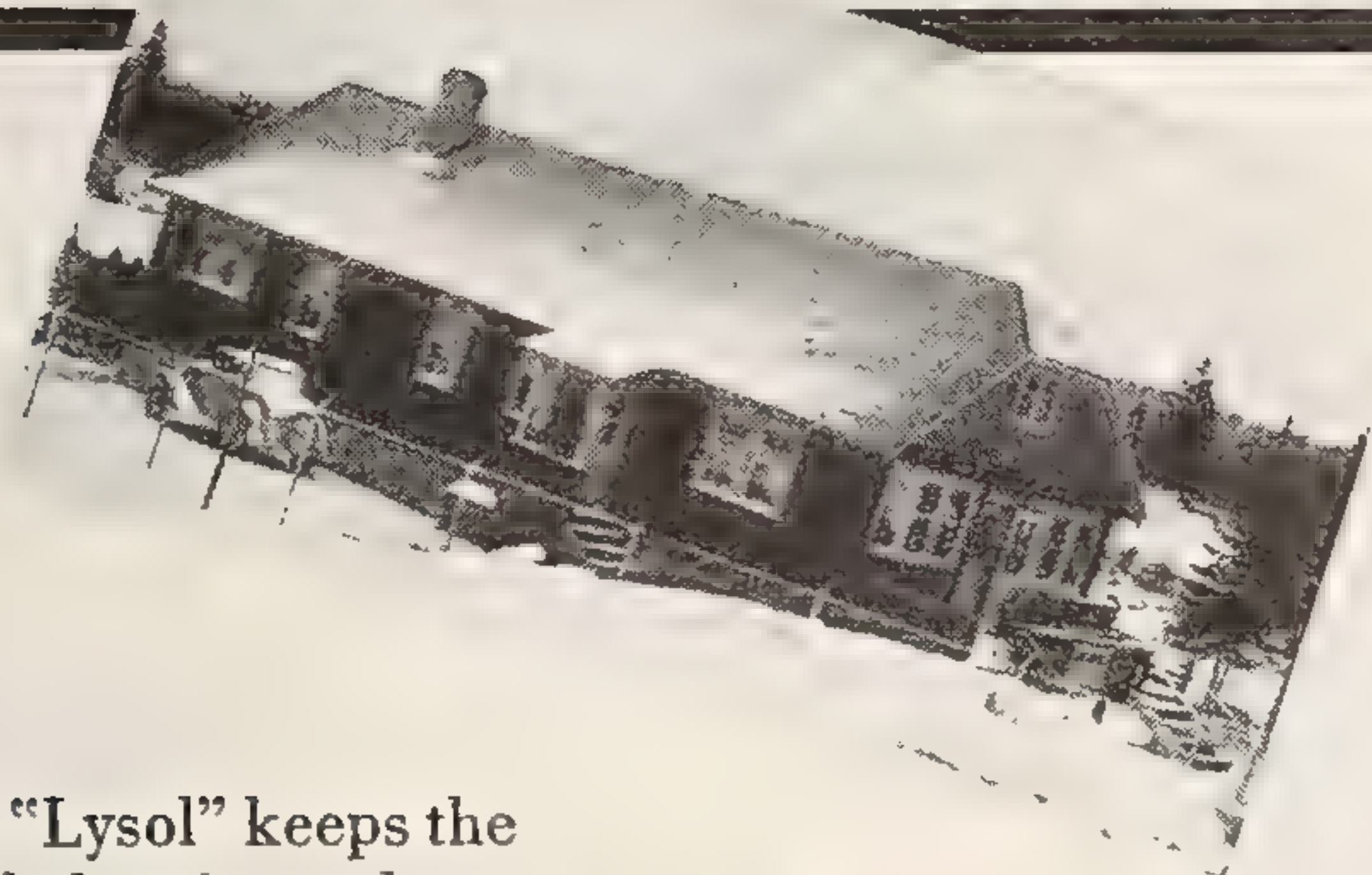
"Because," he explained to me, "I honestly thought the *Carioca* dance was awful. I'd done it in such a hurry, and I felt rotten about not having done better by that very grand tune."

Five..."Going on Two"

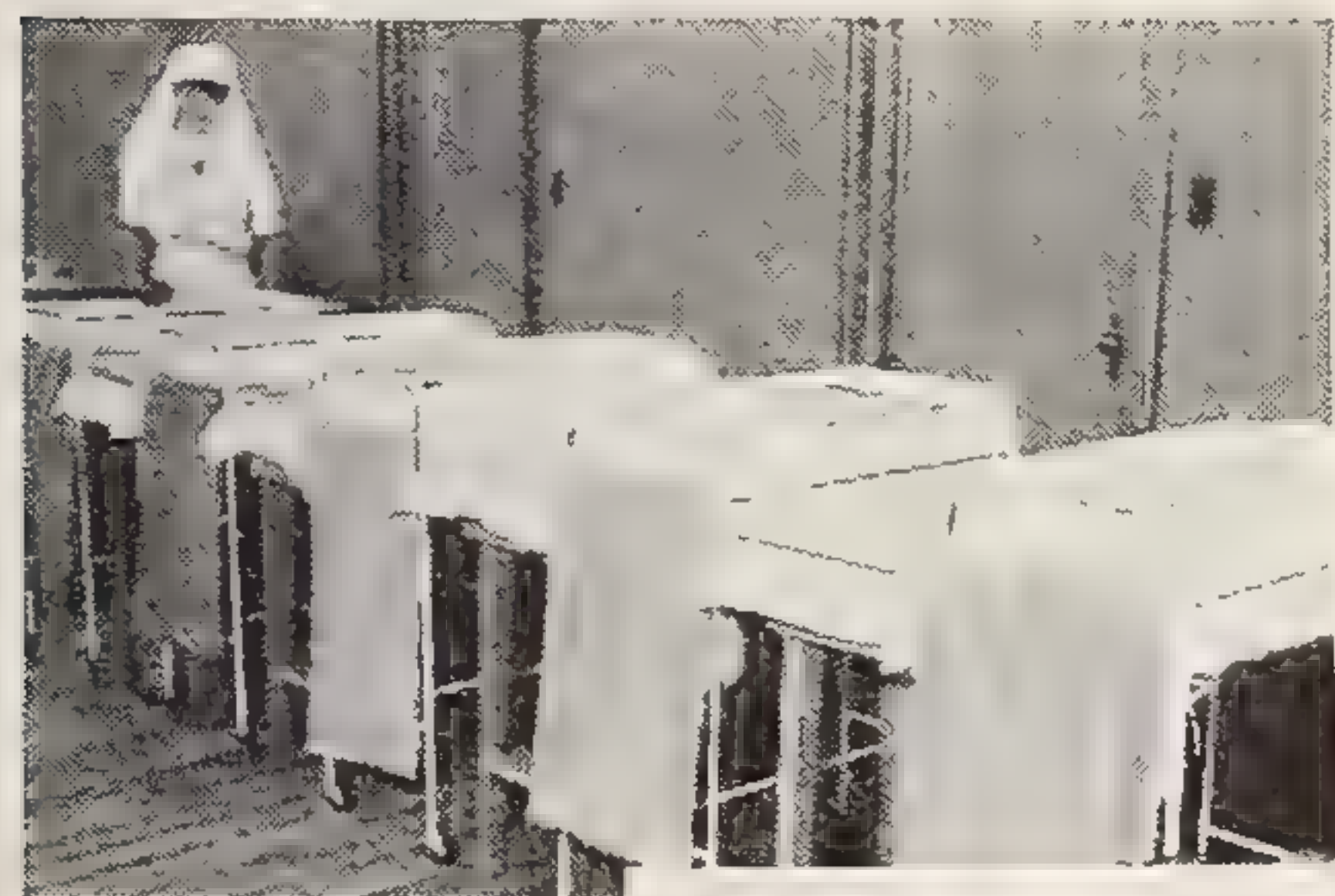
The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely past that perilous first year



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(Below) "Lysol" keeps the babies' belongings clean.



(Above) The Dafoe Hospital for Dionne quintuplets. "Lysol" is the only disinfectant used to keep it clean.

(At Right) The simple birth-place near Calander, Ont., where the babies lived, kept hospital-clean with "Lysol", while Dafoe Hospital was being built.



NEW! Lysol Hygienic Soap for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant properties of "Lysol". Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.



Since the day of their birth, **"LYSOL"** has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the constant dangers of infection

THE very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May, 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit, and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in many thousands of childbirth operations all over the world. For the danger of infection is high in childbirth, and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect mother and child from infection.

Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world, "Lysol" has had—and still has—a most vital part.

Since the day the quintuplets were born, "Lysol" has helped to guard them from infection. Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, and the interior of the snug, little Dafoe Hospital, have been kept clean with this effective, economical germicide.

Are YOU giving YOUR baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen where food is prepared...to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.?

The scientific care given the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Directions for all the correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

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Lysol
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As you know, Astaire is no mere dancer of other people's steps. He has taken no lessons from anyone since he was eight, and his dances are the original product of his own brain and imagination—creative artistry as surely as that of the painter's brush or the writer's pen. And "feeling rotten," "suffering like hell" is the penalty he—like every honest creator—must pay, who struggles and agonizes toward some ideal perfection impossible of achievement on this imperfect earth. The world's approval is gratifying. But what he strives for is the approval of that far more exacting inward monitor which is never satisfied.

Not that he'd use such high-sounding words about his work. But the point is the same.

"When I hear a tune," he said, "I sort

of get an idea how I'd like to see it danced, and then play around with it. Fitting the dance into the story is the hardest job of all—getting in and out without giving the effect of a sore thumb, without practically saying to the audience: 'Well, here's where we'll stick in a dance and here's where we'll stop.' The next hardest thing, of course, is the idea itself. Usually there's only one right way to do a dance. You could have danced *Night and Day*, for example, a dozen different ways, but there's still only one right way. And even though I find what seems to me the right way, I've never yet completely satisfied myself. I see the rushes once and I think: 'Yes, it's all right.' I see them a second time and I think: 'It's a false alarm.' I can't see anything but the flaws. I've never yet done a picture without going to the studio heads

and begging them to retake at least one of the dance scenes."

The answer to which request is invariably an explosive. "You're crazy. It's swell."

And that too is the answer of millions—who needed no persuasion to sit through Fred Astaire's dancing, but recognized a master when they saw one. As a comedian, he makes them feel good—they like him. As a dancer, he does more. The moment he begins to dance, he's no longer simply Fred Astaire, but Fred Astaire plus a gift that sets him apart. His flair may be for comedy, not romance. But if romance means the power to stir people's hearts, quicken their pulses, fire their imaginations through some form of beauty, then Fred Astaire, dancing, is one of the most romantic figures in the world.

There's No Girl We'd Rather Sock

Continued from page 31

are between pictures, since they travel in different social circles. Each has his own group of friends. But when they are back together in a picture, it is like a friendly reunion.

The same holds true with Wally. Like always calls to like. Wally, Clark, and Jean are real people and they understand and enjoy each other's company. Wally is really a senior edition of Clark. A man's man in every sense of the word, but entirely lovable and understanding. His attitude towards Jean is distinctly paternal. And he approves of her both as a girl and as an actress. Wally is slower-moving and thinking than Clark, but he shares the same likes and dislikes. He hates crowds and likes nothing better than hunting. He and Clark sometimes hunt together. Their main point of difference is in their ideas about transportation. Clark prefers a high-powered car and an open road, whereas Wally chooses the sky and a good plane.

Wally was a sort of godfather to both Clark and Jean in "The Secret Six," the first picture in which the three appeared together. This was the first important picture for M-G-M for both Clark and Jean and marked the real beginning of their screen careers. Jean had won fame for her rôle in "Hell's Angels" but it was her work in this first picture with Clark and Wally that stamped her as an actress.

In the beginning, she was shy and self-conscious from the fan reaction she had received from "Hell's Angels." She wanted a chance to prove that she could act, as well as look seductive. A target for writers looking for sensational angles to their stories, she was casting about to find her true bearings in the whirlpool of Hollywood. Wally and Clark were good for her at this time. They helped to encourage and strengthen her belief in herself.

Clark was in the same boat at the time. Over-night, he had become a sensation in much the same way Jean had. He wasn't fooled by the adulation and attention. He had known the other side of the story before fame came to him. But he wanted to keep his chance safe; to make the most of his new opportunity. He respected Wally's larger experience and knowledge and listened to his pithy advice.

It cannot be denied that Wally had a lot to do with the firm planting of Clark's feet in the way that he has gone. A way that has steered him from the mistakes and weaknesses that are common to those who win fame on the screen; and which, too



Everett Marshall, famous baritone of radio and stage, is soon to make his bow on the screen.

often, has spelled "exit," the saddest word in the Hollywood dictionary. Clark says he owes a lot of his good fortune to luck and perhaps he does. No one can deny he has been lucky. He has stood the acid test of four years of fame. He has gone steadily on and up, without deviating in any way from his path. He has won and held the top spot on the screen. Married to charming Rhea Langham, he has managed to keep his marriage safe. To date, there apparently has not been a single fly in his ointment.

By comparison, Wally has been notoriously unlucky in every way. But he has taken it on the chin. He has come back again and again from the bottom, where fate has recurrently tossed him. Investments have turned out badly. Banks in which he had his holdings have failed. His wife's life was despaired of, until recently. His plane crashed and his house burned several years ago. But Wally has stood by his guns, uncomplainingly, and has gone on again.

Jean, too, has had her share of trouble. One of the kindest, realist girls in the

whole colony, her every move has been questioned and criticized. It was during the making of "Red Dust" that Paul Bern's tragic death occurred. It was then that she displayed the courage that makes her screen rôles convincing. She insisted on going back to work two days after the sad occurrence. She knew that she was laying herself open to criticism by doing so, but she knew also that there were many extras being kept from needed work by the lay-off. She knew that work would help her to get hold of herself. She knew, moreover, that she had a stanch friend in Clark, who would help her carry on. There have never been words between them about it, but Clark still applauds what she did then.

"She is a darned good sport!" he says often, and feelingly. And, in his language, it is the highest compliment he can possibly give her.

When the hardest scene she has ever made was finished—the one in which Wally manhandles her in "China Seas"—Jean walked off the set without complaining. But from the look in his eyes, I know that Clark didn't approve of the punishment meted out to his little screen pal.

It doesn't seem quite right that such a mite of a girl should be knocked around to provide a thrill for the screen. A thrill that goes around the world and back before it is lost.

For when Clark and Wally sock Jean, every woman in the audience gets a vicarious thrill from that sock. For the moment, they are on the receiving end of the rough, tough hero's attention. Between-the-sexes clouts in pictures have a definite audience reaction. That is why they are there. Women thrill to the atavistic power demonstrated before their eyes. Without analyzing their reactions, they are carried back a few million years to the days when they lived in their prehistoric ancestors; when the mothers of men were dragged off by the hair of their heads.

Civilization is such a new thing, when those million of undated years are considered. Beneath our veneer of culture lie all of those old racial instincts of cruelty, might, and power. That is why, deep in the heart of every woman, there is a yearning to be dominated. To be made to do things against her will.

And that is why beautiful girls like Jean must stand up bravely and let big, burly men like Wally, and strong, willful heroes like Clark, manhandle them for the benefit of camera.

THESE THREE
Secrets
CAN MAKE YOU
Beautiful



Photographs by Eugene Richee
Paramount

AT HIS famous Hollywood studio, Max Factor was advising the lovely Loretta Young recently on make-up. In the outer lounge, women waited...famous screen stars, beauty editors...eager for a word with the make-up genius who has brought beauty to thousands.

"I wish all women could know," said Max Factor, as he completed his selection of make-up for Loretta Young, "that the secret of beauty lies in color harmony, and that there are three simple things any woman can do that will make her lovely. To begin with, a woman should look upon her face as an artist does a canvas. She must create a portrait so exquisite, that everyone who sees her will say, 'Isn't she beautiful!'"

"First she must make her skin alluringly radiant by using powder in a color harmony shade that will accent the individual beauty of her type. After that she must add a delicate glow to her cheeks with color harmony rouge, and for the lips a third color harmony shade. It is the combined effect of these three things that can make a face beautiful."

There is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being. Leading stores everywhere have Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony shades for every type. Would you like to have the famous Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like a helpful illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" Just mail the coupon below and all of these will be sent to you.



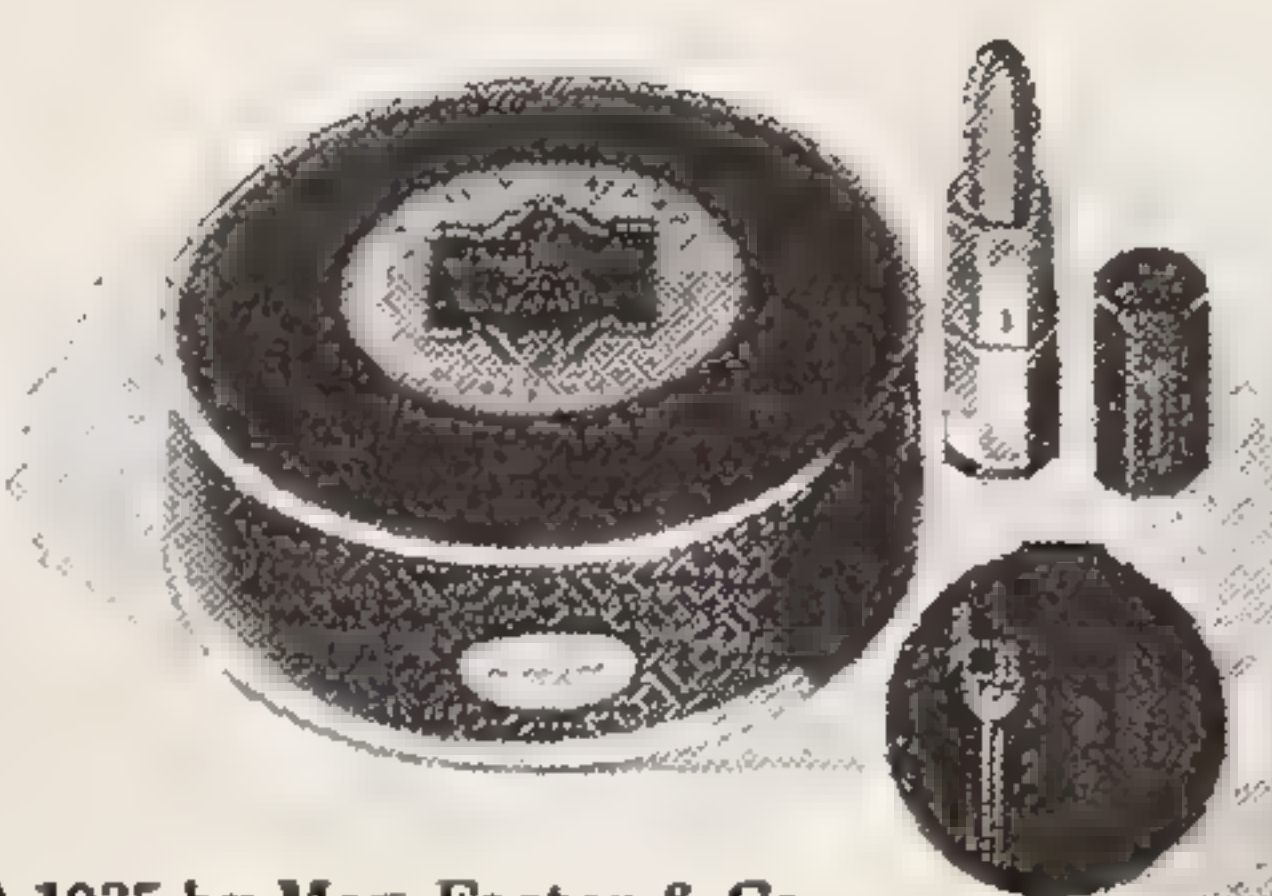
Loretta Young
in Paramount's
"THE CRUSADES"
a Cecil B. De Mille
Production

Max Factor Make-Up
used exclusively.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

YOU will find Max Factor products at your favorite store. A large box of Max Factor's Face Powder is only one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Use Max Factor's Make-Up and discover what the loveliest women in the world already know.



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MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.
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Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	

STARS of the Entertainment World



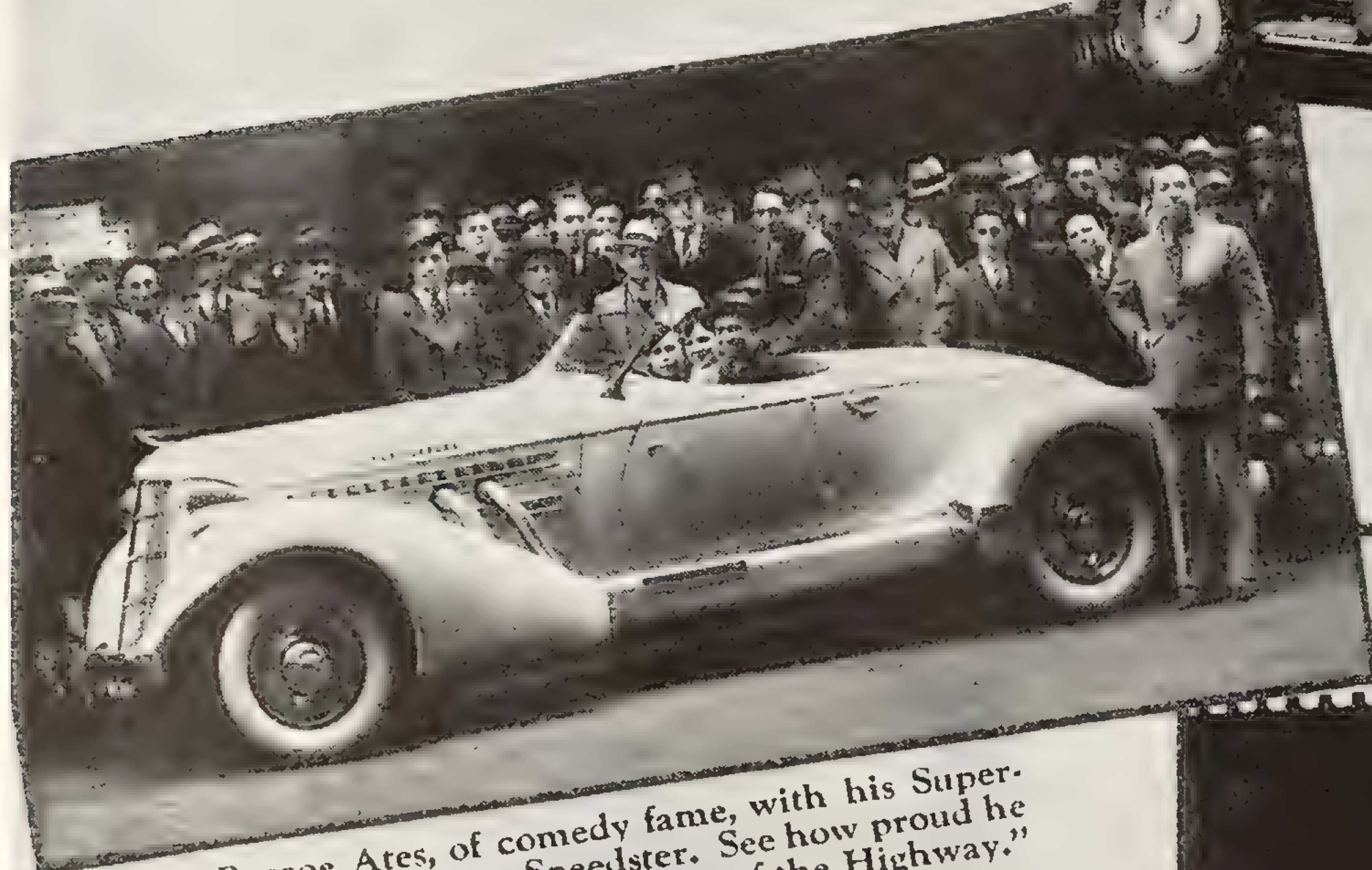
Buck Jones, goes "modern" when he chooses his motor car. So it's an Auburn 851 Phaeton Sedan.

Stars are naturally critical in their tastes. The requirement put on them is so great that they become accustomed to demand the highest standards in everything. So it is significant that in choosing their personal cars, an increasing number of stars in all professions, are buying Auburns.

THESE CELEBRITIES of the Screen, Stage and Radio own 1935 Auburns.



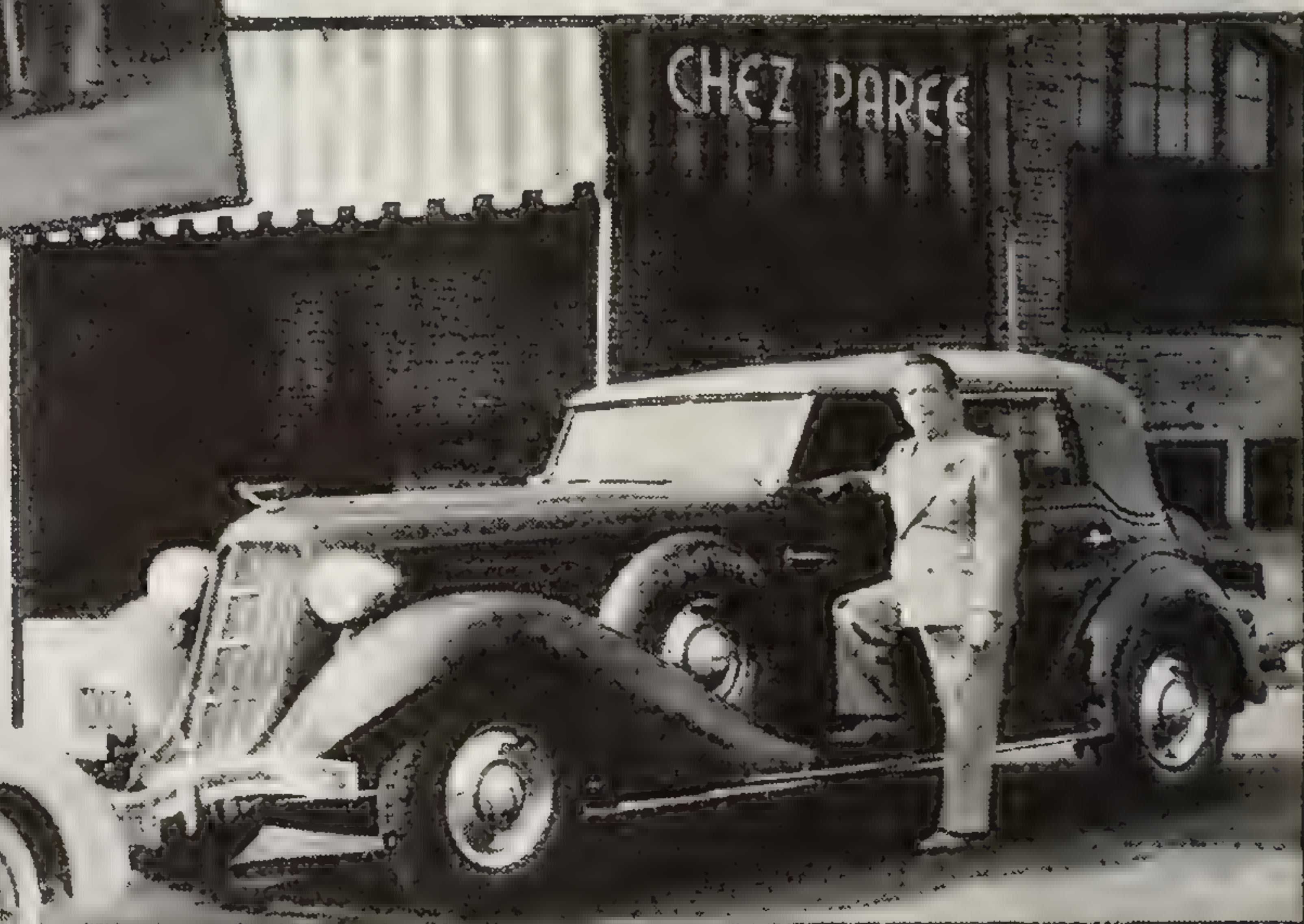
Ole Olsen, comedian, picks an Auburn Straight Eight Phaeton Sedan to "Go Places." It's an open or closed car, as he prefers.



Roscoe Ates, of comedy fame, with his Super-Charged Auburn Speedster. See how proud he is that he bought "The King of the Highway."



Authoress Viña Delmar bought America's most modern and swanky automobile—the 150 H.P. Super-Charged Auburn Speedster.



Henry Busse, band leader, is as particular about the car he drives as about his musical arrangements. He bought an Auburn Phaeton Sedan.

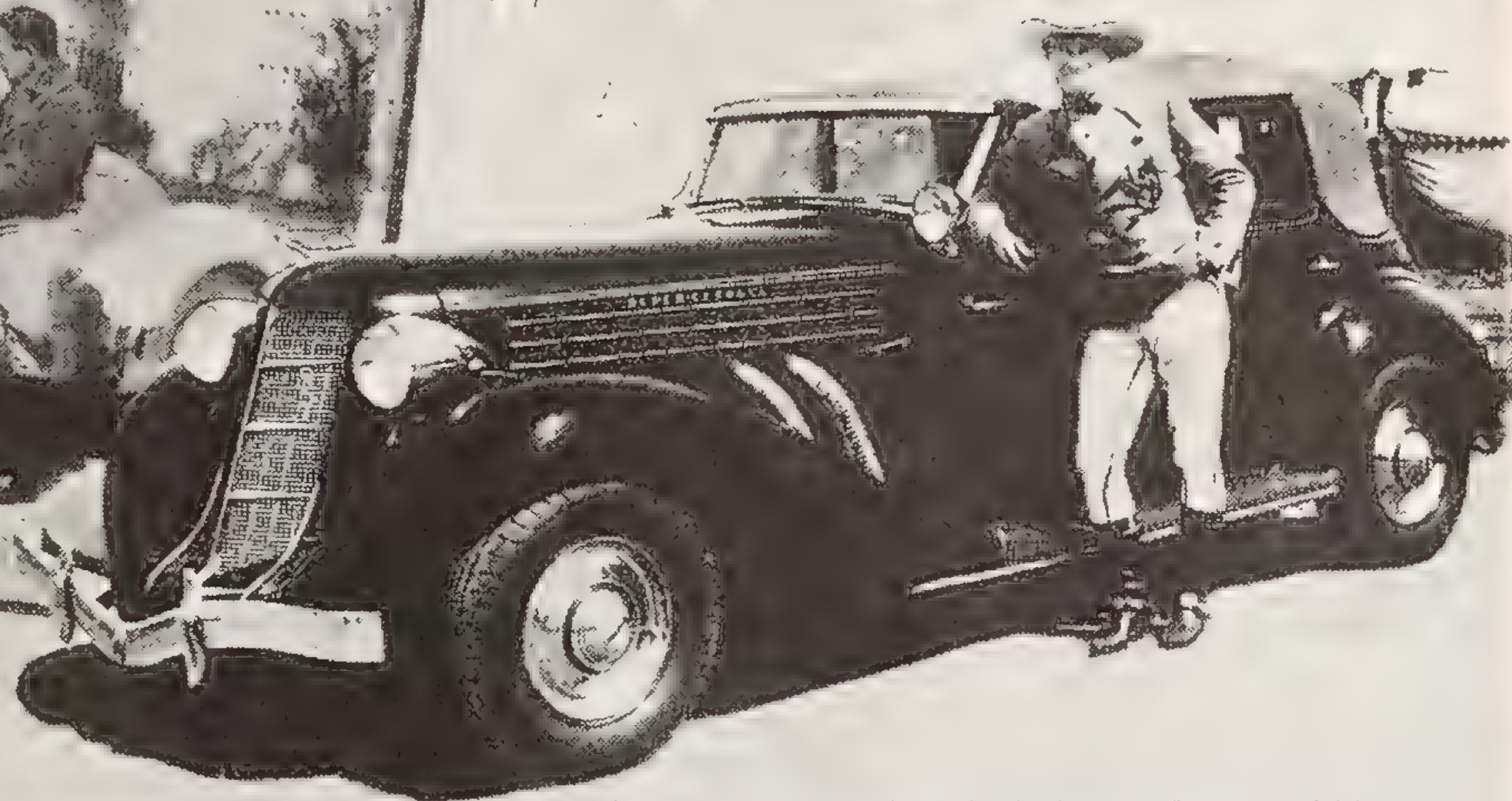
Each person in every walk of life, can find an Auburn that exactly meets his or her individual requirements.

A CAR FOR EVERYONE

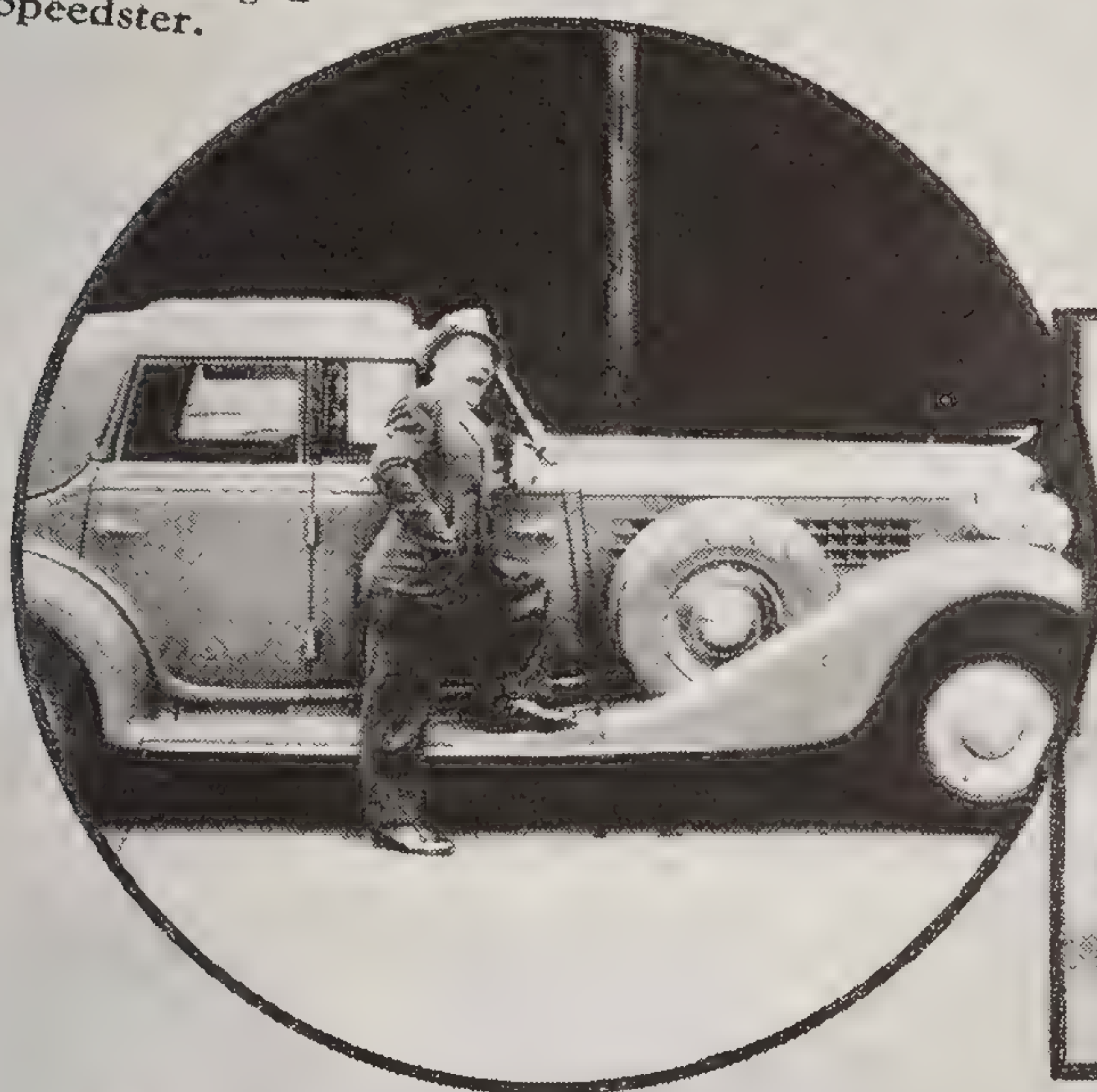
Put their Seal of Approval on AUBURN



Mary Astor, Hollywood star, bought two Auburns, a 5-passenger Phaeton Sedan and 150 H.P. Super-Charged Speedster.



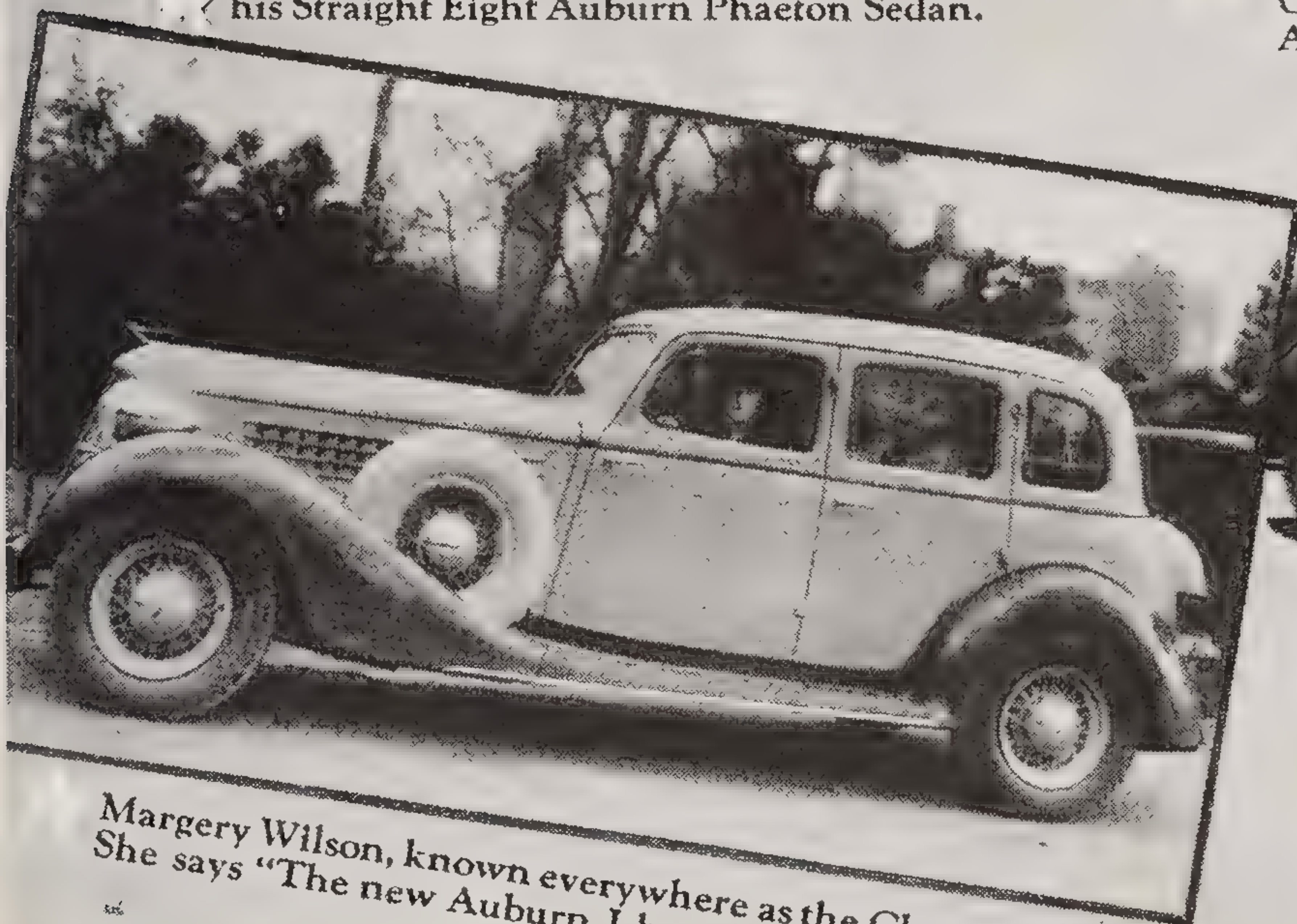
Tom Mix gives "Tony" the go-by to ride in his Straight Eight 150 H.P. Super-Charged Auburn Phaeton Sedan, that is merely "loafing" at "60."



Chic Johnson of Olsen and Johnson with his Straight Eight Auburn Phaeton Sedan.



This is Richard Bonelli, famous Metropolitan Opera baritone. Nothing but a Super-Charged Auburn would satisfy Mr. Bonelli's critical taste.



Margery Wilson, known everywhere as the Charm Lady. She says "The new Auburn I have bought is a delight."



Gene Austin, one of the original crooners, is shown with his roomy 851 Auburn Sedan that will comfortably seat six.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
AUBURN, IND.

The Best Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 19

pitcher stars take to the House of Fun, like ants to a picnic. If you know your Fun Houses, and I hope you do, you know that upon entering one you have to run the gamut of collapsing steps, bridges that roll, and tumbling barrels—not to mention those sudden gusts of wind which quite unexpectedly blow your skirts, hats, and everything sky-high. Practically everybody had sense enough to wear slacks to the brawl—(Dietrich wore shorts)—but a few old die-hards came in skirts and my, my did the snoopers have fun.

Well, once inside we were greeted by all kinds of slides, roller coasters, revolving barrels, and the "Social Mixer" which is a contraption that whirls around and around until all on board are whirled into space, hopelessly entwined. The first time I went on it it took me several minutes to find out whether that bruised and battered-looking thing was my arm, or Dietrich's, or Cary Grant's; but a little thing like a ripped elbow didn't discourage me, I practically lived on the Social Mixer for the rest of the evening and met the most charming people standing on their heads I have met in years. In one of my social whirls I found myself hopelessly entangled with Claudette Colbert, Randy Scott, Billy Haines, Marlene Dietrich, Warner Baxter, Joby Arlen, Charlie Butterworth and Dick Barthelmess, and I'm telling you Claudette's elbows are like knives when they dig into your ribs, and the Baxter hoof is something none too dainty when implanted in the cheek.

The stars who escaped broken vertebrae and sprained ankles on the Social Mixer got plenty of blisters on the you-know-whats sliding down the horrible slides with the awful bumps in them. And poor Marlene had on shorts and didn't have her legs protected, and you just ought to see them now! That'll "larn" her to go to a party in shorts. I didn't venture into the revolving barrel but it was some fun watching Marlene go through, (that gal didn't miss a thing, sore legs or not), as the boy who was operating the thing was having



Wide World

Carole Lombard, hostess of the "House of Fun" party, with Randolph Scott and Henry Fonda.

the thrill of his life. Every time Marlene would fall down, and it was every other second, in he would dash, pick her up with the most ecstatic expression on his face, and put her on her feet—and I am sure that when he is an old man he'll tell his grandchildren, "I'll never forget that night at Venice I held Marlene Dietrich in my arms. . . ."

There were quite a few producers and directors present, including Walter Wanger, George Cukor, Wes Ruggles, Walter Lang, David Selznick, and Pan Berman; but they didn't go in much for the "entertainment." They just sort of stood on the sidelines and "burned." As I heard Walter Wanger remark, and quite truthfully, too, "If I had asked Claudette Colbert and Marlene Dietrich to come down that slide or be tossed off that whirling gadget they would have demanded fifty thousand dollar bonus and four doubles, or would have walked out of the picture. And look at them now!" I looked, and there was la Colbert barely taking time to extract a splinter from her whatsit before jumping on the roller coaster; and there was la Dietrich diving again into that awful barrel utterly oblivious to her blistered legs. No wonder the directors and producers were kinda sulky.

Carole was so busy being a marvelous hostess that she didn't have any fun until along about three o'clock when most of the guests had taken their bruised and battered bodies home to bed. Then Carole and Sally Eilers and Marlene did a little dance routine with high kicks that was really a joy to behold, and Lloyd Pantages and Peggy Fears did an apache number that brought out the Left Bank in us, and Louise Fazenda and Dick Arlen and I settled down to a little steady hot-dog devouring. It was six A.M., I guess, before the last stretcher had left with the last guest, and Fieldsy (Carole's popular sec) said, "Thank goodness, that's over!" and left for the mountains.

The Hill-Billy party which Carole threw about two months ago was also something. It was a deep, dark secret and the guests were asked to dress, which they did with earrings, trains, and everything. As soon as I saw the drawing-room doors closed I knew we were in for something, and a hasty check-up with the garage, (where the beautiful and formal Empire furniture

goes when Carole has an "idea"), proved that something really was underfoot and it might be anything from sand to rose petals and it turned out later to be cornshucks.

Well, anyway, we mingled socially at the bar for about an hour, and everybody was quite elegant except a director who spilled a cocktail on Carole, and then dinner was announced, the doors thrown open, and lo, the Empire with its William Haines influence had given way to the Hill-Billies. The fireplace had been turned into an immense camp-fire with corn roasting on it and a couple of cowboys broiling steaks, and over on the side was a table simply loaded down with everything from frankfurters to caviar—just in case there might be a Problem Child among the guests—and down the center of the room stretched a low table set with tin plates and tin cups and knives and forks from the five-and-ten. If you sat at all you sat on the floor and liked it. And really, I've never seen anything funnier than a bunch of dressed-up movie stars squatting around a tin plate of baked beans and drinking champagne from tin cups. Of course the Hill-Billies sang and played all the old cowboy home-from-the-range songs and when they grew weary Gordon and Revel started in with "Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie" which has haunted me ever since.

Across from me sat Jean Harlow and William Powell, and you really haven't lived until you've seen the urbane Mr. Powell chewing on an ear of corn with a checked napkin under his chin. On one side of me was the Countess of Warwick, Adrienne Ames' and Bruce Cabot's house guest, and I must say English nobility seemed to know exactly what to do with fingers in an emergency. Chester Morris on my other side sort of complicated things by filling my plate with everything, and it took me exactly half an hour to finally excavate, (goodness gracious, there's that split infinitive following me around again!), my steak. I hear that Carole is planning to have a fishing party soon right there in her own drawing-room, so it's back to



Wide World

Marlene Dietrich having fun at the Lombard circus, with William Haines lending a hand.



Happy landings! Cary Grant and Josephine Hutchinson smile after a slide at Carol's party.

the garage for the Empire while Noah Beery's trout pond moves in.

And speaking of fishing, Claudette Colbert's little yachting party down into the Mexican waters for a bit of deep sea fishing will always stand out in my memory. My, my, it was such a pretty little boat, too; but of course no one bothered to tell Claudette when she rented it that it was the best roller on the Pacific, and not so bad at pitch and toss, either. The Paul Lukases and the Charlie Butterworths were in the party and we all set sail from San Diego of a foggy morning headed for the Coronado Islands where the big game fish are, (though we never would have known it if we hadn't read it somewhere), and just so her guests could have the best Claudette brought along her Italian chef. But no "Rigoletto" arias were wafted up



"See you in the movies," says Lily Pons, as the operatic star entrains for Hollywood to make her film debut in "Love Song."

the hatch, nothing but a loud groan, soon after the first big roll; and there was Carlos in the middle of the galley completely covered by everything in the refrigerator, a set of china, and three completely spilled boxes of corn-flakes. (Poor Carlos was laid out in his cabin with a perfect case of sea-sickness and we saw no more of him until we anchored two days later.)

Well, one look at that corn-flake soufflé, and a couple of oceanic convulsions, and we all decided that it would be better to stay flat on our backs on deck with the fish rather than be sporting about that galley. So Claudette took charge, kiddies, and she was magnificent. All the little dainties that she had had sent to the boat, such as cold chicken, broth, French pastry, etc., had landed on Carlos, so there was nothing to eat but the fundamentals of life, and no one to cook them but La Colbert, the Glamor Girl. Claudette cleaned and fried the sea bass we caught, scrambled eggs and bacon, made toast and coffee, knocked up a pudding, squeezed oranges by the dozen, and washed dishes and scrubbed floors down to the last scurrying corn-flake in the hottest galley this side of Suez. All I've got to say is that the Colberts must come of a good line of reliable

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stomachs. I've called her Viking Colbert ever since.

Of course there weren't any big fish, (except the seventeen-pound yellowtail I caught on Charlie Butterworth's hook while he was fixing a scotch and soda for me which wasn't at all cricket as Charlie had been holding that reel since sunrise but what could I do), and of course by the morning of the second day everybody hated everybody and no one spoke to any one and enough feuds had popped out to supply the Kentucky mountains for years; and the sunburn was beginning to blister something terrific, and we all began to say how nice and cool it would have been at Catalina, and Claudette continued to wash dishes. In fact I didn't hear a single explosion out of her until the day after we returned the door-bell of her Beverly Hills home rang, and the maid being out Claudette answered it, and there stood a man who handed her two sample packages of corn-flakes. "Please, go away," Claudette cried, "before I have to throw this at you." And then I knew that Miss Colbert hadn't enjoyed scrubbing that floor.

Well, anyway, several days after the trip, when the sunburn had cooled off, and we were all speaking again, we declared loudly that we hadn't had so much fun in years and we just couldn't wait for Claudette to give another fishing party—though I may say that I secretly made a mental note never to go to sea again on anything smaller than the Normandie.

Another party that I'll never forget was my famous "interview" party. I had been assigned to do a rush-story on Loretta Young, and Loretta's agent called her and Loretta promptly invited me to dinner the next night which wasn't necessary but nice. In the meantime I received a wire from New York canceling the story so I called Loretta and told her I couldn't come. "Oh, you can't do me that way," said Loretta, "you've got to come." Well, I'm the tender type and I thought that if Loretta wanted me so much, well I'd just go to dinner. Loretta's mother beamed sweetly on me and left as soon as I got there, and a few minutes after she left the house was filled with gay young people, including Loretta's boy friend, and it was a party. It seems that Loretta's mother had sort of put her foot down on parties, and Loretta had told her that I was coming for an interview, and ah me, this younger generation, you know how it is.

Anyway, it was a swell party even if I was a shill, or a cover-up, or a fall guy or something.

When Joan Blondell's young sister, Gloria, opened in Los Angeles in "Three Men on a Horse," Joan decided it was a grand time to have a party. Of course Gloria, who is quite young and just starting her career, only had three lines to say in the last act; but Joan practically bought out the theatre for the opening night and we dressed up in our aigrettes and tiaras and did the thing up big. There were Mary Brian and Dick Powell, and Glenda Farrell and Eddie Bellande, and Sally Blane and Norman Foster, and the Lloyd Bacons, and the Jimmy Cagneys, and a raft of others; and Gloria may be a great star some day but she'll never have such an opening night as that was. After the play Joan and George took us to the Trocadero where we toasted Miss Gloria time and again, and I never saw a more excited little girl, especially as she was being escorted that evening by George Abbott, the producer. Along about three in the morning the boys, led by Dick Powell, started a little harmony, and I think I left soon afterwards.

The Countess di Frasso's parties are supposed to be the height of something or other in Hollywood, and are quite, quite gay, and completely out of focus. The Countess bemoaned the fact not long ago that at her parties at some time during the evening a couple of guys would inevitably start fighting. So she gave a "fight" party with her back lawn fixed up to resemble a ring, and during the evening professional boxers and wrestlers did their stuff, which sort of cramped the style of the amateurs.

A few weeks ago most of Hollywood received a wire which read: "I am giving a party Sunday night for my favorite brother Bertie who has long over-stayed his visit in Hollywood stop. Please come dress as your favorite movie star or as an advertisement or as someone you dislike stop. In fact come in anything or anyway just so long as we manage to confuse Bertie." And if Bertie wasn't confused he certainly should have been, for everything was there. The Countess herself seemed to confuse everyone as well as Bertie. She was dressed in feathers and more feathers and when Dorothy Parker saw her she remarked to Clifton Webb, "Isn't it a pity our hostess didn't dress." And what do you want to make of that!



In this touching scene from "The Hands of Orlac," Frances Drake and Colin Clive indicate that the studio chose wisely by casting them for the parts.

"Diamond" in the Rough

Continued from page 57

"I was definitely set on being an actor and started my training with stock companies, finally landing on Broadway.

"To survive in this hazardous business one must have a real love for it in his heart. No one can teach you how to act or how to read lines. It goes deeper than mere training because it is something born in you, but it takes vast acting experience to be able to unleash your emotions and express them visually.

"I sincerely believe that acting requires more hard work than any other profession, but if you love it no sacrifice is too great. There's an excitement, an exhilaration about it that drives you on, that unfits you for any other profession. An actor is always hoping for a great part, one into which he can throw his whole being. This is not alone for fame. Rather, I'd say it is a personal pride, a desire to prove to himself that he justifies his own dreams.

"With all its hardships and its disappointments and heartbreaks, I can't think of life without it, and if I had half a million dollars today I'd go right on acting!"

Funny thing about the camera, it seems actually to go out of its way to focus upon Arnold's exuberant personality whenever he goes into action, and his successes have been so many and so varied that he is being hailed the character screen find of the year.

Besides his *Brennan* in "Sadie McKee," he won favor as the kindly Senator in "Jennie Gerhardt," the lovable crook in "The Million Dollar Ransom," the German musician in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," the father in "Wednesday's Child," the secretary of war in "The President Vanishes," Louis XIII in George Arliss' "Cardinal Richelieu"—and of his rôle in the latter he says:

"There was nothing humorous about it. Perhaps if Louis could have laughed he would have written a different page in history. As always with an Arliss picture we had rehearsed as if it were a stage play, and it is a joy to get into the swing of a perfect continuity. What's more, I like a costume drama, especially of that picturesque period; and all in all, it was a happy experience.

"Then there was 'The Glass Key,' with George Raft. And now I'm having a fling at being starred in a story built around Diamond Jim Brady. He was the original playboy of Broadway, and his life was gay, dramatic, and sensational enough for several plays. I'm surprised it hasn't been done before, but mighty glad it waited for me to depict this colorful character. It gives one a strange feeling to bring a real person to life on the screen. I've studied Brady until I feel I know the man, know his every reaction, and his emotions were many and far-flung!

"I met Diamond Jim Brady years ago, when I was appearing on the stage with Ethel Barrymore. Brady came back-stage to visit Miss Barrymore when we were playing in 'Mid Channel,' and later I met him for the second time when he again came to see Miss Barrymore at the Maxine Elliott Theatre when I was appearing with her in 'The Chaperone.'

"My recollection of Diamond Jim coincided with the character as portrayed in the scenario when I first read the script of the picture. Since I had drawn upon personal acquaintance of the man in playing this part, it was, you may be sure, more than a little gratifying to hear people at the studio remark a close resemblance between my screen portrayal and Diamond



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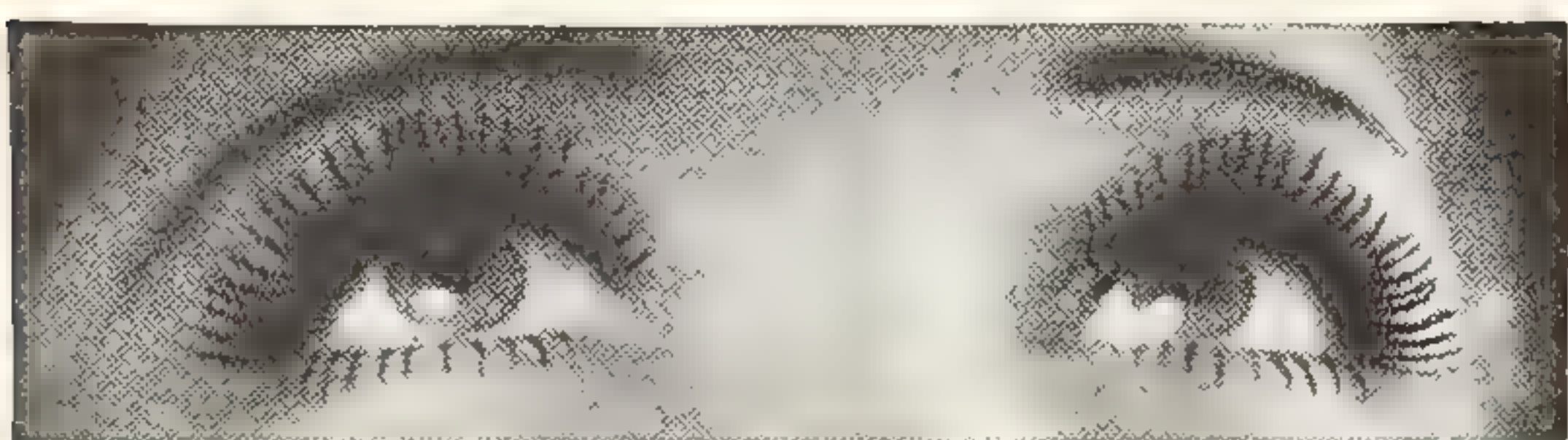
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Jim, when the first rushes of the film were screened."

It isn't all work for Eddie Arnold. He likes to ride, to swim, and above all, to tinker with his automobiles; and he insists he is a first rate mechanic. He likes to cook, too, and is really an expert. All this is a pleasure because he is happily married. Neither he nor pretty Mrs. Arnold, formerly a concert singer whom he met while playing in stock, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, fear the Hollywood jinx.

There is quite a family living in the

beautiful home among the hills in Beverly Crest, for beside their three children, they have with them Eddie's cousin and Mrs. Arnold's nephew, both young boys.

"We're an example of the fine spirit of co-operation, which is the greatest factor in keeping the family happy and contented," he told me with natural pride. "For one thing, we make it a practice to have breakfast together and start the day with a laugh. So," he added, with an irresistible twinkle in his eyes, "I really do live up to my creed!"

The Baby Menaces

Continued from page 27

my impersonations?" and Mr. Ryan, too exhausted to object, nodded. Jane did Garbo and Zasu Pitts and landed right into "Bright Eyes," a Fox contract, and Mrs. Temple's ointment.

Despite the fact that Jane has been in "the public eye" since she was three, she is a very normal little nine-year-old girl. She sees more movies than you and I, and her ambition is to own a motor boat that will go a hundred miles an hour, and to live in the country where she can have a baby elephant and a kangaroo. Her favorite actor is Warner Baxter and she is thrilled that she is going to make a picture with him soon and she hopes it will be about kidnapping as that is the most exciting thing she knows and she likes exciting pictures. She is a born trouser, and refuses to have a "double." In the coal-bin sequence in "Ginger" when a double was suggested she announced quite firmly that she could take her own falls. She cooks biscuits, (a Southern gal, all right), and she sets the table for her mother, and she keeps her own room. Jackie Searle is the first "man in her life," and a Great Occasion was the day he took her to the Flintridge Country Club to watch him ride in a horse-show, (where incidentally Jackie, a pet weakness of mine, won two cups and a blue ribbon). When one of the cameramen told her that Jackie was much too old for her Jane retorted, "No, he's not, either!" and the only way the prop men can get a "rise" out of Jane is to tell her that Jackie likes blondes.

Out at Warner Brothers little Sybil Jason, her sister Anita, and her uncle Harry Jacobson and I had lunch together in the Green Room. Sybil, as you know if you've read your newspapers lately, is the wonder child recently imported by Warners from England. Only six years old, she can sing, dance, play the piano, read everything, and do impersonations. When Marion Davies saw her do some of her impersonations and sing and play the piano Marion practically swooned in her chair and gasped, "And just to think at six I could barely say 'Mamma!'"

Of course the Warner press department lost no time in proclaiming Sybil another Shirley Temple, and proudly predicted that the minute Sybil's picture was released the Queen of Fox Hills would be dethroned. So I trotted out to Warners to see what could be done about that dark horse, Sybil Jason, with lollypops of course. Yeah, you guessed it, I fell for Sybil, too! I admit I was rather aghast when this six-year-old baby picked up the menu, read it thoroughly, and in perfect English ordered her luncheon—tongue and pickles. Personally I can't read a menu or even speak perfect English; but after all just because I'm a moron I shouldn't hold it against Sybil. No, indeed. Sybil is a beautiful little girl with immense blue eyes and the sweetest smile I've ever seen on any child, despite the fact that she was having a little

false tooth trouble that day. I've never had a more sociable luncheon. Sybil was enraptured when I told her about Ocean Park, (our Coney Island), and childlike she counted the days on her fingers until she could go there. Then she told me about her new puppy, Mike Curtiz Jason, and the flowers in her front yard, and her dolls, one of whom was having lunch with us and behaving very badly. Sybil and Mike Curtiz, her director, are just like that, so Sybil named a Scotty puppy after him and Mike was so pleased he called Sybil nothing less than a genius. She adores funnies, strawberry shortcake, swimming, animals, and all people. She loathes milk. She likes to play "Mama and Papa" and plays both parts, and Mama is always having to grumble with Papa. She likes to read, and has just finished "David Copperfield" which she read from cover to cover in no time at all—which reminds me that at the age of six I had just stepped on my first stepping-stone to literature which had something to do with "I see a cat." Sybil is most amazing. She'll do a sophisticated impersonation of Mae West one minute, and the next she'll be crying for her dolly like any baby girl. She'll talk like an adult one minute, and the next she'll be a little girl that you can't resist cuddling. I'm afraid she's what I've always avoided—a child prodigy. But so help me, I'm crazy about her.

Sybil was born in Capetown, South Africa, in 1929, and at the early age of two began to startle South Africa by her vocal accomplishments, her ability to play the piano and sing, and to mimic celebrities. When she was three she joined her uncle, Harry Jacobson, a pianist with the Savoy Hotel band in London, and was introduced by him to Frances Day, who went into ecstasies and arranged to have Sybil give a professional appearance at once. She was signed for English pictures, and at the preview of her first picture, "Barnacle Bill," was none other than Irving Asher, head of Warner Brothers in England, who proceeded to grab her at once in the American fashion, and before little Sybil, sister Anita, and Uncle Harry could bat their eyes they were in Hollywood without even a stop-over in New York. Sybil's first Hollywood picture will be "The Little Big Shot" with Glenda Farrell and Bob Armstrong and Edward Everett Horton, and it's ready for release now.

Now I don't have to tell you what a sensation little Freddie Bartholomew was in "David Copperfield." Nor how he persuaded his aunt to bring him to America—(Freddie was born in London but brought up in Warminster, Wiltshire, England)—so he could take a test for *David*. Nor how he was nothing daunted when he arrived and discovered that about ten thousand other little boys in various parts of the world were taking tests, too, but personally contacted both the producer and the director until they both decided that

there was only one child to play *David* and that was Freddie Bartholomew—and how right they were.

I admired Freddie tremendously both in "David Copperfield" and in "Anna Karenina" but I had never met him until the eventful Children's Day when I toured the studios with my poisoned lollypops. And speaking of Days, Freddie immediately won me over by telling me about "Auntie's Day." It seems that all the other little children were observing "Father's Day" so Freddie decided to have an "Auntie's Day" and surprise his young aunt, Miss Myllicent Bartholomew who has reared him since infancy, with a cake. He buttered a pan, then lined it with cornflakes, then some figs, then some puffed wheat, then some peaches, and then some "cimmaron"—(the only word I heard Freddie mispronounce)—and then some rice; and then he put it in the oven to cook, and his aunt thought it was quite delightful, even if the rice didn't get done, and that he was terribly smart to think up that recipe all by himself. And just because the rice didn't get done he took her to Ocean Park and won an ashtray for her at the shooting gallery. Freddie with his beautiful boyish face, his charming manners, and his delightful English accent, might just so happen to give you the impression that he is sissy. But don't let those eyelashes deceive you. Freddie is an expert horseman and has the admiration and respect of every stable-boy in Hollywood and Palm Springs. He knows how to box and he knows how to shoot. Like all little boys he thinks it's great fun to twist your arm until you grimace, but unlike all little boys he really prefers adults. His pals are his aunt, Roland Leigh, Elizabeth Allan, Benita Hume, and of course George Cukor and David Selznick.

Now Mrs. Temple may be worrying over Jane Withers and Sybil Jason, and Mrs. Cooper may be worrying over Freddie Bartholomew and David Holt, and W. C. Fields may still be worrying over Baby LeRoy; but after looking into this situation thoroughly I think we'd all better follow Shirley's example and take a romp with the kiddies. There's plenty of room in Hollywood for all the child stars, and I can still be true to Shirley and like Jane and Sybil too. And you, too, can be big about it!

And now that Children's Day is over and I've been under the strain of being just awfully nice and refined for eight hours I think I'll take the night off and run down to San Diego to see the tassel dancers at the Fair. Want to come along? I bet you do!



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Banish Nerves, Beckon Beauty

Continued from page 56

such as this, it's a good idea to go to the movies and get your attention taken off yourself and your woes.

Nervousness is usually attended by indigestion. This is one of those "chicken and the egg" affairs for indigestion may cause nervousness and nervousness brings on indigestion. Americans as a rule eat too quickly. They eat when they are tired, angry, or worried—times when any food taken is poison to the system.

Teach yourself to eat slowly if you are afflicted with nerves. Never go to the table unless you are relaxed. When you come in at night after a hard day, lie down and relax completely, even if only for fifteen minutes. Omit the meal entirely if you are angry or upset; but *learn to calm yourself* so that this will not be necessary.

"But I don't know how to relax!" is the wail of girls who come to me.

One way to do so is to lie down in the dark, flat on your back, with your head a little lower than your body, and pretend there are weights on every part of the body; begin with the hands and let go, then the arms, then the legs, until every part is a dead weight on the bed and you are perfectly relaxed.

If you want to gain weight, lie down after you have eaten a heavy meal; this sort of meal makes you sleepy, so follow that feeling; but if you are overweight, *fight it*. Go for a walk, stand up and do the dishes, sweep the front walk,—anything but lie down.

Wendy Barrie, one of Hollywood's prettiest younger actresses, tells me that her favorite method of relaxing is to lie down flat on the floor or the ground, close her eyes, and let go all over. She declares that lying on a bed or anything soft will not do for her, as only something extremely hard will give that support that aids complete relaxation.

"When you are so situated that you can't lie down to relax," added Wendy, "the advice a famous English actress once gave me may help you. She said that when she found herself growing tense and nervous, she put her feet up on another chair, or if that was not possible, she put *one* foot up on a chair or other support. That relieves tension by stretching the muscles of the thigh and helps considerably to untie nerve knots."

Ann Dvorak has her special method of relaxing: She can make herself "fit," as the English say, in ten minutes, by simply inverting herself in a big chair. Her knees rest on the top of the chair back, her head hangs down from the seat; the blood rushes to her head and circulates through it; she comes up revived.

This is something like Lawrence Tibbett's custom of standing on his head just before he goes into a concert or opera.

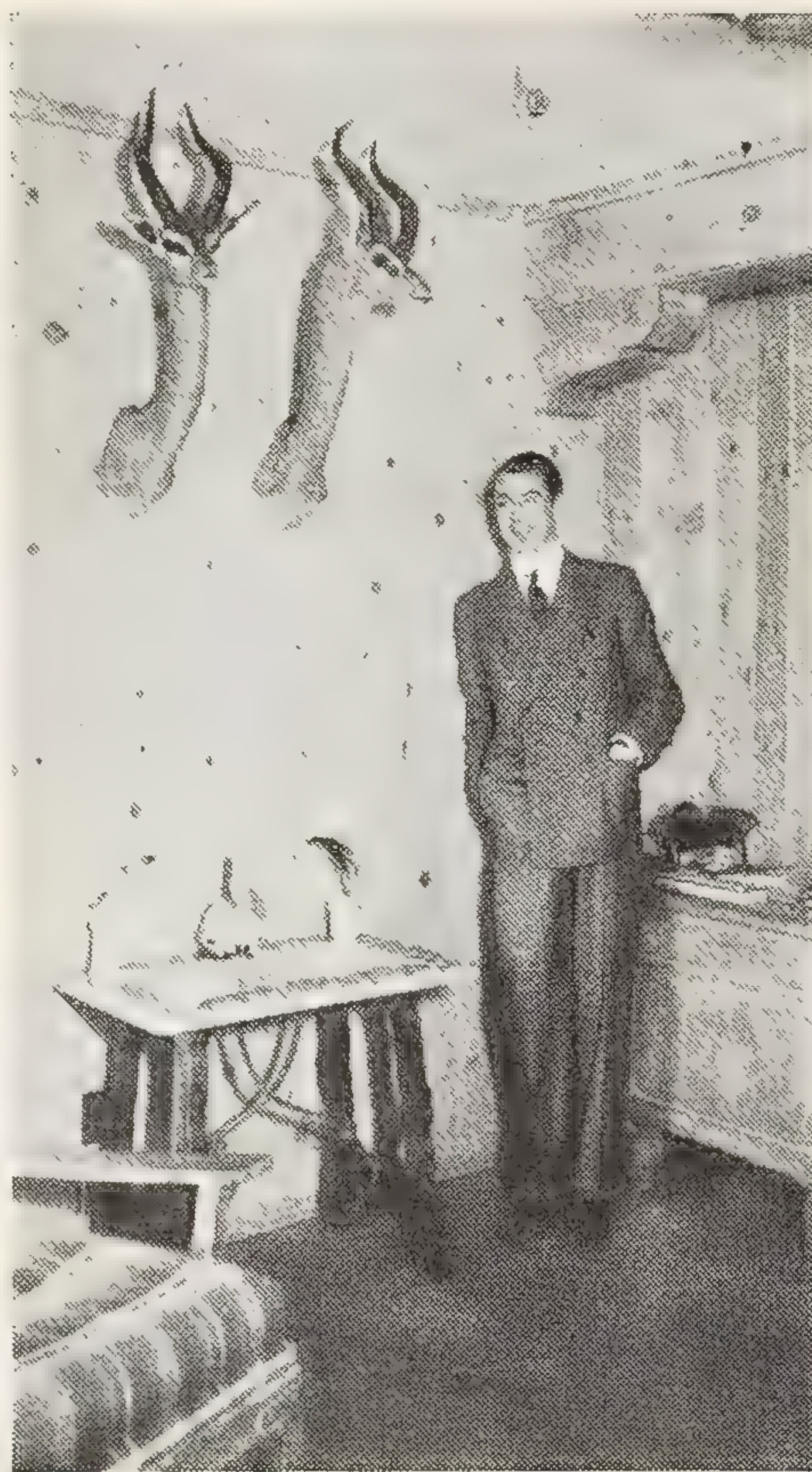
A quick way to relieve tension in the neck muscles, the seat of nerves leading to the head, is to revolve each shoulder. You can do this in the office, or while you are waiting for a street car. Do it often. Revolve the head on the neck, too; whenever you can during a bad day, or massage the back of the neck with your fingers.

It is a good idea to get someone to massage the back of your neck and shoulders and the base of the spine when you are very tired and your nerves twitch. This is the quickest relaxing method—just a circular movement, not too strenuous, but gently, soothingly.

Deep breathing while lying down, especially if you are lying down in a room with wide open windows, or outdoors, will bring relaxation.

If you are nervous, try hanging your head over the side of the bed and letting the blood flow into the roots of the hair. Many people use hard, high pillows so that their blood never gets a chance to circulate as freely as it should through the neck and head.

If you have been doing hard, physical work all day long, you need rest after dinner. It won't hurt you to exercise your mental faculties but don't go in for setting



Gary Cooper, very much at home in his studio dressing-room. Note Gary's hunting trophies.

up routines. You don't need them. But if you are a typist, a writer, a bookkeeper, or someone who must sit a great deal, don't let yourself sit or lie down all evening.

You are tired, yes, but what you need to rest that tiredness is to give your unused muscles a chance at action. Do a daily dozen if the weather is too bad for outdoor exercise, but take a long walk if you can, or go to the gym for a swim or a game.

I heard the other day that Joan Crawford can't relax unless she reads. This may not be true, but anyway she isn't relaxing if she's reading; she's working her brain so that the blood is taken from her body.

If you lie down to relax, do just that; don't read, don't talk, don't stare around the room, don't try to work out a puzzle or strain your memory to recall forgotten things. *Rest!*

Claudette Colbert always lies down in her dressing-room after luncheon when she finds herself growing tense. If the condition persists, she sips milk on the set. Milk is splendid for nervous people, but you'd be surprised how few of them drink it.

Elissa Landi, after a hard day, takes a long walk or gallops over the hills on one of her horses. She believes—and she's right—that the way to avoid lying awake worrying over things that have gone wrong is to make yourself so physically exhausted that you *must* sleep. If you walk, don't go just

around the block; walk two or three miles, until you are so weary you can scarcely get home. Then you'll find it easy to relax into slumber.

When Mary Boland feels that things are not sailing along smoothly, she goes into the garden in the sunshine and works among her flowers. The combination of sun, congenial labor and fresh air do marvels for her, she claims.

Sometimes the thing that causes nerves to fray is poor posture. You see, your head weighs somewhere between twelve and fifteen pounds, about a tenth of your whole weight. If it rests on top of the column of your spine, as it should, there is no strain anywhere, but if you poke it forward or let it slump over, you are putting a big strain on neck muscles and throwing out the whole balance of your body.

Avoid anything that tends to push or pull your head from its proper position on the center of your neck. Sleeping on a high pillow thrusts it forward to one side, (if you sleep on your side), for hours at a time. Eye-strain pulls your head forward and you find your shoulders stooped and your chest hollow. Drooping over knitting or typing or shelling peas allows the heavy ball to slide out of line, and brings on a double chin.

Remember to keep the tips of your ears in line with the shoulders, and you'll be amazed at how much more restful your posture will be.

Try this exercise: Lie face down on the floor, arms extended, a pillow under your abdomen. Exhale through lips pursed up as if whistling and at the same time raise head and shoulders upward and back as if you were a seal. Rest and repeat. In raising up, use only neck and shoulder muscles, not the waist muscles.

For filling out a thin neck by building up neck muscles, try this: Lie flat on your back, with the pillow under your shoulders this time—but not under the neck. Throw your head back toward the floor, stretching it as far as you can without moving your body. Then bring it forward as far as possible; then relax thoroughly. Do this half a dozen times at first, then add one a day until you are doing it a dozen times.

Taut muscles, which are the result of wasting nervous energy, keep you thin, etch lines around your mouth and eyes, restrict your breathing and make poise impossible.

If you are a victim of nerves, do relaxation exercises for at least ten minutes every day in order to establish the habit of relaxing.

It is a good idea to do these exercises to music, if possible, because that will help you relax your mind as well as your body. Don't plan and don't worry while you are engaged in these exercises, but try to listen to the music and forget yourself. Naturally, you are tense because of some mental condition, so the mind must let go, too.

1: Stand with feet well apart, hands hanging loosely at sides. Bend the right knee a little, throwing your weight on that foot and stretching the left leg. Let the body droop toward the right, muscles relaxed. Roll the body around in a circle from the right, back, left, front and to starting position once more. During this circular movement, let the arms hang perfectly limp and let the head roll on relaxed muscles. Try this again with weight on left foot.

2: Sit on the floor with left leg stretched out behind and the right leg tucked under the body. Brace your body on the floor with right hand. Slowly relax the muscles

of the trunk, letting the right hand slide along until you are lying extended on the floor. Go over your body mentally, relaxing each muscle. Repeat.

3: Stand erect. Slowly relax the muscles until your body crumples up on the floor. Stretch out at full length, then relax completely. Repeat.

A bad habit that you probably have if you are the nervous type is that of sitting on the edge of your chair, or on the end of a desk instead of taking a proper position with the hips well back in the chair and the head held easily. Sit before a mirror and see what perching on edges does to your looks. How do you hold your head? What does it do to your neck? Your chin? Your abdomen? One look ought to be enough!

The headache that results from a cramped position over a desk or machine often brings on nervous irritability. This can be avoided if you will now and then rise, go to an open window and take a few deep breaths, stretching the arms over the head as you do so.

If you come in at night so tense with excitement that you can't sleep for hours, don't lie there tossing around and keeping the family awake.

Take a warm bath, followed by some relaxing exercises, and you'll find yourself asleep before you know it. If you haven't some pine bath salts to put in your bath water for this relaxing bath, take some bicarbonate of soda and Epsom salts in it and this will help relieve fatigue.

When you are ready for bed, lie down and relax every muscle: begin by shaking your hands loosely and allowing them to fall limp; then treat your feet and legs the same way. Take deep, even breaths, and presently you will be asleep.

JAMES DAVIES' ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

James Davies is at your service! Consult him for advice on how to reduce or gain weight, by means of healthful exercise and diet—the methods used by screen stars he has helped to keep fit and lovely. Mr. Davies can't undertake to answer letters by mail, but representative questions will be answered in the columns of SCREENLAND. Address your questions to: James Davies, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Miss Violet K., Cicero, Ill., and Miss Patricia Ann, Reading, Pa.: You both are worrying about bulgy calves. (Patricia Ann is about 10 lbs. under-weight, so perhaps her trouble lies in over-developed muscles instead of fat.) However, the following exercise will take care of both muscles and fat: Brace your knees firmly together, then relax the muscles of the lower legs and give them a good shaking until tired. Follow this by a brief rest, then slowly stretch your limbs downward, upward and sideways.

Miss A. Jockem, The Hague, Holland: According to your measurements, your hips seem to be a bit large. Try this exercise: Clasp your hands back of your head and rotate the body forward and downward from right to left and from left to right. You say that in Holland you use *c.m.* instead of the *inch* as we do over here. 2.54 *c.m.* equals 1 inch. Your hips are therefore 38 *plus* inches.

Mrs. E. R. C., Ft. Dodge, Iowa: Take my advice and ask your doctor at once about the unnatural swelling of your ankles. Perhaps the round shoulders are caused by poor posture—watch this. Exercise for reducing abdomen: Lie flat on the floor with hands clasped behind the head, and feet under some obstacle—a low-runged chair will do. Then sit up without raising the feet. Do this half a dozen times every morning.

Miss J. Karlinsky, Washington, D. C.: Do not jump rope! It is the worst thing you can do. Posture may help you. Firm the tissues with cold water, ice, or astringents. Cross hands in front of chest and violently throw arms out to side and back. Ten strokes are enough at first.

K. J. M., Arlington, Washington: Lay off sweets this season and eat instead plenty of fresh fruit. Go in for swimming, playing games on the beach, and do the all-round exercises recommended in this issue.

Miss L. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.: An expert masseur would solve your problem of excess flesh. You can learn to give yourself a massage, however. Buy a bottle of mineral oil, lubricate the palms, make a cup of the hands and gently slap hipline and thighs, always working upward. Slap softly and slowly enough to feel a slight suction with each blow. If working on hipline, start on upper thigh and work upward to waist. Suction, not the blow, does the work.

C. S. and M. M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: See above for massage treatment. For bow legs, correct posture makes these less conspicuous, but exercise improves contours. However, if very bad, go to a doctor for surgical treatment.

JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!

Tennis Tournaments
at Forest Hills

America's Finest
15 Cent Cigarette

Call for
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that wrinkled
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around eyes.

Restore Eye Beauty
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NEW DISCOVERY

HERE'S a new sure way to get rid of unsightly crow's feet and wrinkles, quickly and easily. A few days' treatment with EYLID NOURISHING BALM will begin to restore youth and beauty to your eyes. It is more than just a facial cream... It is especially made to build up the sensitive tissues surrounding the eyes. It works while you sleep. Makes old, tired-looking eyes younger... prevents youthful eyes from getting old. It also promotes the growth of long, lovely eyelashes. Thousands of women are now using EYLID NOURISHING BALM.


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"Please permit me to extend my thanks for the wonderful good your Eylid has done. It has accomplished in a few weeks what I wanted... smooth, wrinkleless eyelids."—Mrs. J. F. M.

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\$1.00 for the large jar (one month's treatment) and you will receive FREE a Booklet titled "The Secret of Beautiful Eyes." Both sent postpaid. If not completely satisfied, money refunded. Fair enough?



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I enclose \$1.00. Send me a jar of EYLID NOURISHING BALM (one month's treatment). Also include FREE the Booklet "The Secret of Beautiful Eyes." Send both postpaid in a plain wrapper.

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Talon Hookless Fasteners give that trim hipline, minus unsightly gaps.

TIME to think about Fall clothes and figures! There's one little trick that works wonders in achieving that slim, trim hipline. Sew a Talon Hookless Fastener into the side closing of every skirt and dress in your wardrobe. It's easy to do. Directions come with each fastener, which you can buy whatever length and weight you want. It certainly is a joy to "zip" your clothes securely shut and know you're free from the ugly gaping between snaps or the awful feeling that your clothes show beneath your costume when you lose a snap or two. Lots of the new suits and dresses, evening gowns, too, come with Talon side closings. We happen to know they're responsible for some of the tidiest hip-lines in Hollywood!

THOUSANDS of women all over the country chose the shades and texture for the new Cashmere Bouquet face powder. The makers tested it and sent out samples for more than a year before they placed the powder in the stores. The result, in our opinion, is practically perfect! It is gossamer-fine, clinging but won't cake, and it has the lovely Cashmere Bouquet fragrance that never grows old. Comes in naturelle, dark rachel, light rachel, beige, and peach rachel—the shades which rated the top five in popularity. It's surprisingly inexpensive.

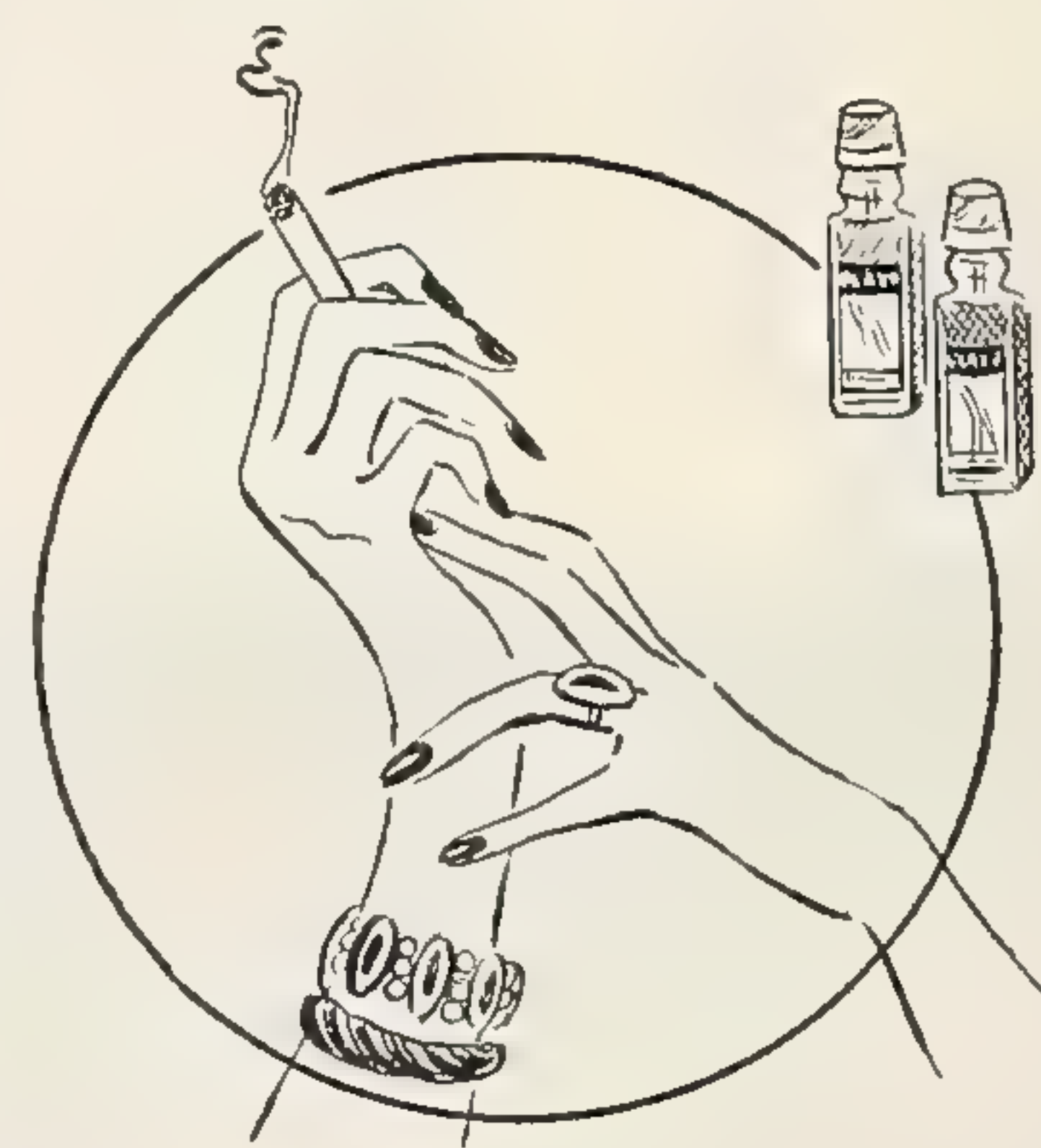
BE KIND to your new Fall clothes, and don't let yourself be guilty of ruining their fresh newness by under-arm perspiration. The way of absolute safety is to sew Kleinert dress shields into your clothes before ever you wear them. These come in every color, weight, and size. The silk

Femi-nifties

New Fall Beauty for Face and Figure



Meet the powder you've been waiting for—introduced by Cashmere Bouquet.



Fashion bows to the new Glazo pearl finish nail polish.



No applying lipstick "blind" with Corday's new Mirro Stik (mirror attached).

crepe ones are dainty little guards for your finer fabrics. There's a half-shield for a sleeveless gown. Or if the thought of a bit of sewing irks you, Kleinert makes a bra-form that combines shields with a brassiere. Or there's a little slip-on model that can be pinned in place.

HAVE you found out what the new Glazo pearl finish nail polish will do for your hands? If not, you'd better. It gives your fingernails the most fascinating iridescent gleam—altogether different from the ordinary shine. It's ultra smart if you apply it over the entire nail and then take just the tiniest bit off the very edge. This makes your nails look longer and your hands seem slimmer. Natural, flame, and shell are the colors. Incidentally, prices on all Glazo polishes have come way down, and you can get a whopping big bottle of oil-base polish remover for a mere trifle.

THE quick and easy way to get your figure in shape is to wear a Perfolastic girdle. It takes off the pounds and inches just where you want to lose them, without leaving you any legacy of facial lines and sags the way a too-strenuous reducing diet will do. Hips, thighs, and "tummy" are where the Perfolastic reducing girdle goes to work with a vengeance! If you're cursed with a "rubber tire" around the diaphragm region, a detachable brassiere worn with the reducing girdle takes care of that. Little vacuum cups in the perforations set up a massage-like action which does the reducing job—quite comfortably, as your skin can breathe.

CORDAY has a new lipstick that's a honey! It's called Mirro Stik

because when you open it up, a little steel mirror pops out—just the right size and shape to show your lips clearly while you do the make-up job. The case is a smart affair, the kind you'd hate to throw away after you'd used up the lip rouge to the last drop. So—Corday gives you a refill to double its life. Comes in light, medium, raspberry red, and electric—(a grand new Terra Cotta shade).

The case itself may be obtained in black, red or that intriguing shade of Corday blue.

Joan Joins the Rebels

Continued from page 34

best-made plans can slip, and Joan's did, and, her young dream of happiness-ever-after not materializing but rather dissolving with the severance of the marriage bonds in a divorce court, she had to make a living. The stage offered the way.

However, all that was in the dim past. Now a screen star, with her two best pictures immediately back of her, "Private Worlds" and "Mississippi," a home in Hollywood with her successful writer-husband also engaged in movie work, and her two young daughters, "what," we wanted to know, "do you want with a stage engagement? Here you've just been telling how much you like picture work, how you love living in Hollywood, so what's the idea of wanting to go back to Broadway to do a play? That's what lots of screen celebrities say, but why?"

The petite lady in the chic black frock with a large white bow at the neck—a smiling young girl she seemed, with her very blonde hair, prominent forehead, firm and smiling mouth and starry blue eyes, appeared more amused than annoyed at a torrent of "whys" that, 'tis feared, were put with more emphasis than politeness.

"I can't speak for others, only myself," Joan replied quite calmly, never so much as a gesture of emphasis accompanying the words directed at the interrogator seated opposite her in the living room of the hotel suite which she made her temporary residence.

"My reason," she continued, "is simply that I want to prove that I can play more substantial rôles, and I believe I can do that by appearing in a play more quickly than by simply talking about it at the picture studios."

Does anybody ever get the brass ring on this merry-go-round of making a career? You make a hit on the stage, get a movie contract, play in several important pictures and get a reputation for yourself on the screen, only to find that if you want to continue progress in your job, you'd better be getting back to the stage, the original spring-board, to prove you are something more than a mere type, a one-part style of actor or actress.

And mind you, this is not simply the theory advanced by one individual, who in this case happens to be the charming Joan Bennett. It is sound reason, because a screen star can come pretty close to writing her own ticket as to the kind of part she'll play on the stage, whose managers know the value of such picture "names" to the box-office.

Of course, the outcome of these stage ventures is not always happy. The experiences of Hepburn in "The Lake" and Hopkins in "Jezebel," though now history, remain as warning signals to deter screen players tempted to go back to the footlights. But figure it out—did either Katharine Hepburn or Miriam Hopkins suffer any injuries to their screen prestige because their plays failed? Not so you can notice it!

"I don't consider stage acting any more a test of acting ability than working in pictures," Joan went on. "As a matter of fact, there are things about picture acting which put greater demands upon the player's ability to create a mood. You work up to a certain point and must stop, whereas the stage gives you the chance to go through the natural sequences in working up to climaxes. It's simply that I want to show I can do different parts and can get that opportunity on the stage, that makes



She Cheats

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

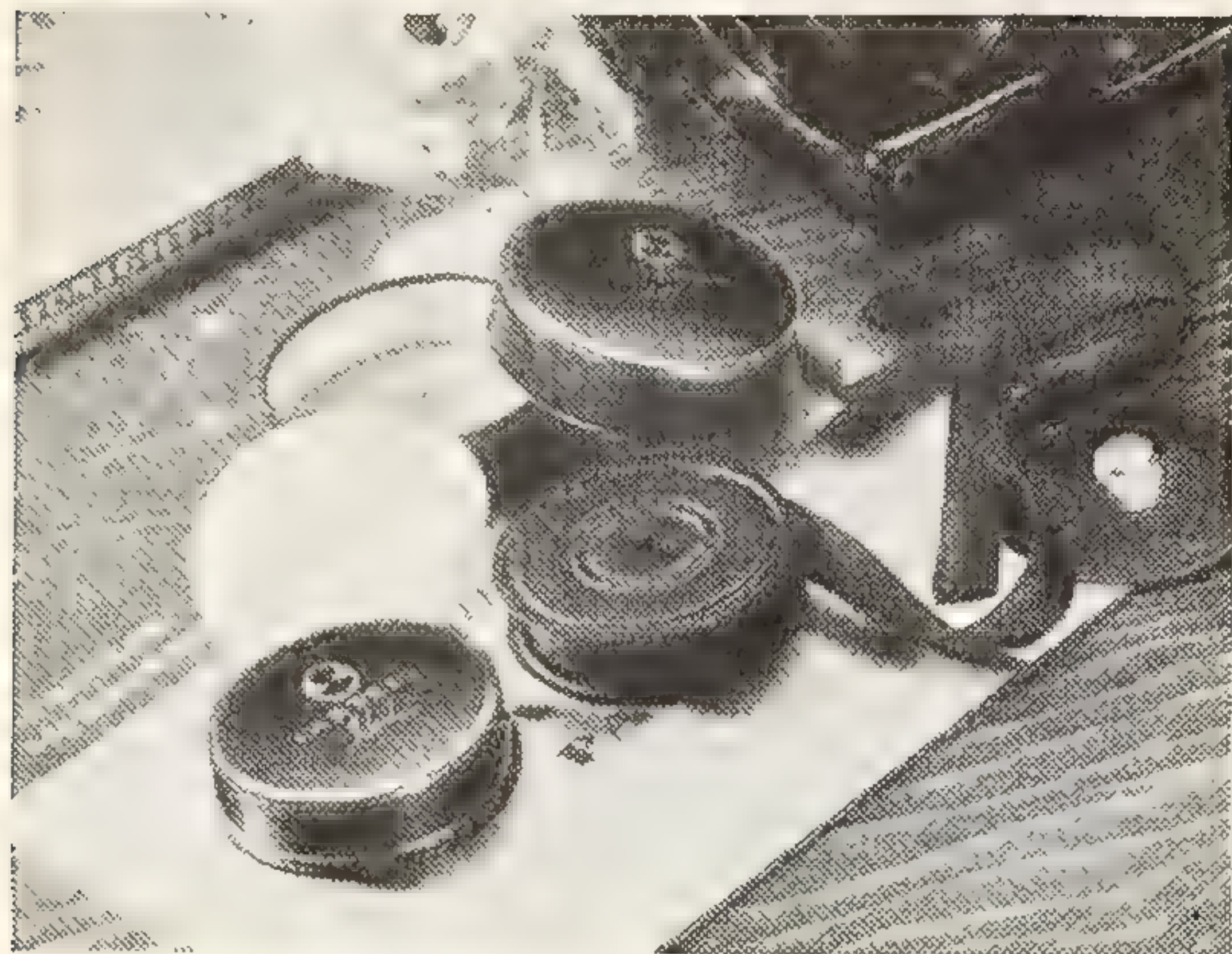
Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



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ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

An extra dividend for you



—this stunning "powder box"

You'll adore this smart box with its gleaming black enamel cover, embossed with a dainty silver design, that makes such a handy powder box for your dressing table, purse, or the office. Each contains a buckram powder sifter, and the ribbon is wrapped in Cellophane, keeping the inside of the box immaculate.

Carter's Ideal Typewriter Ribbons write beautifully and give long service. They come for all machines. Ask for Carter's Ideal Ribbons and get this lovely box for yourself!

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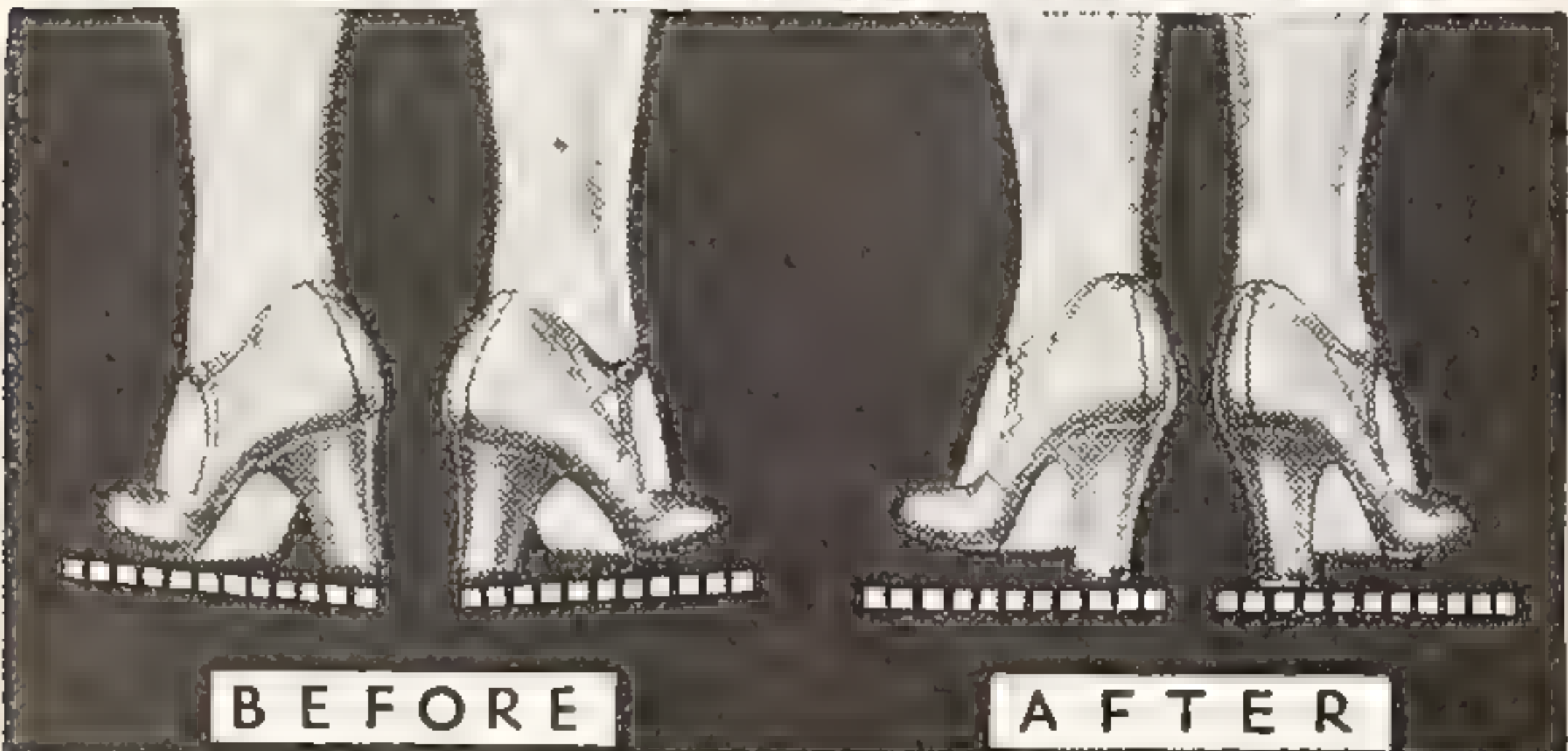
GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

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Don't blame your shoes if they lose their shape and the heels wear crooked. It is the way you walk—the weight of your body is off balance. Dr. Scholl's WALK-STRATES correct this fault by equalizing the body's weight. They stop strain on the ankles; keep your shoes smart and trim; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. Sizes for men and women. Sold by all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35¢.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates

me consider going back to the footlights. And this merely as a step to further my picture work."

It seems Joan has reached the decision that many an actress arrives at eventually. She wants to amuse you. To make you smile, chuckle, laugh, even. In other words the little blonde who has supplied substantial motive for many a screen hero's strivings to make good for the heroine's sake, by a personification of beauty and ingratiating sweetness, wants to play comedy rôles. Smart comedy characters, the kind that though they exact far more of the actress than any other type of part, are the aim of every player who is anxious to prove her mettle as an actress.

Joan, who won resounding praise for her work in "Private Worlds," amid such top-notch acting company as Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea and others in a notably fine cast, also has made good in a big way as a leading lady for Bing Crosby, and "Mississippi" hadn't reached the preview stage before Paramount de-

cided to exercise an option on Joan's services for another picture by calling her back to play opposite Bing in his latest, "Two for Tonight."

This, Joan finds a most agreeable arrangement. "He's about the nicest chap to work with I ever met," she said, referring to Bing. "I've always been a fan of his—radio, phonograph records, pictures of Crosby have always been attractions for me. And hasn't he made strides as a picture actor?"

Well, any actress who likes pictures as much as Joan Bennett does, and whose latest assignment is another part opposite an actor she so much enjoys working with, may be persuaded by something less than a war or other world-shaking event to give up her idea of returning to the footlights for a spell. But you can be sure our smiling little beauty has a mind of her own, and you are not advised to place any bets that this talk of Joan's about going into a stage play is just mere talk that will never turn to action.

Radio Parade

Continued from page 62

opportunity, until accepted for a place on the Bowes program. So overwhelmed was she with the kind and sympathetic attitude of the Major that the poor lady was reduced to tears of joy. The good Major asked her to try and compose herself and return to the microphone later. She did. Mary Garden, almost as famous for her interest in young singers as she is as one of the great names of opera, was present, and offered to help the young matron.

Several of the amateurs on the Major Bowes programs have obtained limited engagements on the air.

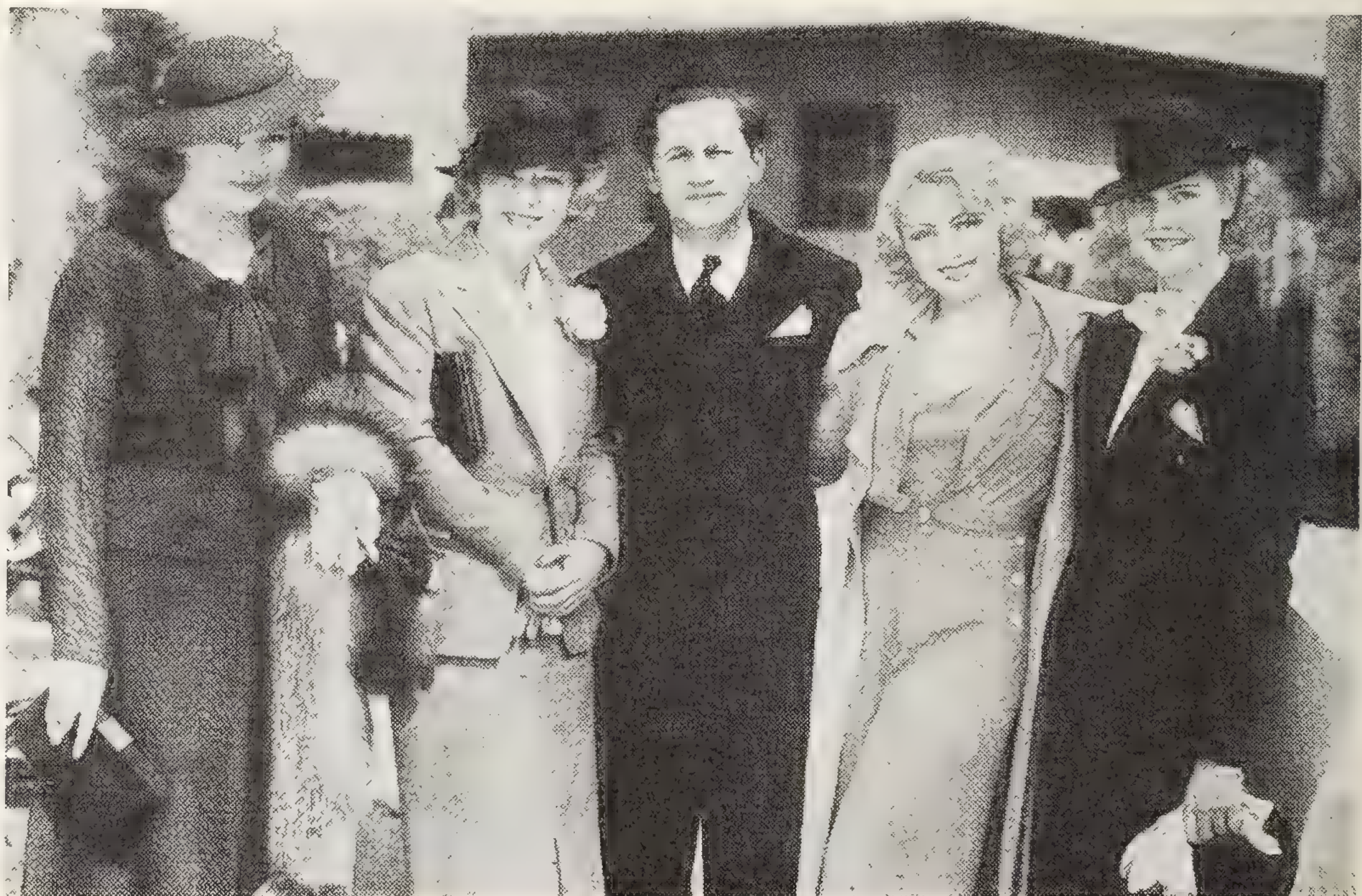
Now Major Bowes has signed to produce a series of short subjects—which means that amateurs who impress him as having promise for the future, as well as merit as beginners, will appear on the screen—hitherto the most difficult of all theatrical spotlights for a beginner to crash.

When the new directors of the Metropoli-

tan Opera Association invited Helen Oelheim to put her signature on one of their new-style contracts, the spotlight was turned on one of the most accomplished and least publicized artists regularly engaged in radio.

Miss Oelheim's warm-toned and excellently schooled contralto voice has added to the musical merit of many a broadcast during the past five years. For the last two years she has been a member of the Show Boat troupe.

You've read very little about Helen Oelheim, who is one of the easiest persons to talk to you could meet, largely for the reason that the publicity phase of her profession is one she has never been much interested in. Miss Oelheim is the type that does things, and well, and has little to say about them—except if you ask her; and then this rather petite lady with the charmingly natural manner, looks directly at you with her wide, pale-blue eyes, tells



Fellow workers at the Warner studio! Above, Josephine Hutchinson, Glenda Farrell, Mervyn LeRoy, director, Joan Blondell, and Anita Louise.

you the answers with ingratiating frankness.

You probably recall—now that you're reminded—that Helen Oelheim and a chap named Nelson Eddy were the featured singers on a radio program about three years ago under the name of "The Dutch Masters" program.

And, speaking of Nelson Eddy, Helen Oelheim proved herself just another woman—like all the rest! You know, "He's such a grand person." Then she added, "And I think he's even nicer now than he was then before he became so famous." The notion may not be so nice, but for the sheer novelty of it, I'd like to hear some member of the fair sex mention Nelson Eddy without raving about him!

About the lady's innocence of that guile that makes good publicity: Here's an instance. After she was signed for the Met, somebody told her it would be a good idea to get herself some pet, a baby leopard preferably, but at least a dog. "I've always wanted to have a dog," she confided, "but I'll be darned if I do a thing like that—make a dog be my 'stooge' for some publicity. I like dogs too much for that."

Born in Buffalo, of a family that liked music, though she is the only member in the profession, Helen Oelheim is a product of an American conservatory of music. Her first studies were concentrated on the piano, but she sang a little. Appearing at a church affair, singing songs to her own accompaniment, Helen impressed a woman who was studying voice. This woman took Helen to her teacher for an audition. Not long after, Helen was doing another audition, to her own piano accompaniment, and thereby won a scholarship at the Eastman School in Rochester.

While a student at the school, she appeared in many of the stage presentations offered with pictures at the Eastman Theatre in Rochester. These presentations were directed by Rouben Mamoulian, who is now one of our foremost film directors, and winning new fame for his work on "Becky Sharp."

An organization formed to present opera in English took several of the Eastman students into its fold, and among them Helen Oelheim. She sang six operatic roles—her favorite was, and still is, *Suzuki* in "Butterfly."

There were some dramatic episodes connected with Helen's audition at the Met. She had been heard by the late Herbert Witherspoon, then director, and time lapsed between the audition and word that Miss Oelheim's contract had been confirmed.

Mr. Witherspoon finally informed her by telephone that the contract had been accepted. Not more than an hour later Helen Oelheim saw editions of the evening paper announcing that Herbert Witherspoon had died suddenly in his office at the Metropolitan. When the first lists of artists signed for the Met was published, Helen Oelheim's did not appear.

It was a regular motion picture happy ending when Miss Oelheim was informed by Edward Johnson, who succeeded to the directorship after Mr. Witherspoon's death, that her contract had been confirmed.

As the head man of his own radio station—on the screen—the always amusing Jack Oakie is going to reveal some remarkable things about radio. Indeed, while engineers still hold out promise, but no definite dates for the performance, of television, Mr. Oakie will contrive some wizardry whereby you will not only hear such radio stars as Jessica Dragonette, Amos 'n' Andy, Ethel Merman, to say nothing of such double-starred personages as Bing Crosby, and Burns and Allen, but you'll see them as they broadcast—and it will all be done in "The Big Broadcast of 1935."

WITH A FEW STIRS Perfect Mayonnaise!



EAGLE BRAND MAGIC MAYONNAISE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar or lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil or melted butter
1 egg yolk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups.

- It used to take a half hour's beating and praying to make such mayonnaise! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it good!
- But notice—this recipe calls for *sweetened condensed milk*. Don't confuse it with other forms of milk. To get the right kind, just remember to ask for EAGLE BRAND.



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New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. SU-95, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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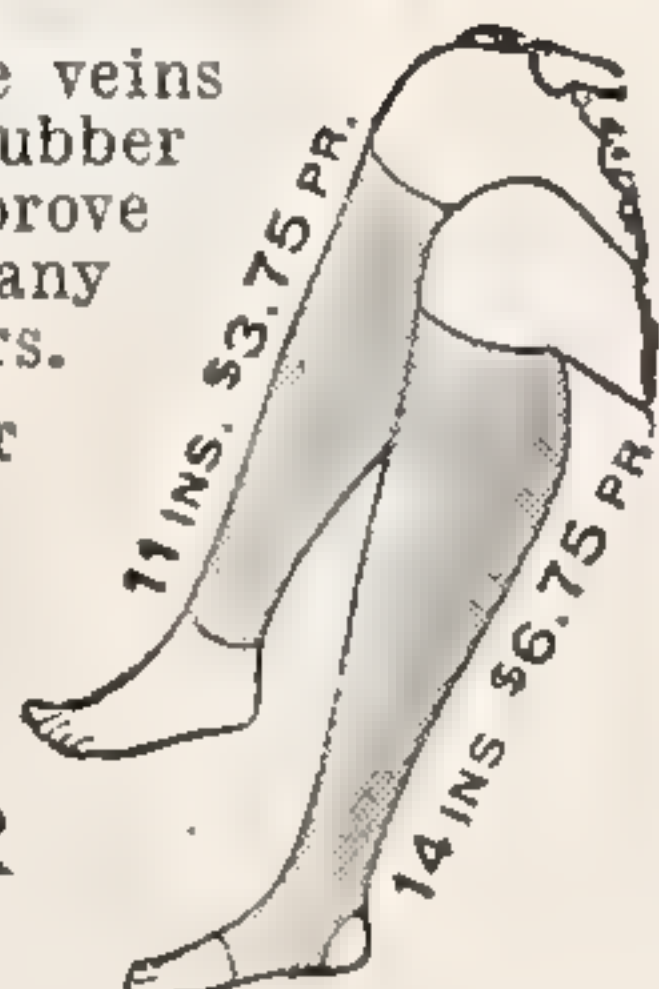
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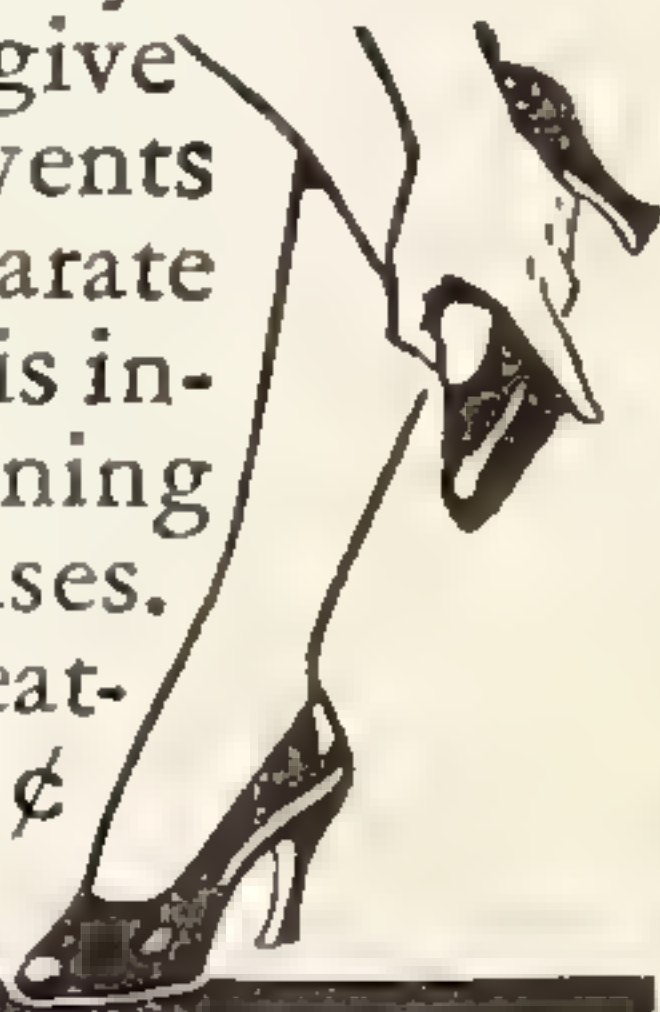


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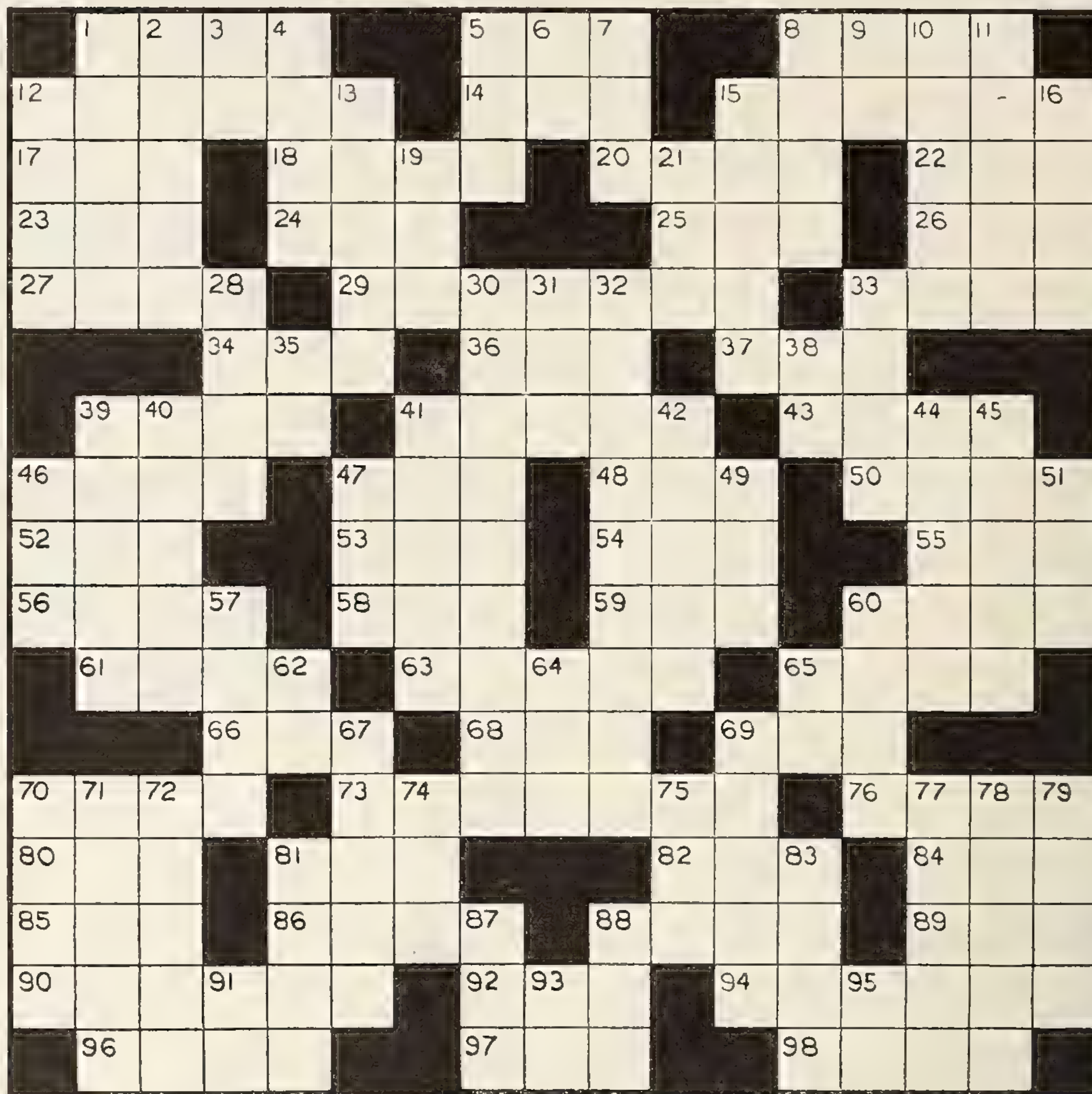
City.....



Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Star of "Forsaking All Others"
5. Star of "Enchanted April"
8. Frances Dee's "Mr."
12. The platinum blonde of "Reckless"
14. Female deer
15. Unsmiling comic of silent days
17. Comedienne in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl"
18. Edible fish
20. To caution
22. To hasten
23. Encountered
24. That slippery fish
25. Fish egg
26. Wing of a house
27. To boil
29. The famous Sunnybrook farm girl
33. The noise a donkey makes
34. To be under obligation to
36. Past
37. Mrs. Joel McCrae
39. Crawford's boy friend
41. Tooth, of a fork
43. The ex Mrs. Doug Sr.
46. Crooning star of "Mississippi"
47. A golfing term
48. The girl who married Nick Stuart
50. Former comic, with give-in knees
52. Nickname for Yale
53. Indefinite pronoun
54. A number
55. Owing
56. Kind of lights in front of theatre
58. Cowboy star ("Revenge Rider," "Square Shooter," etc.)
59. Donkey
60. Baton
61. Vulgar upstart
63. What you don't want on your toes
65. Ingenue in "Music In The Air."
66. Beverage
68. Fabulous bird
69. What you hear a talkie with
70. Floating ice
73. To make-believe
76. Only
80. Civil War soldier (slang)
81. What Mata Hari was
82. Something that goes with ham
84. Pole
85. Female sheep
86. Appeal
88. Co-star of "The Wedding Night"
89. Lump of material
90. Mickey Mouse's papa
92. Health spring
94. Sleek and silky
96. To sow
97. Star who married Kenneth McKenna
98. Units of weight

2. To make a speech
3. Ruby Keeler's husband
4. Jimmy Durante's "Schnozzle"
5. To sum up
6. A yes-man's forbidden word
7. Recent
8. Mrs. Stuart Erwin
9. Bone
10. Anaesthetic
11. "Hostess" in "Ruggles of Red Gap"
12. Sings with closed lips
13. To what place?
15. Wide
16. To depend upon
19. A beverage
21. Kind of lights used in film studios
28. The most famous Chinese girl in movies
30. Grandfather in "The Little Colonel"
31. What a conceited actor has too much of
32. Co-star in "After Office Hours"
33. Title rôle player in "The Little Minister"
35. You and I
38. Printers' measure
39. Slabs of baked clay
40. Vegetable
41. Terror
42. What you do at a mystery story
44. Fortification
45. Heroine in "Clive of India"
46. Bebe Daniels' husband
47. Cagney's friendly enemy ("Devil Dogs of the Air")
49. Printers' measures
51. Comedian in "Imitation of Life"
57. To observe
60. Moderately hot
62. To exist
64. To decay
65. Note of the scale
67. To put on, as make-up
69. Sharpened sides of razors or knives
70. Dancing co-star of "Roberta"
71. Uriah Heap's boss in "David Copperfield"
72. Fat
74. A type of whiskey
75. Meshed material
77. Newspaper photographer in "After Office Hours"
78. Horses of a certain color
79. Co-star in "Naughty Marietta"
81. Hurried
83. Insect
87. To inquire
88. To speak
91. Compass point
93. Ma's husband
95. Toward

Solution to last month's puzzle
will be found on opposite page

DOWN

1. Co-star of "One More Spring"

Beauty in Garbo's Eyes

Continued from page 51

sheen to the eyebrows. Some blue-eyed blondes like purple eye shadow for daytime.

A light green eye shadow, as pale as a new leaf in Springtime, is irresistible when it's applied with discretion by a red-head. There are other shades of green, too, toning down to a dark green that is very flattering to the girl blessed with coppery auburn hair.

Black and brown are still the favored shades of eye shadow for brunettes in their daylight make-up, although purple is sometimes used. In evening make-up they can go in for almost any shade, the selection depending upon the gown.

Much is being made of iridescent eye shadow for evening make-up. It gives your eyelids a shining allure that can't help making you feel gay! One prominent beauty specialist advises applying your regular eye shadow and then touching it up with a silver or gold shade to make the eyelids shine.

There's a whole new cult built around the selection of make-up shades to go with each costume. Make-up bars are springing up where you can go before some special event and have yourself a special make-up to go with the costume you are wearing. Here's some of the shades they use: amethyst mascara and eye shadow for the purple gown; emerald to go with a pistachio shade of green; sapphire with pink and brown; emerald mascara and smoky pearl eye shadow with white; and a final touch of stardust when you want to make your eyelids glitter.

Eye shadows may be obtained in either a compact or a cream form. The creamy ones are especially in favor now because fashion is partial to a shiny finish. Also, the darker shades can be used for lashes and lids both.

There are all sorts of attractive containers for eye make-up that you can carry around with you. One looks like an oversized lipstick. One end screws around like a lipstick and reveals mascara, eye shadow and a neat little brush. There's a mascara compact that features a sponge moistener in addition to the mascara and brush.

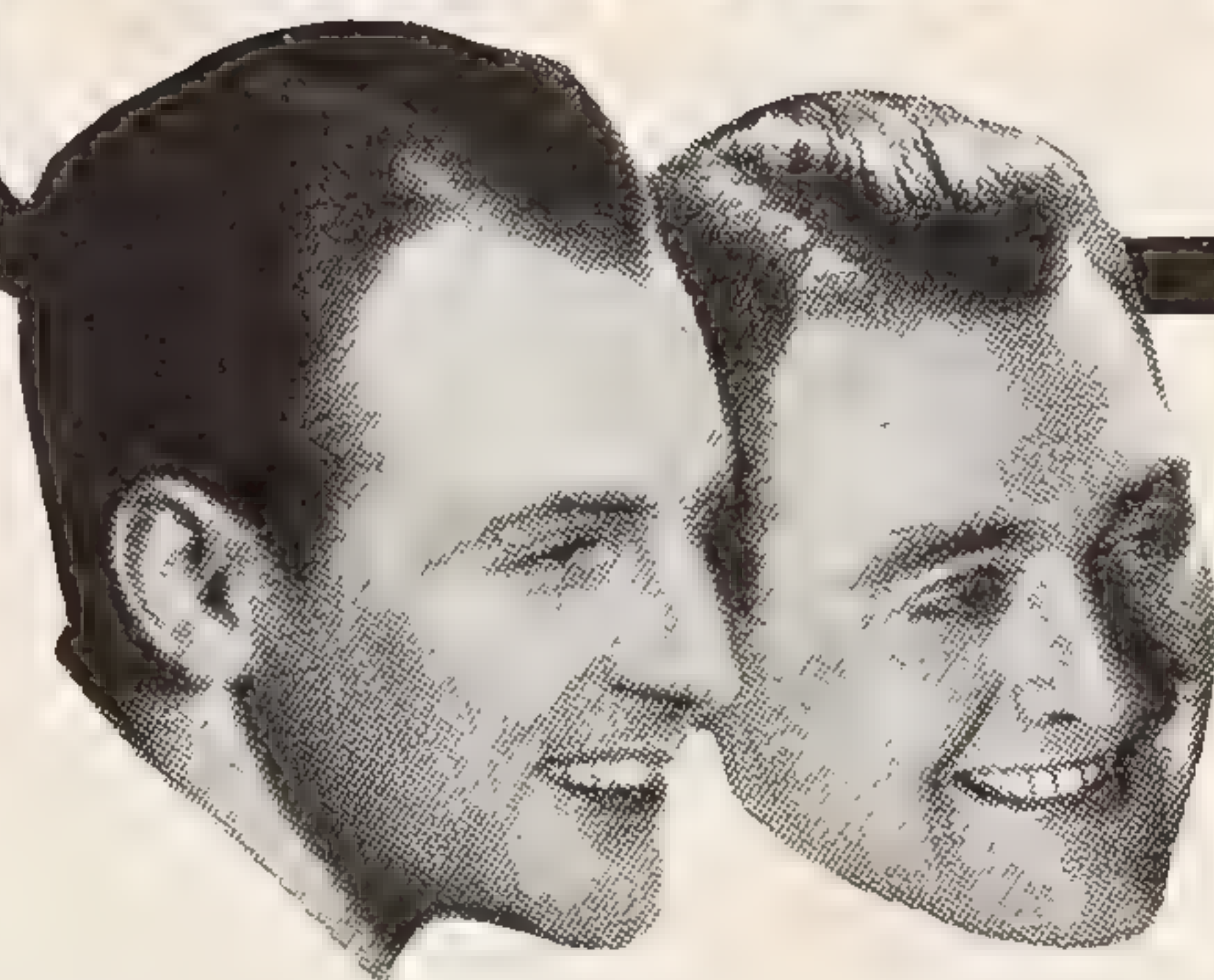
Speaking of mascara, or any cosmetic you use on your lashes, be sure you apply it on the upper lashes only. Coloring the short lashes on the lower lid gives that harsh made-up look.

If you don't have long, curling lashes, (or want them), you're simply not human!

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

JANET				LEROY	
DOLORES				CINEMAS	
EAT	AMERICANS			IRE	
ENOW	PRESAGE			ETNA	
	SHALES			SNAILS	
	IRENE			TELLS	
MERLE	ENJOY			LISTS	
ORIENT	TOR			SEETHE	
RAN	AN			OS	ARE
ASSIST	SOT			STORED	
NEED	SPRAT			USES	
	LEVEE			RESET	
	REGIME			TRITER	
WOES	RICHARD			RIBS	
ANN	KATHARINE			PIE	
SEEPAGE				SEGMENT	
SETTO				YOUNG	

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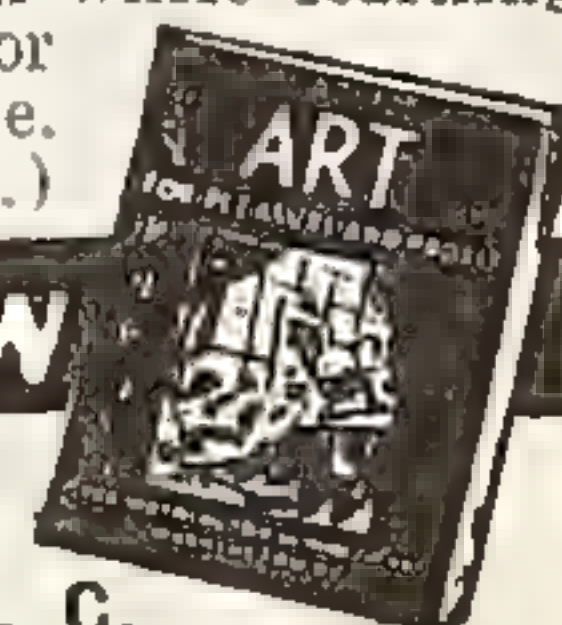
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The easy way to have your eyelashes any length you want them is to wear artificial ones. The most natural effect is gained by using the kind that are applied individually to your own lashes. Or you can get them on a strip, joined together by a very fine weaving process that makes it little short of invisible. These lashes are naturally curling and it is surprising how long they will stay on!

Making your own lashes curl up is such a simple trick there's no more excuse for not doing it than bemoaning straight hair when you might have a permanent. A little gadget that looks like a small pair of scissors will turn your lashes up in a jiffy.

Papa Is Head Man

Continued from page 15

of every French husband, took full and complete charge of the frenzied embarkation. Mama, a dutiful and no doubt ever-loving wife, reposed sedately in one of the two—yes, two, adjoining—Boyer state-rooms, and had no more to say than one of the hat-boxes. She walked, she smiled, she peered at the brewery across the Hudson, as the photographers suggested, but it was Papa who directed and starred.

Yes—Papa is Head Man of the show. That is to say, he is the regular French husband of the old school. That is the way such things are ordered in *La Patrie*—and who shall say it is not a suitable arrangement? Certainly not an American husband of 1935! Monsieur rules the roost—Madame is the helpmate, companion and relaxation. Which is why the average Frenchman and the modern American girl usually blend like a couple of strange air-*dales*.

But a marriage like that of Charlie and Patty is no zephyr, from any angle. Now that *Le Beau Boyer* is a matinee-girl's delight on both sides of the sea, and fair game for hordes of entranced maidens in two languages, there is bound to be a certain amount of stress and strain.

Fortunately, this hysterical adulation is old stuff to M. Charles. For years he was a Pet of Paris, with mademoiselles hurling themselves into the Seine for love of him, and he knows what to do when a wild-eyed lass, with gladsome cries, lunges forth to run him down. Today he merely takes up the difficult career of a Dream Man where he left off when he bogged down in the Hollywood swamp a few years ago.

In fact, these two face a very nice life if they can see eye to eye and can amble amiably down Life's rocky pathway hand in hand.

The little Pat is a Fox contractee, and before starting east over the old Santa Fe trail had just finished dealing with the famous *Charlie Chan* in Egypt. Boyer has an incredibly fine professional arrangement. In America he is under personal contract to Mr. Walter Wanger, who knew him and his works abroad, and is not apt, therefore, to cast him as a tap-dancer or a G-Man. Six months of the year he spends in Hollywood. During the past few months he made "Private Worlds" and "Shanghai" for Wanger, and even went on loan to RKO, where he was literally co-starred with Hepburn in "Break of Hearts"—the first time The Freckled One has shared billing since she first flashed into films.

In fact, we now know that M. Charles

It isn't even necessary to heat it. Or you can train that upward curl by brushing your lashes up every time you apply a cosmetic or an eyelash grower cream.

As for eyebrows, you can have any size or shape you want with the help of your beauty shop or a pair of tweezers. If you tweeze them yourself, remember always to pull the lash the way the hair brows, never "against the grain."

Give your eyes the daily care they need to keep them strong and bright. Cleanse them with an eye bath morning and night. Apply a little eye cream on the lids and under the eyes. If you have creases on the lids or pouches under your eyes, an eye astringent is marvelous. For refreshing tired, dull eyes, there's nothing like eye packs made of fragrant, healing herbs which you dip in warm water and apply over your eyes.



Walter Abel, chosen to portray
General U. S. Grant in a film
drama of the Civil War hero.

practically stole the picture from The New Bernhardt, thus giving her a spoonful of the bitter medicine she administered to Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement." And he is an ardent admirer of Hepburn—her seriousness, her contagious enthusiasm and zeal, her exceptional gift for play-acting. He hopes, he told me, to do another with her next fall, if only RKO can exhume or confect a proper story.

The other six months, making twelve in all, Monsieur may spend in his native land. This summer he is to do two pictures or one picture and one play, as the dice fall, thus being able to keep his admirers white-hot on both sides of the Atlantic. Sacred name of a pipe, is this not an arrangement?

La Petite Paterson goes abroad for the vacation only, on three months leave from the Fox corral. She will thus return to her Hollywood chores before the lord and master. But separations are not novelties to the pair—out of the first year of marital bliss, they spent but four months together. The rest of the time Boyer was abroad making "The Battle" and other matters.

Boyer seems to me to be a very nice guy indeed. If there's no conceit about him, there's plenty of assurance. He gave me the idea that he knows all the answers, but he doesn't shout them. After all, he's been a top man a long time, and has been well

battered by admirers. He's good-looking, but no beauty. His black thatch is thinning above the eyes. He's a cool bird, but his amiability and charm make you like him.

Boyer is quite startled by the lack of conceit among American actors, and don't laugh. What he means is that in France a popular star is a being apart and above, and struts like a drum-major in the public eye. The crowd expects it. One of Charles' particular Hollywood wonders is Joel McCrea. He cannot get it through his head that a handsome and popular young mammal like McCrea doesn't pose and preen like a peacock.

All in all, my experience of this M. Boyer is most pleasant. He doesn't take the Dream Man business too big, for he was in active practice as a Dream Man long before he heard about the gold strike in the Hollywood hills.

With three successful films "in the bag," as the French say, he is now re-fluttering the hearts of *La Patrie*. With the first frost he returns to us, *alors*, at which time he will resume his career as a bowler-over of our own susceptible sweeties.

I regret that I cannot report, at this time, on Miss Patsy Paterson's illuminating remarks on the Gotham skyline and American men. After all she is Madame Boyer, and one's wife is—well, one's wife, no? If and when she emerges from the golden haze which surrounds the Dream Man, I shall be glad to regale you with cheery little anecdotes on how it feels to be the spouse of an Idol of Two Continents.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

helped set the card table for our pictures. She pushed one of the oddly-backed chairs out of the way and remarked that it was from Jack's beach cottage, but she brought it up here. "It saves Jack storage—lots of this stuff is his," she added, smiling.

Bee's bright black face beamed at me. She was ready to confide any sandwich secret.

For the checkerboard sandwiches, she cuts slices of white and whole wheat bread about half an inch thick. Make two butter sandwiches of two layers each, using a slice of dark bread and a slice of white. Then make a sandwich reversing the colors. Cut each sandwich into strips half an inch wide. Place together, alternating strips, one from each sandwich so that a square of dark bread is opposite a square of white bread, having buttered the strips before placing them together. Place under a weight until the butter is firm, then beginning at the end cut the strips into slices.

Sometimes Bee slices her bread the long way, of the loaf, cutting off all the crusts, and makes different colored fillings, pimento cheese, watercress, cream cheese, etc. Then she rolls her bread and slices it down into ribbon sandwiches.

Dolores Del Rio, who is always interested in new dishes, was especially delighted with one of Bee's specials, called Schaum Torte. Here it is:

Schaum Torte

- 3 egg whites
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

Beat egg whites until stiff, add vinegar and lemon juice. Beat in the sugar gradually and continue beating fifteen

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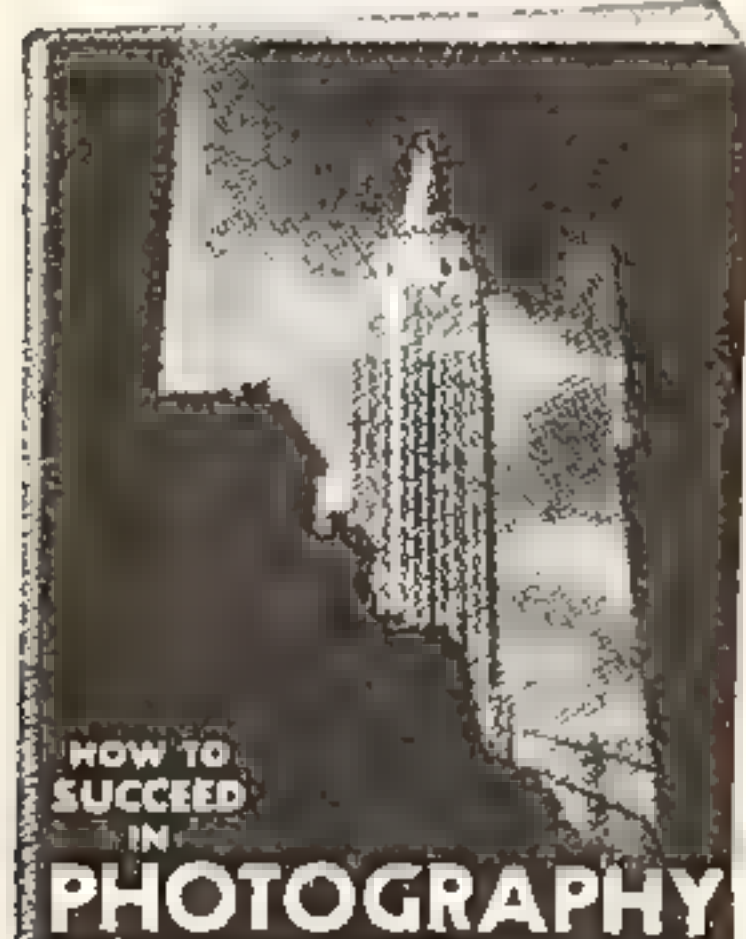
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minutes. Bake in cool oven forty minutes or until when lifted from pan the torts do not break. Use muffin tins. Serve with fresh raspberries topped with whipped cream, or with any desired fresh or canned fruit.

"When I was a child, my favorite parties were always birthday parties," remarked Virginia. "I remember I used to meet my small guests at the door and cry: 'What did you bring me?' That's all I cared about then, selfish little wretch that I was! And now my next adventure in entertaining is to be my baby's second birthday party. I'm going to have all new patio furniture and invite her best boy friends, little Gary Crosby and Ricky Arlen and some other tiny children. Perhaps she'll behave better than I used to do. We'll see!"

"Bee is going to make marshmallow turtles for the babies. Susan adores them. You flatten the marshmallows and stick cloves in for feet—and I hope the guests won't choke on the cloves! On second thought, maybe turtles aren't such a bright idea."

"As I said before, I don't know a thing about entertaining. But Bee does, so it's all right."

"Virginia has been having the 'flu,' observed Mrs. Briggs, Virginia's mother, coming in to cast a maternal eye over the preparations. "She has lost eight pounds and it worries me, but she is simply delighted."

"Oh, but it's so good on the figger! All the girls would like to lose eight pounds," commented Virginia, dancing down the living-room in time with the song Bing's record was singing.

"I know," sighed her mother, "but it's too bad. They are risking their health. I hope girls outside pictures aren't so foolish, or what will become of this country?"

"Don't start worrying about the country—worry about me, and I'll worry about Susan, and Bee can worry about you," Virginia laughed.

Her mother turned to me.

"There's a dessert that won't make girls take on weight and yet is good for them," she observed. "Virginia's very fond of it. It's baked honey apple."

"You core good baking apples and fill the centers with chopped nuts, dates and raisins mixed with honey. Add 1 tablespoon of honey extra and 2 tablespoons of water for each apple and bake a long time in a slow oven. If the apple seems to need it, put in more honey and water as it bakes."

"But I think some pound-producing food wouldn't hurt any girl!"



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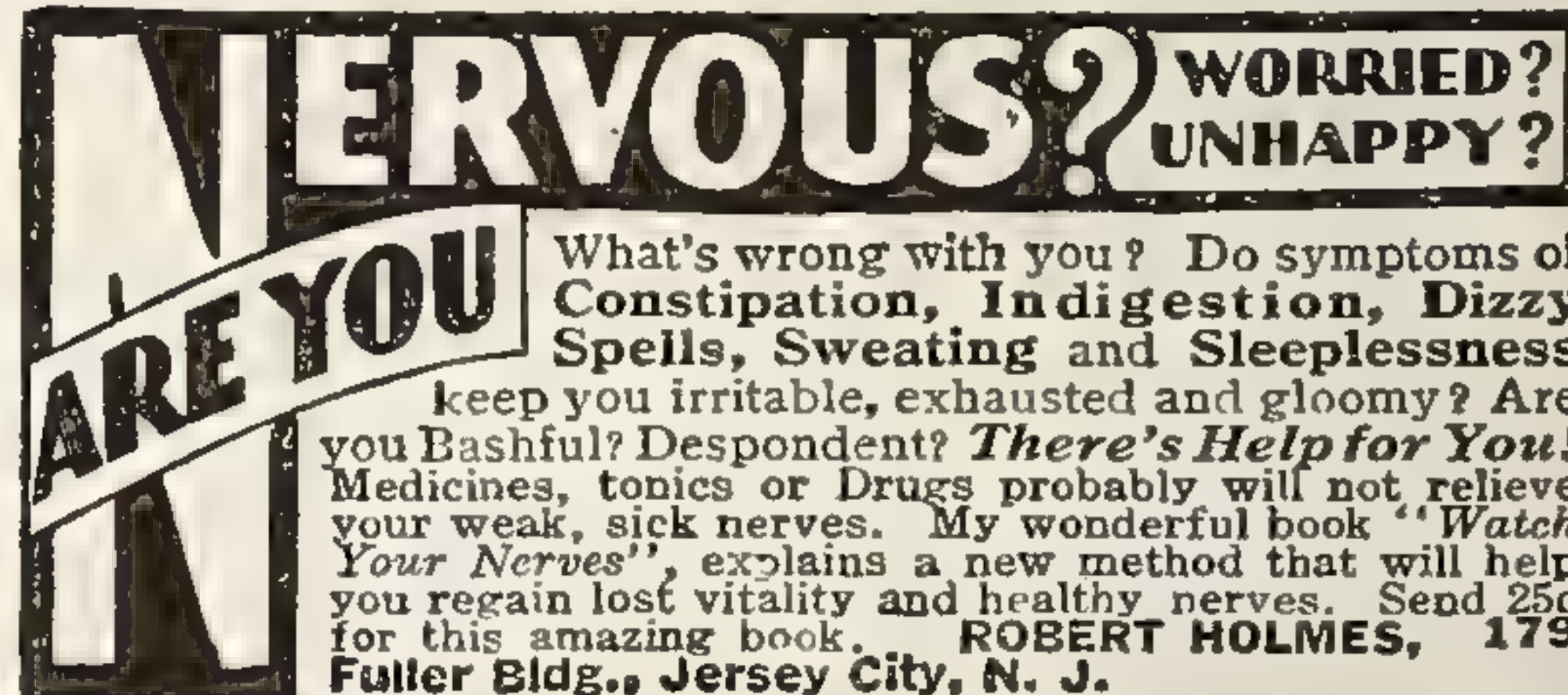
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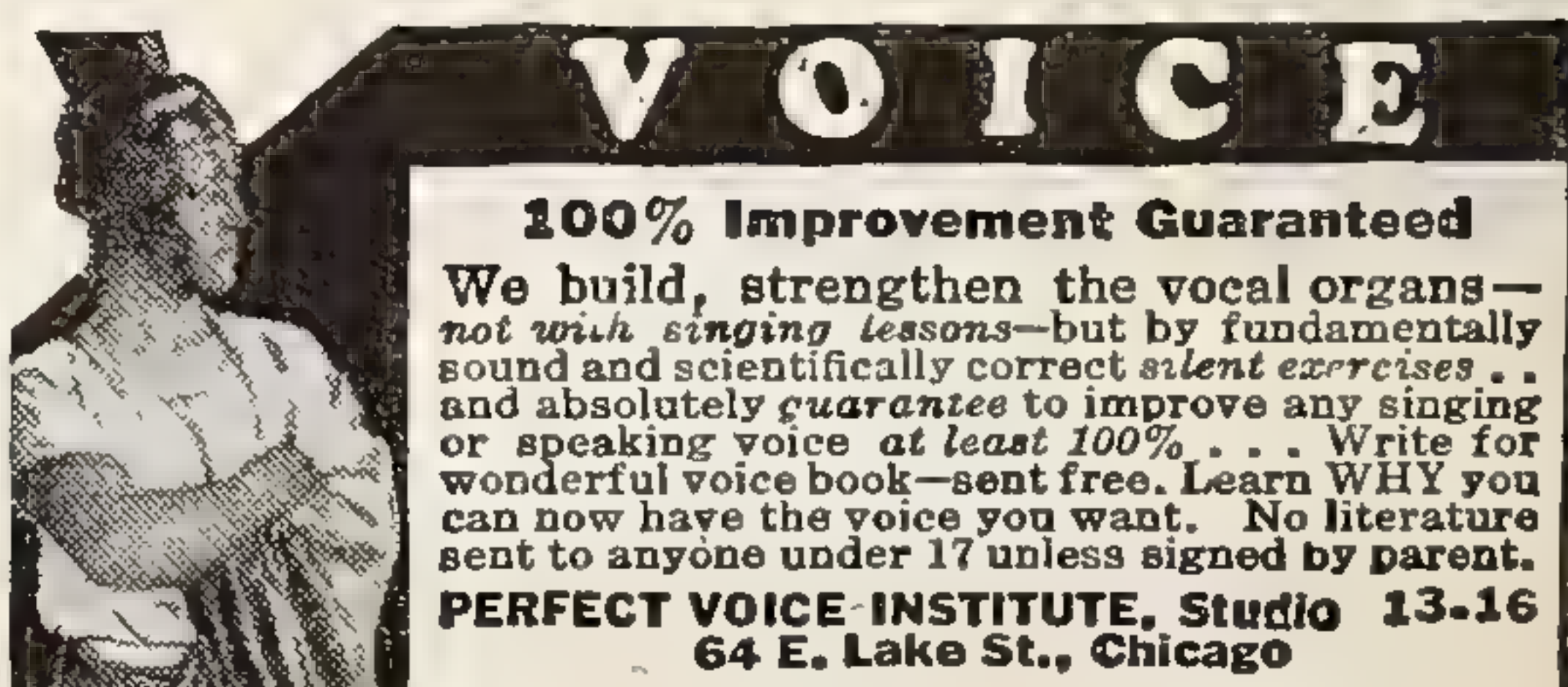
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Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 64

WISCONSIN'S PROUD OF FREDDIE

Wisconsin can claim many top-notch stars as native sons and daughters, but one tops them all. Romance, comedy and tragedy are portrayed with the greatest of ease by this dashing young man, if you please. We salute Fredric March with pride!

Lucy Wasilawski,
2482 N. 12th St.,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

MAKES A TITLE TALK BACK

They say "The Devil Is a Woman." But I say it's Paramount—until they give Marlene a part that's really some account.

Warren E. Sisson,
519-19th St.,
Oakland, Calif.

ARE YOU LISTENIN', POP-EYE?

I would like to petition *Pop-Eye* to be more considerate of *Wimpy*, the sentimental hamburger consumer. Perhaps if *Wimpy* is given all he desires, there will be no over-production in the hamburger business.

C. W. Philpot,
121 Church St.,
Laurens, S. C.

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PICKING THE "BEST"

When the time comes to pick the best picture of the year, I'll bet my new hat that "Black Fury" will lead the list. A unique theme, splendid direction, ideal photography and perfect dialogue, coupled with the finished acting of that star of stars—Paul Muni.

Doris Miller,
620 North Graham St.,
Charlotte, N. C.

POWELL'S PERFECT PERFORMANCE

Here is my Salute to William Powell for his convincing performance in the opening scenes of "Reckless." He really *looked*, and, more remarkable, *sounded* sleepy. The school of pretty yawns and broken murmurs could profit by observing Bill.

Peggy Baum,
304 Lido Apts.,
Santa Monica, Calif.

BETTER 'N BETTER SHIRLEY

Shirley Temple gets better and better with each film, and she was a wonder to begin with. So often players—whether child or adult—come to a standstill or rest on past laurels, once they become recognized "stars."

Leslie E. Dunkin,
Wolcott, Ind.

CHEERS FOR CHARLIE CHAN

Here's a Salute to Warner Oland and his *Charlie Chan* characterizations. His portrayals are becoming more sincere and ingratiating with each release. Oland makes these excellent stories interesting and intelligent entertainment.

Betty Patterson,
6319 Monitor St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THAT'S GRATITUDE

I am thankful to the movies for giving us such an honest, natural, and down-to-earth personality as Bing Crosby. He gives us just the right amount of music, love interest, and plot, in all his pictures.

Cecilia Joseph,
No. Vassalboro, Me.

ACE-STAR ASTAIRE

A boom, boom Salute to Fred Astaire, spectacular, sensational, superlative stepper! He merits his rating as Hollywood's brightest star and America's Own Song and Dance Man. Fred is a personality powerhouse. He keeps getting bigger, better, brighter than ever. He's positively Tops!

LeRoy Rice,
40 East Orvis St.,
Massena, N. Y.

AFRICA SALUTES US!

Thanks! Yes, we have a lot to thank America for, and foremost are your films. Living in a lonely town one appreciates them more than city dwellers. Who is better fitted to charm the male populace at large than Loretta Young? Also, what's this bunk about "Yankee twang"?

Dick Griffiths,
Ndola, Northern Rhodesia,
Africa.

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So needless to be fat and neglected when others are finding it easy to be slender and attractive the RE-DUCE-OIDS way.

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REDUCED 34 Lbs.—"I reduced 34 lbs.," writes Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., "they are pleasant to take and dependable. I feel fine since I lost that horrible fat." Others write of reductions in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. Why not do as these women have done? Start today with easy to take, tasteless RE-DUCE-OIDS, in tiny capsules prepared and CERTIFIED for you by Scientific Laboratories of America. Not an experiment, successful for years. Ask your druggist.

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ASK ME!

Telling you the answers to
your questions about screen
players and their pictures

By
Miss Vee Dee

Boselle E. I'll see what can be done about having a picture in our Art Section of Baby Jane, known in private life as Juanita Quigley. She played with Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life" and her newest film is "Straight from the Heart" with Roger Pryor and Mary Astor. Jean Parker was born on August 11, 1915. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. One of Anne Shirley's latest releases, "Chasing Yesterday" is from the novel, "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard" by Anatole France. With her in the picture are O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley who played with her in "Anne of Green Gables." "Chasing Yesterday" was the last picture of Trent Durkin, who met a tragic death in a motor accident with the father of Jackie Coogan.

Lucille G. There must be some mistake about Irene Dunne signing up as a "school marm." She is too busy working in pictures, doing her daily vocalizing for musical films and stuff, to add school teaching to her activities. After a vacation in New York she will appear as *Magnolia* in the screen version of "Show Boat" for Universal Pictures. Then she will star in "Magnificent Obsession" also for Universal. As far as I know, David Holt is not scheduled for another picture just now. David was born on August 14, 1927, in Jacksonville, Fla.



Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, and June Knight, appearing in "Broadway Melody of 1936."



Acme

How would you like to see Katharine Hepburn's little sisters on the screen? Here they are, Margaret, Marion, and their mother, Mrs. Thomas Hepburn, arriving in England for a vacation abroad.

Roma D. Your cry for help has reached me and I'll do all I can to "still your beating heart." Your Romeo of the screen, Cesar Romero, was born in New York City on February 15, 1907. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. Cesar was educated at the Collegiate school in N. Y., the Rosedale Country School at Rosedale-on-Hudson but did not enter college. After leaving school he worked in the National City Bank of New York. One night he was asked by a girl at a night club to be her dancing partner. From then on he became a very popular ballroom dancer. In 1927 he commenced his stage work in "Lady, Do!" He played in "Street Singer" and danced at various night clubs until 1930. His first screen work was in "Strictly Dishonorable," "All Points West," "Social Register" and "Cobra," and in 1934 and 35 he played in "Dinner at Eight," "The Thin Man," "British Agent," "Cardinal Richelieu," "The Devil is a Woman" and "Hold 'Em Yale."

Buddy Rogers Fan. Five years ago Buddy was receiving thousands of fan letters a month, and if his new releases are as well received as he hopes they'll be, his fan mail will make Uncle Sam call for more and better letter carriers. His new picture is "Dance Band" with June Clyde; and his next, recently completed, will be "Old Man Rhythm" with Barbara Kent, Betty Grable, and Grace Bradley, for RKO-Radio.

Helen Louise. I haven't any intimate information about James Bush who played in "Crimson Romance" as Ben Lyon's German pal and also in "Young and Beautiful" with William Haines. David Manners is now working in "Jalna," an RKO-Radio picture, with Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, and Peggy Wood. Myrna Loy says she was born August 2, 1905, in Helena, Mont. She has red hair and green eyes. Claudette Colbert's official birth-date is Sept. 13, 1907. Her next picture will be "She Married Her Boss." That title may be changed before release.

Irynne. Richard Cromwell has a contract with Paramount and his new picture, "Annapolis Farewell," also features Sir Guy Standing, Rosalind Keith and Tom Brown. Richard has appeared in "Tol'able David," "Maker of Men," "That's my Boy" for Columbia Pictures; and "Age of Consent" for RKO-Radio Pictures. And of course you remember him in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," for Paramount.

Dorothy B. I don't believe you see so many issues of SCREENLAND without a picture of Jean Parker. She was 20 years old on August 11. Jean can throw the javelin, pole-vault, play hockey, swim, and ride a bike, too. And how she can run—she once ran 100 yards in 12½ seconds. She has appeared in "Sequoia" with Russell Hardie, "Princess O'Hara" with Chester Morris, and many more films.

**"I want my sleep to be
beauty sleep — so I never let stale
cosmetics choke my pores all night"**



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"

says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

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deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night — use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.



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